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THOMAS TYLER'S TOMBSTONE.

I.

SUSIE BARCLAY was in the back yard one Monday night, taking the clothes from the line, when her father's hired men, Thomas Tyler and Samuel Dale, came up the lane from the potato-field. They both looked at the girl, but if either of them thought she made a pretty picture, flitting in and out among the snowy linen, the slanting sunbeams falling on her shapely form and comely face and shining black hair, he did not say so to his fellow; for, though Farmer Barclay's hired men had ploughed and planted and hoed side by side through the spring and summer days, and at night slept together in the big chamber over the kitchen, they were not on confidential terms. Samuel Dale, who had been on the farm half a dozen years, was jealous of the growing influence of a comparative stranger, who, it seemed likely, would supplant him in more ways than one.

Early the previous spring, a well-dressed, good-looking man, about thirty years of age, knocked at Farmer Barclay's door and offered to hire out for the summer. The farmer took him upon trial—hands were scarce that year—and when his month was out, engaged him for the season. He was smart to work

—as a man needed to be who could hoe his row with Samuel Dale—clever at contrivance and handy with tools. He kept the farmer's mouth stretched with his jokes, though he seldom showed his own white teeth in a laugh.

"A sharp-witted, wide-awake fellow," said Farmer Barclay, "who pays for his bread and bacon by his good company."

The new hand was no less a favorite indoors. Susie Barclay, the farmer's only child, housekeeper and mistress—her mother was dead—looked with increasing favor upon the gallant stranger, who, when he was by, would not allow her to bring a pail of water from the well or a handful of kindling-wood from the shed, but performed these offices for her with a respectful deference of manner, accompanying them with well-worded compliments and admiring glances, that was very flattering to the simple country girl. Meanwhile, Samuel Dale lounged on the porch or sat dangling his long legs from the kitchen table.

On the Monday evening when our story commences, the two men washed at the pump, and Thomas Tyler, after carefully brushing the dust from his clothes and running a pocket comb through his crisp black curls, hastened to join Susie Barclay in the clothes

yard, while Samuel Dale went out to the farmer on the porch.

Dale was tall and somewhat ungainly in person, with a ruddy, open face, and a pleasant brown eye. He was simple and straightforward in manner, had a sunny temper, and was honest through and through.

The old farmer was half asleep in his chair, and the setting sun shone full upon his jolly red face and gray hair.

"Father Barclay," said Samuel Dale, "I want to know how much longer you are going to let this go on?"

"Eh! What, Sammy?" said the old man, waking with a start. "You reckon we'd better put it down to oats, don't ye? The way we've been goin' on with that medder lot would spile the best piece of land in the State of Ohio."

"See here, Father Barclay," said the young man. "I have that on my mind lately that leaves me no heart for farm-work. Look yonder, will you? That girl has been as good as promised to me these three years, and we'd been man and wife before this, only you said she was too young, and coaxed me to wait a spell. Now look at her, will you?"

The porch commanded a view of the green yard sloping down to the meadow bank behind the farm-house. Susie's task was completed, and the great round basket at her side was heaped high with the snow-white linen. Her companion was taking down the line, when suddenly, by a dextrous movement, he threw a coil over the girl's head. She struggled to free herself, but it was plain to see, by her laughing, blushing face, and the yielding motion of her supple frame toward her captor, that she was no unwilling prisoner in his grasp. Thomas Tyler, holding the ends of the rope in his right hand, looked toward the porch and showed his white teeth in a smile.

The sight was not agreeable to Samuel Dale.

"Do you see that?" he said, angrily. "It's been going on for weeks, and he winding himself round the girl as he's tightening that rope round her now. Do

you want to see her tied hand and foot, Father Barclay, and never lift a finger to stop it?"

"Sho! sho! Sammy! what's come over ye, boy? You look as black as a thunder-cloud. Gittin' jealous, hey? Why the girl's foolin' a little, that's all. Girls will be girls, you know, and Tom Tyler's a good-lookin' chap, with a smooth tongue in his head for women-folks. And, now I think of it, he's always round the girl. You must stick up to her, Sammy. I can't do your courtin' for ye. Show a little pluck, my boy. If Tom Tyler talks soft, do you talk softer. Women-folks like coaxin' and flatterin'; and mebbe you haven't giv' Sue enough of it."

"I am no match for Tom Tyler at that game," said the young man, moodily. "Your daughter has known my mind these three years, and don't need any soft words to tell her of it. And, Father Barclay, the foolings that's been going on for the last fortnight is a kind I can't put up with. I thought you might have something to say about her throwing herself away on a fellow whose very name was strange to her three months ago; but I see you have no notion to meddle. She is likely to follow her own bent, I suppose, for all your opinion or mine. But there's one thing: she's played fast and loose with me long enough. I'll have it out with her this night. She shall take her choice between us, and—"

He stopped abruptly, and turned upon his heel, for Thomas Tyler and the farmer's daughter were coming up the walk bearing the basket of clothes between them.

That evening, when the supper-table was cleared away, and Mr. Tyler had gone down the road to the village, Samuel Dale, after some difficulty—for the girl of late had been shy of his company—procured an interview with Susie Barclay.

"It has been on my mind to speak to you, Susie," he said, "for a week, but you would never give me the chance. You know how matters have stood between us these three years. We have

kept company together ever since I came to Barclay Farm, and though I've never asked you to name the day, I think you've known my mind well enough. I am not a man of many words, and I haven't the wit to flatter you with soft speeches, but I love you, Susie Barclay. Will you take me for a husband this day month?"

"La, Mr. Dale!" said the girl, with a toss of her pretty head, "how you startle me! Take you for a husband, indeed! I am too young to marry this long while yet. I am sure I don't know my own mind three days together. And I am afraid I shouldn't make you a good wife, and it's better for both of us to wait a while, and—"

He interrupted her: "Susie, I have courted you three years. If I wait longer, it will be to see another man carry you off in a month. You've known me long enough to learn your own mind about me. You must take me now, or you must let me go."

"I am sure you are free to go if you like," she said, flushing: "there's nobody to hinder you. You have no right to speak to me like that. I am not your servant, Samuel Dale. I never promised to marry you, and perhaps I never will."

"You tell me *that*," said the young man, bitterly, "after keeping me in hand all these years! Susan Barclay, are you going to play me false, that you may marry a man you never heard of three months ago?"

"Who told you I was going to marry any one?"

"Do I need to be told? Haven't I watched you since the day that man set his foot in your father's house? And because I trusted you, and thought you'd known me too long to be taken with a new-comer, you carried on your courting before my eyes. You false, hard-hearted girl! But no, you never were *that*. It's only that this smooth-faced coxcomb has bewitched you. Oh, Susie! can't you tell him there's an honest heart that's loved you true these three years, and so with a frank word send him packing?"

"If it's Mr. Tyler you are talking about," said Susie Barclay, "you may set your mind at rest, for there's nothing but friendship between us. He's never so much as asked me to marry him; but he's a pleasant, civil-spoken gentleman, that doesn't call people names behind their backs; and I'll not stay here to be scolded, Samuel Dale; and I'll die an old maid before I'll marry the cross husband you will make."

"Is that your last word to me?" he said, sorrowfully. "Then I have my answer, and Barclay Farm is no place for me, though I thought to spend my days here. It's manners for the old love to go when the new love comes. Well, good-night, Susie. I wish you well, though you've given me a sore heart to carry; but curses on the man that's come between me and my girl!"

She stole a sidelong glance, and when she saw how his ruddy cheek had turned pale, and his mouth was set in a gloomy, resolute expression, her heart softened toward him. But she did not put her pity into words. She listened to his slow, heavy steps as he mounted the stairs to his chamber, till the gate opened with a sharp click, and she heard Thomas Tyler's brisk tread as he came up the walk. Then she ran to the kitchen glass to arrange the knot of pink ribbons under her chin, and thought no more of Samuel Dale that night.

The poor fellow could not sleep for his aching heart; and when, an hour later, his room-mate came in, whistling softly to himself, with his black eyes shining, Samuel Dale lay and watched him from between his half-closed lids.

The man took writing materials from his trunk, and was soon busily at work bending closely to his task. He appeared to be making a copy of a letter spread out before him; and when it was completed, and he held up the two documents side by side, it seemed to Samuel Dale at the distance where he lay that the work was well done, for the copy might have been mistaken for the original. Mr. Tyler scanned the result

of his labor critically, nodded his head once or twice in approbation; then, locking the papers in his trunk, betook himself to bed.

II.

THE farmer was twice surprised the next day. Samuel Dale announced his intention of leaving the farm when his year was out, and his daughter, with smiles and blushes, informed him that she had passed her word, provided he was willing, to take Thomas Tyler for a husband.

"Why, Susie," said the old man, "you strike me all of a heap! Sammy Dale has been waitin' for you these three years, and you are as good as promised to him, you know. I've reckoned all along on him an' you hitchin' horses, an' carryin' on the farm after I was under ground."

"Father, I never promised to marry Samuel Dale. Living together in the same house, I couldn't well help his keeping company with me; and perhaps I might have thought sometimes I should like him well enough to take him for a husband; but that was before I knew Mr. Tyler. I'll marry the man of my choice, father, or I'll live and die an old maid."

Then came coaxing and tears, and the easy old man, who had never crossed his daughter's wishes since her mother died, yielded.

"Well, well, Susie, you must have your own way, I suppose?" he said; "and Tom Tyler's a smart fellow, and right handy about the farm."

He administered comfort to Samuel Dale in his own peculiar fashion:

"What's the use of taking it so hard, Sammy? There's likely girls besides Sue Barclay, who will have you for the askin'. I wish you'd make up your mind to settle down snug and comfortable, and let things go along in the old track."

Samuel Dale shook his head. "I had best be gone," he said—"best for her and best for me. I'd be right glad to go to-morrow, but you have always

done the fair thing by me, and I can't leave you right in the busy season. I'll stay till after harvestin', and then I'll be off. You don't know me, Father Barclay. At thought of the trick that man has played, my blood runs fire and my hands itch to get hold of him. I might be left to do him a mischief some day."

"Sho! sho! Sammy! you don't mean it."

"I can't work days, nor sleep nights, for the trouble that's on my mind. It ain't altogether for my own loss. If 'twas a good man she'd jilted me for, I'd muster pluck to bear it. Father Barclay, I must speak out, though you'll say it's bad blood makes me talk ill of the man that's gained where I've lost. I have mistrusted him from the first. He's as bold as brass, and his tongue runs like a mill-wheel, but it's little he finds to say of his own affairs. And when you come down to it, who is he? and where did he come from? and what has he been about all his life?"

"Susie knows," said the old man, eagerly. "He told her all about it—how he was born and brought up in Connecticut, and his father died when he was a little shaver, and he'd kep' his mother an' all the children by his earnin's, till the old lady died and the children got homes with their relations; and then he came West to seek his fortune; and Susie says such a good son will be sure to make a good husband."

"Humph!" said Samuel Dale.

III.

"SUSIE," called the farmer the next Sunday afternoon, "have you been meddlin' with this book?"

He stood turning the leaves of the family Bible, that always stood on a round stand in the corner of the kitchen.

"No, father."

"Well, somebody has. Here's a milk bill in the wrong place; and there's a letter I wrote last Sunday to Squire Cooper, and hadn't decided to send, and so slipped it in here somewhere, and it's gone."

Susie assisted her father to search for the missing letter, but it could not be found. Thomas Tyler was busy again that night with his writing after every one else in the house was in bed, and the next day he took the farmer's old white horse and drove over to Lester's Corners. Susie followed him to the porch, and as he drew her under the shadow of the grapevine to snatch a parting kiss, she saw the corner of a letter peeping from his pocket, and took it slyly out. Before she read the address he discovered his loss, and caught her hand so roughly that she cried out with the pain.

"Give me that letter," he said, sternly; and there was a look in his black eyes she had never seen there before; but a moment later he apologized for his rudeness, kissed the little hurt hand, and made his peace as well as he could.

IV.

BEFORE harvesting was over the wedding-day was fixed. A hired girl took Susie's place in the kitchen, and she sat all day at her chamber window overlooking the beautiful golden fields where her lover was at work, making her wedding-dress. And when the corn-crib was full, and the wheat was in the barn, and the potatoes in the cellar, she came to Samuel Dale and asked him, in her pretty, coaxing way, not to leave Barclay Farm till after the wedding.

The poor fellow, whose heart grew sorer and sorer at the thought of his loss, looked in her bright face with passionate, regretful tenderness. "I'll stay if you bid me, Susie," he said.

And now commenced grand preparations, and the beating of eggs, the pounding of spices, and stirring and shaking and sifting were sounds all day heard in the great kitchen of the farmhouse, for the bride-elect and Betsey the hired girl made the wedding-cake. Only the bride's loaf was ordered from Cleveland, for Susie Barclay declared she could not be married without a certain wonderful structure, to be made with frosting an inch thick, and sur-

mounted with two sugar doves, their bills meeting in a conjugal kiss. Great was her distress, therefore, when, the evening before the wedding, the stage failed to bring the expected box.

"Don't fret, Susie," said Samuel Dale, who could not bear to see a shadow on the dear face. "I'll ride over to Lester's early in the morning, and if it's there you shall have it by ten o'clock."

Accordingly, he was up betimes, and as the wagon rattled out of the yard the bride put her head from the window.

"Ride fast, Samuel," she said, "and be sure and be back by ten o'clock, or you'll miss the ceremony."

"Confound the ceremony!" said Samuel Dale, for there was a limit to the long-suffering patience of even this exemplary young man; and then aloud, "All right, Susie: I'll be back in good time," and so departed.

At Lester's Corners he found what he sought, and, pleased to think that now Susie would have her wedding-loaf, was leaving the depot when the station-master called after him.

"There's a woman here waiting to take the stage to Barclay's," he said: "will you give her a ride?"

Samuel Dale turned back with reluctance.

"I don't know how to stop a minute," he said: "I agreed to be back by ten o'clock."

The man called to some one within, and a small woman, with a pinched, careworn face, and thin, light hair, appeared in the doorway. She was dressed in shabby black, and her clothing was creased and tumbled and soiled by a long journey.

"Here's a gentleman will take you to Barclay's, marm," said the man. "Hurry up—he can't wait."

She looked timidly in Samuel Dale's face, but still stood in the doorway:

"There's the box, sir," she said: "would the gentleman kindly take the box?"

"Oh, that's all right," said the official. "I'll send it up by the stage. Come, jump aboard."

"If you please, sir, I couldn't leave

it behind. I have brought that box a long way: I—I'll wait for the stage."

"Wait, then!" he said, gruffly; but Samuel Dale marked the woman's weary, disappointed face.

"Fetch along her traps," said he, "and don't be all day about it, either;" but half repented his kindness, for the box, unwieldy in its proportions and of no light weight, occupied a goodly space in the wagon, and the woman betrayed so much anxious solicitude about its disposal as to somewhat impede their journey.

"Is it quite safe, sir, do you think?" she inquired timidly as the wagon jolted down the hill.

"I should say it was, marm, unless there's chiney or glass, or some such brittle thing, inside of it."

"Oh, sir, it's a deal more precious than that. It's a stone, sir—a tombstone. I have brought it all the way from Simsbury to put over my husband's grave."

"Do tell!" said Samuel Dale.

His sympathizing tone rendered her communicative:

"Yes, sir, he died out here in a strange country, away from all his folks; and when I got word of it, it went nigh to break my heart to think there wasn't so much as a board to mark the spot where he was lying." She stopped to wipe away a few tears.

"Oh come, now!" said the young man: "don't you feel bad about it. There's mighty kind-hearted folks in these parts, 'specially 'mong the women-kind. I'll warrant your man had good care and didn't want for nothing."

"But you see, sir, he died of a lingering disease, the letter said; and the nursing and the medicine and the doctors' bills took all his earnings, and the town had to bury him. And I sold 'most everything I had, and Simsbury folks they helped me, and at last I got money enough together to buy him a tombstone, and I have fetched it myself. There was nothing to hinder, for I put my last little boy in the ground—there's three of 'em, sir, lying side by side in Simsbury graveyard—two weeks

before I got the letter. It's been a dreadful hard journey, sir, and I never was six miles from home in my life before; but if I can hear about my poor man's last sickness, and the messages he left for me, and see that stone put up over his grave decent-like, I'll go home contented."

"Well, so you shall," said kind-hearted Samuel Dale.

"If you belong in these parts, sir, perhaps you know Mr. Barclay—Mr. Peter Barclay?"

"Is it *there* you want to go?"

"Why, yes, sir: 'twas he wrote me the letter. My poor man died at his house. You didn't happen to hear about it, sir?"

"I reckon you've made a mistake in the name," said Samuel Dale.

With trembling, eager haste she drew a letter from her pocket. It was soiled and worn at the edges by many readings. Samuel Dale stopped his horse in the middle of the road, and his eyes dilated with astonishment as he opened the letter and recognized Farmer Barclay's handwriting. It read as follows:

"BARCLAY FARM, August 12.

"TO MRS. NANCY TYLER:

"RESPECTED MADAM—This is to inform you that your late husband, Mr. Thomas Tyler, departed this life at my house the ninth day of the present month, of a lingering disease. He bore his sufferings with Christian meekness, and died at peace with all mankind. When near his last hour he desired me to write you this letter.

"Your obedient servant,

"PETER BARCLAY.

"N. B. The expenses of his sickness having used all his earnings, he was buried from my house at the expense of the town."

The young man read this document with a puzzled face. He examined the postmark and the signature. Then, as he perused it a second time, the paper shook in his hand.

The woman's anxious eyes never left his face.

"I hope it's all right, sir. I haven't made any mistake, have I?"

He turned to her in a strange, excited way.

"You are Mrs. Thomas Tyler?" he said.

"Yes, sir. I was a Billings when I was a girl—Nancy Billings. My mother was—"

"Can you prove it?" he interrupted. "Woman, were you certainly married to that man?"

"Oh, my good gracious!" she said, "what *does* he mean? I am a poor lone woman, sir. If my husband was alive, you wouldn't dare to insult me so. Married, indeed! You ask Simsbury folks, where I've lived all my life, and where my three children was born and lie buried, sir, and where I kept my Thomas like a gentleman till the money I earned in the paper-mill was used up. You ask Elder Bird: he married us six years ago this coming month. And I'm a lone widow, sir, that's come to pay my last respects to my poor man's memory; and now you want to make out I'm not his honest wife, and so keep me from putting a stone over his poor grave."

"Be quiet, woman. There! stop your whining. Nobody wants to hinder you, and if it's a true story you've told, here's a man will help you plant that stone with a good will. Now, don't get excited again, but give me a straightforward answer to my question. There's more depends on it than you think. I ask you if you can prove by other means than your own word that you are Thomas Tyler's lawful wife?"

"Why, there's the certificate, sir, that Elder Bird gave me, and I had it put in a gilt frame, and hung it up in the keeping-room till we broke up, and Thomas came West to get work, and was going to send for me and the child, only he took sick and died, and—"

"Where is that certificate, Mrs. Tyler?"

"Why, law, sir! how you do fluster a body with your questions! It's in the trunk right at your feet. I fetched it along, 'cause I like to look at it, and it

makes me think of the day I was married to my Thomas."

"Then we are all right. You did a good thing, marm, when you brought that document," said Samuel Dale. "Now, Mrs. Tyler, I am going to help you through with this matter. All you've got to do is to mind orders. I feel a deep interest in it, for I worked alongside of your man last summer, and I'm bound to see that he has justice done him."

"I want to know! Dear! dear! Why didn't you say so before, sir? And I misdoubting you all the while! I humbly ask your pardon, sir. And so you've known him all along? Only to think of it! Then maybe you can tell me what carried him off. You see the letter don't give any particulars. How did the disease take him, sir?"

There was a curious expression upon the young man's face, but he answered her gravely:

"He was hard sick with it, marm, when I first knew him."

"Not dangerous, sir?"

"Well, yes: I called him dangerous the first time I set eyes on him."

"I want to know! The poor dear! And yet he worked all summer, you say? I s'pose he kind o' pined away gradual. It was an inward disease, wasn't it?"

"Clear into the heart, marm, and worked outward."

"Lord a massy! Did he have heart disease? Jerushy Ann Billin's, that was Aunt Marthy's second cousin's child, she had it awful. They said she used to have tremblin's and flutterin's and a clay-cold, corpsey feeling the heft of the time. And she grew weaker and weaker, and her heart kind o' melted away inside of her. Did my poor man have any of these symptoms?"

"Well, no, it worked just the other way with him. As near as I could judge from appearances, marm, the heart inside of your husband got to be as hard as a nether millstone."

"Poor man! how it must have hurt! Couldn't the doctors do nothing to help him?"

"Mrs. Tyler," said Samuel Dale, solemnly, "I've heard tell it was easier for a black man to change his skin, and a wildcat her spots, than for a fellow to get cured of that disease. And your man had it hard. If a way could have been found to take the old heart out of him, and put a new one in, it might have done the business; but the doctors in these parts ain't up to such tricks."

"Did he die easy?" she asked in a trembling voice.

"There, don't you ask any more questions, Mrs. Tyler, and keep cool now. You'll need all the pluck you've got, shortly. Do you see that square house, with tall chimneys, at the top of the hill. That's Peter Barclay's. They are looking for *me*, but not *you*."

He drew a huge silver watch from his pocket.

"It is time we were there," he said; and to his companion's great discomfort, and the imminent peril of the precious freight they carried, he urged the old white horse to a gallop.

Up the hill they went at a furious pace. The rapid motion was a relief to Samuel Dale in his excited state of mind. Perhaps he had restrained himself to the utmost limit, for after a glance at the box containing Mrs. Nancy Tyler's testimony to departed worth, and at that estimable woman in her widow's weeds at his side, he no longer refrained from giving outward expression to his satisfaction.

He shouted to his horse and plied the whip without mercy. He whistled and sang, and brought his broad hand down, first upon one knee, and then the other, with a resounding blow. A neighbor called to him halfway up the hill.

"I can't stop," said Samuel Dale. "I'm going to a funeral, and there'll be no fun 'till I get there."

Then he laughed long and loudly at his unseemly jest. A small boy cleared the road to let him pass, and ran in to his mother.

"Sam Dale has been gittin' awful drunk down to the Corners, mother," he reported. "He's laughin' and singin', and drivin' old White like mad.

He's got a woman with him, and her bonnet's most off, and her hair flyin', and she holdin' on to the seat with both hands."

He drew rein at Farmer Barclay's front gate with a suddenness that nearly pitched Mrs. Tyler out of the wagon.

"Go into the house without knocking," he said, "and wait in the entry till I call you. It won't be long."

He drove his horse into the yard as one of the wedding-guests came from the stable.

"Take hold here, Seth Wilson," he cried. "There's a precious bit of stonework in that box that wants to be handled careful. It's going to see daylight, too, in just half a minute."

He was running for a screw-driver and a hammer, when Susie Barclay, in her wedding-dress, with white flowers in her hair, came to meet him:

"Oh, Samuel, has it come? Have you brought the wedding-loaf?"

"I have brought it," he said, "but, Susie Barclay, *your cake is dough*."

He could not wait to open the box in a regular way, but when a few screws were loosened, by the strength of his good right arm he burst the cover, and with a great noise of splitting wood the slab of white marble was brought to view.

At the sight, Samuel Dale's excitement reached its height. Brandishing a piece of the cover over his head, he danced around the open box, and to his companion's amazement and horror cut a pigeon-wing over the sacred relic it contained.

"Here's a sight for a man on his wedding-day!" he cried. "Oh, glory, hallelujah! come, up with it! Don't stand there, Seth Wilson, like a stuck pig. Now, then, move on. Forward, march! to the tune—

"Come, haste to the wedding."

V.

NANCY TYLER, following her conductor's directions, opened the door softly, and seated herself unobserved in the farthest corner of the dark hall.

From the open door of the parlor came a confused sound of voices, and she heard the patter of footsteps overhead.

"Dear! dear! I have come at a wrong time," she thought, "for they have a house full of company."

Then there was a rustle of silk, and a pretty girl, with a wreath of white flowers on her head, came tripping down stairs. She paused at the foot—a door opened and a smartly-dressed man, with black eyes and crisp, curly hair, came forward, and giving her his arm the two entered the parlor.

A scream shrill and piercing resounded through the house, and Nancy Tyler, in her black garments, her widow's veil streaming behind her as she ran, rushed after them and threw herself into the man's arms.

"Oh, Thomas! Oh, my dear, dear husband! they told me you was dead!"

The change in his face from smiling self-complacency to astonishment and deathly pallor was a sight to behold. He struggled to release himself, and pushed her rudely from him, but seemed for a moment to have lost the power of speech.

"Thomas! Thomas! don't you know me?" she cried in pitiful tones. "It's your own Nancy—your loving wife—come all the way from Simsbury to find you."

Upon this he found his tongue. "What do you mean, woman?" he cried, angrily. "You are no wife of mine. It's a trick, good people—a rascally trick. She's some crazy wretch escaped from the asylum. I tell you she's stark mad. Susie, you are not going to believe her? As sure as I am a living man, I never set eyes on the woman before to-day."

"Swear stronger, Tom Tyler," said a mocking voice, "for we've got your tombstone and your widow to prove you stone dead."

The man turned his fierce eyes, to see his rival standing composedly before him, supporting with one hand a slab of marble, upon which was inscribed in characters large enough to be read half across the room—

"IN MEMORY

OF

THOMAS TYLER,

who departed this life Aug. 9, 18—."

Even Samuel Dale was satisfied with the horror and abject fear pictured in his face at this unexpected sight.

"In God's name, Sammy, what does this mean?" said Farmer Barclay.

The young man rested his burden against the table, and took Nancy Tyler's letter from his pocket.

"Read that, Father Barclay," he said. "Be patient, neighbors. We'll have this matter straightened out in a moment. Susie, poor girl! it comes hard on you now, but you'll thank me by and by."

With a great effort, Thomas Tyler recovered his self-assurance.

"Good people," said he, "don't believe a word he says. It's a vile conspiracy he's concocted to rob me of my good name. Everybody knows he wanted to marry the girl himself, and—"

"Shut up!" said Samuel Dale. "Dead folks don't talk; and if ever a man was dead and damned above ground, it's you, Tom Tyler."

Meanwhile, Farmer Barclay was reading the letter.

"Why, what's this?" he said. "'Died at my house—lingering disease—buried by the town;' and if here ain't my name to it! Sammy, Sammy, what does it mean?"

"It means just this, sir. The villain that's been courting your daughter all summer left an honest wife and three children, counting the living and dead, back in Connecticut; and because he couldn't well marry the new wife till he'd disposed of himself to the old, he writes to her that he's dead and buried; and with his devil's wit takes your hand-writing, that if she shows the letter it may seem the genuine thing. But see now how this precious rascal overreaches himself; for when he thought, by calling himself a pauper, to keep the wife from ever following him up, he set on her soft woman's heart to the errand that's brought about his own destruction; and he dug his own grave and carved his

own tombstone when he wrote that letter."

Farmer Barclay's face was purple with rage. "The scoundrel!" he cried—"the black, dastardly, double-faced, under-handed—Why, where is he?"

Where, indeed? Thomas Tyler had suddenly disappeared. Whether he had slunk behind the crowd of guests gathered close about the speaker, and thus gained the door, or had softly opened a window and escaped in that way, no one could tell; but he was certainly gone.

The farmer, in his righteous indignation, would have followed him, but his attention was diverted by the discovery of a heap of black garments in the corner, and the chief sufferer in the semi-comic tragedy just enacted, poor Nancy Tyler, was raised from the floor in a dead faint, and borne into the adjoining bed-room.

The girl whose place she had so strangely taken that morning bent over her, and with gentle hands removed the black bonnet and put back the thin, scattered hair, and forgot her own disappointment and mortification in pity for the other's anguish; for when Nancy Tyler came out of her swoon, it was to wring her hands and cry out in distracted tones—

"He wouldn't own me for his wife! My Thomas wouldn't own me for his wife!"

"Sho! sho! now! you poor creetur," said the farmer, trying to administer comfort: "he couldn't have been much of a husband, anyhow; but it *is* hard you should have the burying of him twice over."

He called to his daughter presently from the next room.

"Sue Barclay," said he, "there's goin' to be a weddin' here to-day. Do you think I'll have all these folks invited, and that silk gown to pay for, and them good victuals cooked up, for nothin'? Come, you've had your choice of a husband, and a pretty mess you've made of it. Now I'll have mine. You know who I picked out for you long ago, and you liked him well enough till

that smooth-tongued hypocrite turned your silly head. Sammy, my boy, step up here: don't be bashful. Just clear that corner, good folks. Parson, you sha'n't be cheated of your fee this time. If Sammy hasn't the tin, I'll fork over myself. Come, Sue, are you ready?"

The girl went pale and red while the old man was speaking. She glanced shyly from under her long lashes at the only lover left her, now that her idol had turned to the basest clay. Her heart, only half weaned in these few months (for the wily stranger had won her through her vanity, and not by any well-grounded esteem), returned at a bound to its old allegiance.

She crossed the room to where the young man stood abashed, and looking in his face as only Susie Barclay *could* look, said very sweetly,

"Will you take me, Samuel?"

"Take you!" said Samuel Dale, and testified his readiness by actions instead of words.

"Sho! sho! Sammy," said the farmer, "that'll do. There! don't smother the girl. Now, Parson Bates, we'll be obleeged to you to tie that knot."

VI.

FOR many weeks Nancy Tyler lay ill at Farmer Barclay's house, and in her fever and delirium the wild fancies of the sick woman's brain were all more or less connected with her ill-fated journey and the relic she had brought.

In answer to her pathetic appeals the stone was placed in her chamber, and in imagination she traversed again and again in its company the weary distance between Simsbury and the farm-house where she was lying. Now she was in the stone-cutter's shop, consulting about the form and fashion of the monument, and bargaining for its lowest price in dollars and cents. She found comfort for hours in repeating the inscription, and the ill-matched rhyme of the epitaph gained marvelous pathos when uttered in those plaintive tones. But sometimes she cried out that the stone had fallen on her breast, and with its

weight her heart was quite broken. She crept back to life at last, but her physical vigor never returned, and her mind, at its best estate none of the strongest, was weakened and diseased.

They were very good to her at Farmer Barclay's. Samuel Dale remembered that he had gained his present happiness by the blow that made this poor woman doubly a widow, and the young wife was grateful to her who by her timely coming rescued her from a fate she could not contemplate without a shudder. Farmer Barclay expressed his good feeling by his favorite ejaculation, and more than once turned from her bedside with a tear in his honest eye.

"You take care of that poor creetur', children, as long as she lives," he said. "Don't you never send her back to Simsbury. Give her enough to do 'round the house, Susie, to keep her mind easy, and a warm place in your chimney corner. She'll have a gloomy time of it, poor soul! stumbling 'round among tombstones till she's at rest under one herself."

So the farm-house became Nancy Tyler's home, and she lived her quiet, melancholy life, docile and harmless, never wild in her derangement; only, as the country-people called it, "queer." The stone remained in her chamber, for it was a fancy of her bewildered brain that it was still in her charge, and day and night she was painfully responsible for its safe-keeping.

And spring and summer and winter came and went again, and they were very busy at the farm.

Nancy came to Mrs. Dale one evening with a frightened face.

"If you please, marm, I can't skim the milk to-night," she said.

"Why not, Nancy?"

"There's a man keeps looking at me through the window, marm."

Susie took the candle from her trembling hand and went into the pantry. She pressed her face close to the glass—then raised the window and peered out into the darkness, but could see nothing. She smiled at Nancy's foolish

fears, finished the relinquished task, and returned to the kitchen.

"I don't see anything of your man, Nancy," she said. "What did he look like?"

"He looked like a robber, marm."

"Law, Nancy! we don't have robbers at the farm. Such a thing was never heard of. It was your fancy. And now you may go to bed. You are tired, I know, with your day's work."

Nancy hesitated. "Could the things be moved back into my room, marm?" she asked.

"Why, no, Nancy: I don't see how they can. You can get along for one night, can't you?—we expect to get along 'most anyhow in house-cleaning time."

"I don't mind anything about the rest, Miss Dale, but *it* is outside."

"Oh, the stone! Well, Nancy, it is too heavy for you or me to lift, but when Samuel comes home I'll ask him to step up and set it inside your door. Will that do? Now go right to bed and to sleep."

She lit her candle, and climbed the stairs to her room over the kitchen. The space at the top was crowded with tables and chests and other articles belonging to the upper regions of the house, for Mrs. Dale was in the midst of a thorough cleaning. Leaning against a bureau close to the head of the stairs stood Nancy's precious charge. She stopped to pass her hand over its polished surface, murmuring some half-articulate words in her broken voice—then passed in to her chamber.

Half an hour later, when Samuel Dale returned from the post-office, he had an exciting story to tell. The *dépôt* at Lester's Corners was robbed the night before, and the thief had been tracked halfway to Barclay Farm.

"So look out for your silver spoons, Susie," said her husband, "for the light-fingered gentry are among us."

Then she told of Nancy's fright, and in her eagerness to see that every door was fastened and the house made secure for the night, quite forgot her promise to the poor woman up stairs.

Nancy lay waiting a long time, and

when she slept at last it was a disturbed and broken sleep, from which she was suddenly awakened by the sound of a stealthy step on the stairs. She felt rather than heard it approaching slowly, cautiously, wellnigh noiselessly. She rose in her bed, holding her breath to listen. Was it Mr. Dale coming to fulfill his wife's promise? Was it—oh horror! could it be—the man whose face had frightened her at the window? And if he came to rob the house, what did it contain half so valuable as the precious charge to which she had that night for the first time proved faithless?

It must have been some such train of thought that passed through Nancy Tyler's mind, and that caused the timid, weak-headed woman, who under ordinary circumstances would hardly have ventured to face a mouse, to rush to the rescue of her treasure. She sprang from her bed and crossed the room at a bound, and, throwing open her door, stood face to face with a man holding a dark lantern in his hand. In surprise at her sudden appearance he made a backward step, lost his footing and caught at the nearest support. It was the tombstone. It shook—it tottered—it fell, and man and marble crashed

down the stairs together with a sound to wake the dead. A moment's stillness succeeded the uproar, followed by the sound of voices and footsteps, and a group of frightened faces appeared in the doorway.

The stairs were strewn with fragments of the broken stone, and at the bottom lay the motionless body of a man. He grasped in one hand Farmer Barclay's well-filled wallet, and Susie Dale's wedding-spoons protruded from his pocket. There was blood everywhere. The stairs, the walls and pieces of marble were sprinkled with it, and where the man's head lay was a pool that every instant increased in size. He was quite dead, and they saw by a ghastly wound upon his head that a sharp corner of the stone had cloven his skull.

When Samuel Dale turned the dead man's face to the light, he uttered an exclamation of horror, for Thomas Tyler's black eyes stared blindly in his own, and his lips, parting, showed the white teeth grinning in a ghastly smile.

They bore away the body, and left a woman on the bloodstained stair groping with feeble, moaning cries for the fragments of Thomas Tyler's Tombstone.

MARY S. WALKER.

PARAGUAY AND THE LOPEZ FAMILY.

THE limits of a magazine article will not permit an extended examination of the treaty against Paraguay signed by the Allies on May 1st, 1865; and as a partial discussion of its clauses would be of little or no service, the subject is purposely avoided—the object of the present paper being not to demonstrate the justice of that treaty, but to show that a radical change in the political condition of Paraguay was, for all parties concerned, a moral necessity.

In a land like our own, where every man has, or may have, a hand in fram-

ing the laws, the attempt to alter the form of government by outside pressure would be not only an international crime, but an absurdity; but in a country like Paraguay—where the most profound ignorance prevails; where, by centuries of moral and physical degradation, the majority of the inhabitants have been reduced to a state similar to the blind submission of the brute; where the only law known is the will of the *Supremo*, who is lord of their lives, their labor and their property—the case is entirely different. There was no more

chance of their shaking off their fetters than of the Congo negro adopting the customs of civilization without the aid of external enlightenment. Civilization, like a mighty river, must sweep away every obstacle in its path: the Indian of the Plains must either submit to it or perish, and despotisms, like that in Paraguay, are too dangerous to be permitted to exist for the benefit of the despot alone.

The character of the tyrant who has oppressed that fair land is undoubtedly an interesting study, both politically and psychologically, but space cannot be given to its delineation. He seems, however, to have united the qualities of a hero, a butcher and a maniac, as his defence of Paraguay has been magnificent in a military point of view, his cruelties and disregard of human life incredible, whilst his insensate ambition and contemptuous treatment of powers which could have crushed him with a blow, have lent a certain character of insanity to his acts. He forms a counterpart to Theodorus of Abyssinia; and the Allies, as in the case of Great Britain, have made war upon him, and not upon his people. Theodorus once dead, his territory was respected; and there is no reason to suppose that, once rid of Lopez, Paraguay will not be permitted to enter upon a career of national prosperity hitherto unknown in that country.

In 1814, by means of machinations and intrigues, Dr. Francia was elected First Consul of Paraguay for one year, at the end of which term he executed a *coup d'état* worthy of some rulers of the present day, which procured his election, by a Congress of his own appointment, as Supreme Dictator for three years, and finally for life.

By his persecutions of his real or pretended enemies he either murdered or imprisoned most of the principal inhabitants, and by his system of interdicting commerce and isolating the state he ruined the country; so that, whilst during the Spanish rule the revenue derived from imports, exports, etc., amounted to three hundred and seventy-

five thousand dollars, being more than sufficient to meet the requirements of the government, it fell during his reign almost to zero; and, as his expenses were over five hundred and eighty thousand dollars per annum, he was obliged to raise this sum by fines, confiscations and oppressive taxation, which the impoverished people were in no condition to pay.

Never in the history of mankind has a despotism more complete and irresponsible existed: it rivaled, if it did not surpass, that of the king of Dahomey. The prisons were crowded to suffocation, and the executioner was weary of his task, whilst the system of espionage was so all-pervading that the dearest friends and nearest relatives feared each other, and no man knew that his own brother would not denounce him.*

Amongst the victims of Francia was his own brother; and at his death, which took place in 1840, between seven and eight hundred prisoners were found in the dungeons of Asuncion alone, many of whom had been incarcerated for more than twenty years, without having ever been informed of the cause of their arrest.

Carlos Antonio Lopez, a nephew of Francia, after having successfully struggled with his political opponents, placed himself at the head of the soldiery, and by their aid was nominated Consul in 1841, with a colleague; but in 1844, by a *coup d'état*, he disembarassed himself of his associate, and reigned as *Supremo* till the day of his death.

The domestic government of Lopez I. is described as being as strong as that of Francia, though he is represented as being more liberal to foreigners; but this assertion must be taken for what it is worth, as, in spite of a great parade of proclamations and treaties declaring Paraguay open to the world, Ñeembucú, a little town twenty leagues above Corrientes, was in 1852, eleven years after his election, the only place where for-

* *Letters on Paraguay, under the Government of the Dictator Francia.* J. P. & W. P. Robertson. London: 1838.

eigners were permitted to resort; and Colonel Graham, United States consul at Buenos Ayres, on an official mission to Paraguay, was himself detained there twenty days before obtaining permission to proceed to Asuncion. And as recently as 1855, Captain T. J. Page, sent out in the U. S. steamer *Waterwitch* to survey the La Plata and its tributaries, whilst peacefully prosecuting his voyage up the Paraná, was fired into from Fort Itaparú, having one man killed; and it was not till 1859, when a United States fleet of twenty-one vessels arrived in the river Plata, that he was enabled to continue his surveys.

Lopez gave to Paraguay a constitution providing for the election of a senate, which met at irregular intervals, and only to ratify the decrees of the Dictator, who held both the executive and legislative powers in his own hands; and also provided for the appointment of a successor by a sealed will, to be opened after his death.

Such were the traditions and such was the government of Paraguay, when, on the 10th of September, 1862, his son, Francisco Solano Lopez, in accordance with his father's will, assumed, without opposition, the dictatorial power, thus forming the second link in that curious anomaly, an hereditary * presidency of a republic.

The title of President is still retained for form's sake, but Lopez is in reality an autocrat, possessing unlimited power over the lives and property of his subjects, without appeal to any court of law. Señor Sarmiento, the President of the Argentine Republic, so well known both in this country and in Europe as an ardent patriot, a profound statesman, the most indefatigable promoter of education, and finally as a man possessing truly enlightened and American views of republicanism, describes Paraguay as a "plantation, with a million of Indians instead of negroes,

* It is stated that Lopez has already made a will in favor of his illegitimate son by his mistress, well known in South America under the name of Madam Lynch. She was present at the battles of Las Lomas Valentinas, and received three wounds, whilst her son, aged fourteen, had four horses killed under him.

who consider themselves the property of the Lopez family;" and he adds: "The triumph of Lopez means the extension to Uruguay and the Argentine Republic of the Guaraní Indian despotism, under a master who is dictator, pope, supreme judge and lord of life and property—imposing upon all those countries that obedience unparalleled in the history of the human race."

Moreover, when we reflect that prior to the war nearly one-half of the Paraguayan territory was held by the government, and that the President monopolized the trade in "yerba," or Paraguay tea, and timber, the chief sources of the national wealth, we shall with difficulty be able to reconcile such a government with our American ideas of a republic. And yet the fact of Paraguay being a republic whilst Brazil is an empire has been strongly urged, by some writers, as a reason why the sympathies of the United States should be enlisted on the side of the Paraguayans. That they should be so enlisted is beyond doubt, but from a totally different motive. The people of this country will ever sympathize with a downtrodden race, who, though free in name, are slaves in fact, and whom the ambition of one man has precipitated into a war which has ruined them for years, if not for ever, and, after destroying two-thirds of the male population, has left them with scarcely any other resource than the yucca root as a means of subsistence; whilst in the midst of this horrible distress the heartless tyrant could import the most costly furniture to adorn his palace at Asuncion. Several cases marked "E. A. L." (Eliza Alicia Lynch) were seized at the custom-house at Buenos Ayres. Well may the *Tribuna* of that city exclaim—"Thus, whilst the Paraguayans groan in misery under the weight of the horrible tyranny of Lopez, the ferocious Dictator brings from Europe furniture whose costliness might rival the luxury of the greatest monarchs in the world." This story is corroborated by the *Courrier de la Plata*, which journal states that the Count d'Eu, on taking command of the Brazil-

ian forces, was received in a saloon of honor decorated with this very furniture.

In order to appreciate the causes of this most disastrous and sanguinary war, it is necessary to take a glance at the state of affairs in South America previous to the breaking out of hostilities. In 1864—the year in which the war commenced—the republic of Uruguay was divided into two hostile parties, the *Blancos* and the *Colorados*, or the Whites and the Reds, the government of Montevideo being in the hands of the former. Those called Blancos were advocates of a government such as that of Quiroga, Rosas, Oribe or Urquiza; that is, they were the enemies of national independence, and naturally, both from instinct and policy, Lopez allied himself with this faction. The Colorados had been vanquished, and their adversaries, in spite of a capitulation signed on the previous evening, had caused one in every five of them to be shot.

On the 12th of October, 1864, the Brazilian steamer *Marquis de Olinda* touched at Asuncion on her way from Montevideo to Cazuba, having on board the governor of the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso, other passengers and a large sum of money. The steamer was seized by order of Lopez, the passengers imprisoned and the money confiscated, although she was not a war vessel, but belonging to a firm in Rio de Janeiro, and then chartered to carry the mails. This act of piracy was therefore a flagrant violation of the treaty of 1856, Article 18 of which provides that "in case of rupture the citizens of either of the belligerent countries residing on the territory of the other may remain there to carry on their business or attend to their occupations, without being molested in their liberty or commerce."

The plenipotentiary of Brazil protested, and was answered by insults. Lopez II. even refused him a passport, and he was only enabled to leave the country, with his family, through the friendly interposition of Mr. Washburn, minister of the United States. These outrages were immediately followed by

the invasion of the province of Matto Grosso.

The government of Rio de Janeiro was so little prepared for such an attack that its only forces in that province were one hundred and twenty soldiers, who occupied one of the forts, which was obliged to capitulate to a Paraguayan column of five thousand men, whilst, as is well known, Lopez had been making great warlike preparations for some years previously.

General Mitre, President of the Argentine Republic, declared a strict neutrality, and in consequence refused passage over Argentine territory to both belligerents; to maintain which he sent two war vessels to Corrientes. On the 13th of April, 1865, Lopez II. gave orders to his fleet to capture these steamers, which was done by a surprise, and on the following day twenty thousand of his troops crossed the Paraná and invaded the defenceless province of Corrientes. They took possession of everything which might prove useful to their master, and the number of horses and horned cattle which they stole from the *estancieros* of Corrientes is estimated at over a million. All who endeavored to defend themselves were arrested—men, women or children—and sent to Paraguay.* These unwarrantable proceedings gave rise to the treaty of May, 1865, between Brazil, Uruguay and the Argentine Republic, the object of which was not to make war upon the people of Paraguay, but merely to overthrow the government of Lopez; and, however much ingenuity may be employed to distort its meaning, its language is so plain that "he who runs may read."

Article 7 of the treaty is as follows: "The war not being directed against the people of Paraguay, but against its government, the Allies will admit into a Paraguayan legion all the citizens of that nation who will unite to overthrow the said government," etc.

The acts above alluded to may be

* John Lelong, ex-representative of the French population of the La Plata, and ex-consul-general of the republic of Uruguay, writing in *La Revue Contemporaine*.

looked upon as the incidental occasion of the outbreak; but the real underlying causes of the war had long been smouldering, and the invasion of Mato Grosso and Corrientes was but the wind which fanned the embers into a flame.

There had been, for centuries, a disputed question of boundary between Spain and Portugal—which Alexander VI. in vain attempted to adjust—and which had descended as a legacy to their successors, Brazil and Paraguay; the former claiming as far south as the rivers Ipane and Ygatíné, whilst the latter claimed as far north as the river Blanco. Meanwhile, by the tacit consent of both parties, the rivers Apa and Yaguarey, forming a line between the disputed points, were considered the nominal frontier till such time as negotiation or arbitration should have settled the dispute; but Paraguay had, during two years prior to the war, occupied a portion of this neutral ground, which she administered under the title of Upper Paraguay, and she consequently became a dangerous neighbor to the north with her military system of government and the unlimited power of her President, which enabled him to drive every man and woman* in the country into the ranks, giving him a preponderance of power in those regions.

His system of Guaraní Indian slavery, his extensive fortifications on the Paraguay river, his powerful fleet, the restrictive nature of his commercial relations—which were traditions of the country, and might induce him to endeavor to entirely close the upper rivers—and, lastly, his well-known ambition and insatiate love of power, made him an equally dangerous neighbor on the south. Although, had Lopez refrained from acts of hostility, peace might have been maintained for some indefinite time, it is probable that sooner or later that antagonism which must subsist between liberal and despotic

governments would have caused a rupture. As it is, Lopez must bear the onus of what has occurred.

Every one must admire the heroism and self-abnegation with which the poor and ignorant Paraguayans have fought in a bad cause, and must wonder that they could allow the ambition and egotism of one man to hurry them on to their ruin, after terms of compromise had been offered them which would have left their territory with the same boundaries as it had previous to the war, assured the independence and integrity of the country, and relieved them from paying any indemnification for the cost of the war, on the sole condition that Lopez should withdraw to Europe, were it not certain that the proposal never came to their knowledge. And yet it was made.

In September, 1867, Mr. Gould, the British secretary of legation at Buenos Ayres, submitted to Señor Caminos, the Paraguayan war minister, certain propositions agreed upon by the allied generals, of which the following is a copy:

"Basis of negotiations proposed to Marshal Lopez, President of Paraguay, by Mr. Gould, British secretary of legation at Buenos Ayres, on mission to the belligerent camp.

"*Art. 1.* A secret previous conference will assure the allied powers of the acceptance, on the part of the Paraguayan government, of the proposals they might be disposed to make to it.

"*Art. 2.* The *independence and integrity* of the republic of Paraguay will be formally recognized by the allied powers.

"*Art. 3.* All the *questions relative to the territories or boundaries* in dispute before the present war will either be reserved for *future conference or the arbitration of neutral powers.*

"*Art. 4.* The allied troops will retire from Paraguayan territory, and the troops of Paraguay will evacuate the positions occupied by them in the empire of Brazil, so soon as the conclusion of peace is assured.

"*Art. 5.* No *indemnification* will be required for the expenses of the war.

* Whilst Lopez was at San Estanislao he enrolled in his army two thousand women, whose uniforms consisted of a simple chemise. Many of these unfortunates, however, deserted.

"*Art. 6.* The prisoners of war on both sides will be set immediately at liberty.

"*Art. 7.* The Paraguayan troops will be dismissed, excepting the number of men strictly necessary to maintain the interior tranquillity of the republic.

"*Art. 8.* His Excellency, the Marshal President of the republic, will, after the conclusion of peace, or after the preliminaries of the same, withdraw to Europe, delegating the government to the Vice-President, who, by the constitution of the republic, is in like cases the person designated to take charge.

"(Signed) G. T. GOULD.

"HEADQUARTERS, TUYUCA, September 12, 1867."

It is impossible to see in this language any design of appropriating Paraguayan territory or extending the influence of monarchical institutions.

The reply of Señor Caminos to this document is dated at headquarters, Paso Puco, on the same day. He admits that, barring some trivial difficulties which might arise in discussing the minor points, but which in the interests of peace could doubtless be smoothed away, this memorandum might serve as a basis of negotiations, were it not for the insuperable objection contained in Clause 8—viz., the exile of the President; of whom he says: "I can assure you that the republic of Paraguay will never sully its honors and its glories by consenting that its President and defender, who has rendered it so glorious, and who fights for its existence, should be deposed from his charge; and still less, that he should be expatriated from the land which is the witness of his heroism and sacrifices—tokens which are a sufficient guarantee of the union which joins the lot of Marshal Lopez to that which God may have reserved for the Paraguayan nation."

This is certainly very enthusiastic and devoted language, but it came from the war minister, and not from the people, who could know nothing about it, and it may be looked upon as the reply of Lopez himself. But when he speaks of "fighting for its existence," he appears to ignore Clause 2, which expressly

guarantees that existence; and it might be imagined that the man who had displayed so much "heroism" and made so many "sacrifices"—among which may be reckoned perhaps the Parisian furniture for Madam Lynch—for his country, might be willing to make one more, and consent to pass the remainder of his days in London or Paris. But his devotion was not equal to this; and it is sadly to be feared that, much as the Marshal President loves his country, he loves Don Francisco Solano Lopez infinitely better.

It should be borne in mind that the above propositions were made in September, 1867, and that the passage in front of Humaitá was not forced till February, 1868; consequently the chief miseries and desolation entailed by this most sanguinary war might have been honorably avoided by their acceptance.

This was not the only proposition of peace made by the Allies, for after the battles of Las Lomas Valentinas—which lasted from the 20th to the 27th of December, 1868, and may be fairly termed the Waterloo of Lopez—when the cause of the Dictator was to all intents and purposes lost, the Allies again offered to make peace with him, declaring that they would hold him responsible to the republic of Paraguay for all the blood that might thereafter be shed; but their proposition, made in the cause of humanity, was rejected, Lopez being determined to defend himself to the last extremity; thus preferring the extermination and ruin of his people to the abandonment of his insensate thirst for power.

The writer believes that enough has been said to justify the statement that Paraguay is not a republic, nor ever was—excepting during the short period immediately after the declaration of independence, when Yegros and Cavallero were at the head of the junta—and that ever since the accession to power of Francia the government of that unhappy country has been a despotism of the most crushing and appalling kind; the lives and property of the inhabitants being absolutely in the

power and at the mercy of one man, and where there were no nobles, as in the case of Russia, who might "temper despotism by assassination." This being the case, the plea so persistently urged by some writers for the sympathy of the United States, on the ground that Paraguay is a republic whilst Brazil is an empire, must of necessity be abandoned. Whilst pitying the people, we must detest the ruler, upon whose head, in common justice, will fall, in the judgment of unbiased and right-thinking minds, the sin of the blood and devastation which have swept over the land as a plague.

It has already been mentioned that Lopez had made great military and naval preparations previous to the war. This has been denied by a recent writer on the subject, who appears to be an enthusiastic defender of Lopez, but is it not sustained by facts? The fortress of Humaitá—which lies nearer to the Argentine border than does Corrientes to that of Paraguay—could hardly have been constructed in a short time, as we are told that its works were of the strongest kind, admirably mounted and protected by sunken obstructions in the river, and that it contained a garrison of from eight to ten thousand men. A correspondent of the *London Times*, writing from Paraguay in April, 1867, says: "General Lopez is said to have prepared for this war for many years, and the quantities of ammunition which his troops up to the present time have expended are such as could not have been manufactured in the small arsenals of Paraguay." It does not follow that because "he fights to-day with flint-lock muskets," he could have made no previous preparations, as he might readily have expended all his military stores in his numerous battles and hasty retreats.

The question of the alleged complicity of Mr. Washburn, former minister to Paraguay, in the real or supposed conspiracy against Lopez, is purposely avoided, as it has been made the subject of an investigation before the Committee of the House on Foreign Affairs; but a few words on the difference of

opinion between him and his successor, General McMahon, may not be out of place.

The opinion of the former, as is well known, is in every way opposed to Lopez. He accuses him of the most atrocious cruelty, the most unheard-of acts of despotism, and of placing himself "outside of the pale of the family of nations" by his disregard of the immunities attaching to the diplomatic service; whilst, on the other hand, General McMahon, if not absolutely favorable to the Dictator, at least finds excuses for his acts which would hardly occur to another man's mind. He furthermore censures the Allies roundly for their combination against Paraguay, charges upon them cruelties as great as those committed by Lopez, and asserts that their sole object in the war was the partition of Paraguay among themselves.

It is not, however, so difficult as might appear at first sight to reconcile these opposite ideas, and yet at the same time give both parties credit for good faith.

Mr. Washburn was an eye-witness of the bloody dramas which caused him to officially affirm that Lopez had deserved the execration of mankind. He was on the spot, the ghastly panorama was unrolled before his horrified gaze, and the most authentic documents, the most trustworthy declarations, have supported his assertions. He was at Asuncion during the reign of terror established by Lopez after the real or pretended conspiracy, and he was personally acquainted with many of his victims. Barreras, Rodriguez, Benigno Lopez, and a thousand more, perished almost under his eyes; whilst General McMahon has only seen Paraguay from the tent of Lopez, who, aware of all the advantages to be derived from the moral support of the United States, naturally surrounded him with all kinds of attentions, shut out from his sight the dark parts of the picture, exhibited his people as a devoted band struggling for existence, pointed to the desolate homes, the famished and almost naked women and children, the uncultivated fields and the blazing roofs, saying, "Behold

the work of the Allies! Are they not demons?" And the peripatetic minister, with a trustfulness which proved the honesty and straightforwardness of his own character, believed him, never dreaming that it was by order of the Dictator that the women and children were driven before the troops in their retreating line of march, and threatened with death if they stayed behind; that it was the soldiers of Lopez who fired their miserable dwellings, who laid waste their fields and drove their flocks and herds away; and, in short, that it was the tiger by his side who was the author of all the nameless horrors and desolations which his wretched people had endured.

It would be a revolting task to enumerate all the victims of this fiend. They may be counted by thousands, but only a few of the principal can be mentioned.

Mr. Porter C. Bliss, attached to the American legation under Mr. Washburn, cites the following: General Barrios and Treasurer Bedoya, whose wives, sisters of Lopez, were first flogged and afterward compelled to be present at the execution of their husbands; Madam Lopez, mother of the President, imprisoned and exiled for asking the pardon of her children; Bergés, Minister of Foreign Affairs, and Benigno Lopez, brother of the President; two successive secretaries of state, two successive ministers of war, the bishop of Paraguay, and nine-tenths of the foreign merchants residing within the lines; the Americans Manlove, John A. Duffield and Thomas Carter, and Rodriguez Larreta, previous minister of Uruguay. Dr. Carreras and the Portuguese consul, friends and guests of Washburn, were tortured and shot. The consuls of Brazil and Uruguay, the Portuguese vice-consul and chargé d'affaires, died a *natural* death in the prisons of Lopez. Messrs. Masterman and Bliss, belonging to the American legation, were imprisoned and tortured.

The register found among the papers of Lopez in the camp at Cumaratý gives the names of persons of different

nationalities who were shot, massacred, stabbed or otherwise executed by order of Lopez between the 31st of May, 1868, and the 14th of December of the same year. This list contains five hundred and eighty-eight names.

At Tebicuarí, before Lopez fled from that position, more than five hundred persons of all ranks, sexes and ages were executed, and the greater part of them suffered tortures the thought of which carries us back to the age of Nero or Caligula. Amongst them were many of the Blanco leaders, who had taken service in the army of the Dictator.

At Campo Grande were found two hundred Brazilian prisoners, out of one thousand carried off from the province of Matto Grosso by the Paraguayans, the others having been shot or having succumbed to the odious treatment to which they had been exposed.

Lopez had engaged a certain number of Englishmen as engineers or mechanics, but on the breaking out of the war he enrolled them in his army, in spite of the remonstrances made by the British government. Fifty-four of them were finally rescued, and they all confirm the accounts of the atrocities committed by the Dictator.

At San Estanislao, Lopez shot one thousand men on account of a rising which *was to have taken place* in his escort: amongst his victims was Colonel Mongelon, his aide-de-camp.

But the sickening list is long enough, and the reader will willingly excuse farther details, though it is very far from being complete.

Those writers who, either from political bias or from ignorance of the subject, persist in regarding Paraguay as a republic, not merely in name but in fact, are loud in expressing their fears that the overthrow of Lopez will necessarily end in the absorption of that country by Brazil, and thus be instrumental in the extension of African slavery and anti-republican principles; but they are perhaps not aware that Indian slavery already existed in Paraguay, and they forget that on August 22, 1866, the emperor, Dom Pedro II., voluntarily

and spontaneously declared his intention of commencing the work of abolishing slavery at the close of the war; and it is hardly probable that so enlightened and liberal a monarch would, of his own free will, make such a declaration without intending to put it in force. They forget, or do not know, that the provisional government of Paraguay, now established at Asuncion by the Allies, has already issued a decree which reflects the greatest honor on its members, and which for ever abolishes slavery in that country.

After a preamble condemning slavery as being "incompatible with the principles of liberty, equality and justice, anti-Christian and a relic of barbarism," the decree contains the following articles:

"*Art. 1.* Slavery is entirely abolished from this day forward in all the territories of the republic.

"*Art. 2.* At the expiration of the six months following the promulgation of this decree every person, from the sole fact of setting foot on Paraguayan territory, shall also be free, whatever may have been his previous condition.

"*Art. 3.* There shall be opened in the civil court of this capital a register, in which shall be inscribed the sex, age, state of health and capacities of all free Paraguayans, so as to indemnify, as soon as may be possible, those masters who may consider themselves prejudiced by this decree.

"Similar registers shall be opened in the offices of justices of the peace throughout the country.

"Done at Asuncion, year 1 of liberty.

"(Signed) CARLOS LOIZAGA,

"JOSÉ DIAS DE BEDOYA."

Can any reflecting mind bring itself to believe that such a decree would have been issued if the intention of Brazil had been the extension of slavery? Nay more, is it not in itself an evidence of the sincerity of the emperor, Dom Pedro II., in his desire to abolish it in his own dominions? For, as the Brazilian province of Matto Grosso lies contiguous to Paraguay, nothing could pre-

vent the slaves from crossing the frontier line and becoming free. Again, had the intention of Brazil been the annexation of Paraguay, at the same time maintaining slavery in her own territory, would that power have encouraged such a decree, which would give liberty to one portion of her dominions and slavery to the other?

Other writers, of the pessimist class, see in the words of Article 11 of the treaty of alliance, which provides for securing the free navigation of the rivers Paraná and Paraguay to the vessels of the allied states, an evidence that the intention is to close them against all others; because, they say, the free navigation of these streams is already secured to all the world by treaties with Paraguay. But it has already been shown how these treaties were adhered to by Paraguay, and how frequently they were infringed when it could be done with impunity. Besides, there is a sufficient guarantee against this danger in the recent acts of Dom Pedro II. and the character of Señor Sarmiento.

During the Portuguese rule in Brazil the Amazon was closed to foreigners in their dominions, and so rigidly that even Baron Humboldt was not allowed to enter it for scientific purposes; but on the 7th of September, 1867, the commerce of this noble river was opened to the flags of all nations; and furthermore, the monopoly of the coasting-trade of Brazil was abolished, from Pará, at the mouth of the Amazon, to Rio Grande do Sul, its most southern province, thus opening four thousand miles of Brazilian sea-coast to the ships of every nation. This was done in the midst of the war, and it is inconceivable that Brazil should desire, at its termination, to close the navigation of rivers which form the only outlet to the sea for some of her own provinces. The benefits she would derive from the free navigation of the Paraguay and Paraná would be similar to those she hopes to obtain by the removal of restrictions on her Atlantic sea-board. It is certain, on the contrary, that the success of the

Allies will be a benefit to the whole world, for already has the provisional government opened to commerce the river Bermejo or Vermejo (as it is indifferently written), and a contract has been made with Messrs. Roldan and Matti of Buenos Ayres for its navigation by steam as far as Oran on the Bolivian frontier. This important affluent of the Paraguay has been closed until now, but the fall of the tyrant gives an outlet to the varied productions of the rich and fertile states of Salta, Tucuman, Santiago, Estero and Jujuy, in the Argentine Confederation, which have hitherto been entirely destitute of water communication with the outer world; and those who are acquainted with South America well know that land transport is too expensive to admit of profitable undertakings. Add to which the increased facilities which the province of Matto Grosso will obtain by means of the Paraná and Paraguay, and we shall have no difficulty in conceiving the benefits of which the restrictive policy of the Paraguayan government has so long deprived not only South America, but, it may be said, the entire world; for the productions of these countries are so rich and varied that they may find markets in every clime. As these productions are so little known, owing to the policy pursued since the days of Francia, it may be interesting briefly to advert to them.

The main commercial staple of Paraguay has hitherto been the yerba, or maté, or Paraguay tea (*Ilex Paraguensis*), which also grows in Matto Grosso, and is in universal use in South America. This article might be introduced advantageously into this country to make a new and pleasing beverage, possessing all the refreshing qualities of the China tea-plant, and devoid of some of its deleterious qualities. Minerals, such as copper and quicksilver, are found in abundance, whilst tobacco, sugar, cotton and rice can be cultivated with great success. The medicinal plants are rich and various; amongst which may be mentioned the *palo de vivora*, or viper-

wood, so called from the juice of its rind being an infallible cure for the bite of serpents. The woods are too numerous to specify in detail, but they consist of dye-woods, woods exuding perfumed gums, and excellent timber for ship-building. Amongst the latter may be mentioned the lapacho, out of a single trunk of one of which was scooped a canoe which carried twenty-two thousand five hundred pounds of maté, some molasses, a load of pine lumber, seventy packages of tobacco, eight sailors and three masts. A vessel is good after fifty years when constructed of this wood, whose grain is so close that neither worm nor rot can affect it. A few only of the products of this country, so marvelously endowed by Providence and so cursed by the hand of man, have been mentioned; but when we remember that four thousand miles of Brazilian sea-board are now free to foreign coasters, we shall not fail to recognize the immense advantages which the liberal policy of the present Paraguayan government offers to our mercantile and shipping interests.

The Paraguayan war is virtually at an end; the fugitive President was last heard of at or near Miranda, in the province of Matto Grosso; the first division of the Brazilian army has returned to Rio de Janeiro, and the gunboats have left Paraguayan waters; the Uruguayan troops have arrived at Montevideo, and the national guard of Buenos Ayres has made its triumphal entry into that capital.

On the occasion of this latter event the respected President, Señor Sarmiento, addressed the troops in eloquent and patriotic language, which clearly proves that the sentiments of this truly eminent and upright man condemn the whole career of Lopez and the Paraguayan government from the commencement of Dr. Francia's dictatorship to the present day.

As the opinion of this gentleman has much weight in this country, a brief extract from his speech will form a fitting conclusion to this article.

"The war in Paraguay," he says, "born of the unlimited ambition of an insensate tyrant, is the abyss which past centuries have hollowed out to bury with splendor the last vestige in America of the government of Philip II., which was grafted, in our neighborhood, upon the original race.

"All of you, actors in this great tragedy, have seen that the soil sown by the hand of absolutism and cultivated by ignorance has produced, during the last fifty years, nothing but misery and abject baseness to the Paraguayan people.

"The duty of every Argentine who has borne arms is, on returning to his country, to maintain the public peace during the organization of the schools destined to the education of his children; during the establishment of the telegraphic lines which shall unite us to the entire world; during the completion of the railroads which shall draw together the Andes and the La Plata, the Chaco and Patagonia.

"One word, in conclusion, upon the admirable spectacle which I witnessed some years ago. I saw, as I see to-day, the army defile before the President of

the United States. A million of men returned to their homes, and yet on the day following the disbanding of the troops there was not, through the whole extent of the great republic, any other change than an increased traffic on the railways, greater joy in the bosoms of families, and, a little later, more abundant harvests in the country."

The Allies have accomplished that part of their programme which relates to the overthrow of Lopez, and it now only remains for them to prove to the world that they intend to carry out the rest, by refraining from appropriating territory unjustly, and by leaving the Paraguayans to govern themselves as they may see fit, provided they do not interfere with the rights nor imperil the safety of their neighbors. The eyes of the world are upon them, and by its judgment they must abide.

H. HARGRAVE.

[Since the above article was in type, news has been received of the death of President Lopez. He was surrounded, and, with characteristic ferocity refusing to surrender, was killed by a Brazilian lancer.]

HIGHER AND NEARER.

A LITTLE higher yet—until we're lifted
Above the obscuring clouds that dim our sight—
Until our souls have through the darkness drifted
Into God's marvelous light.

A little nearer—till earth's joys and sorrow
Far, far beneath us in the shadows lie,
And we have glimpses of the bright to-morrow
That waits us in the sky.

A little higher yet—a little nearer,
Until at last a glorious crown is won,
Whilst, as we soar, sounds sweeter still, and clearer,
"Servant of God, well done!"

THE VIRGINIA TOURIST.

II.

THE NATURAL TUNNEL.

THE writer *opines* that many persons living beyond the limits of Virginia (and he *knows* that even a considerable number of natives of this grand and wonderful State) have never heard of the Natural Tunnel. Whether or not it is one of the greatest wonders of this continent, let the reader determine when he has read my description, rude and insufficient as it may be. Much has been written vaguely (and my own pen is already dipped in the subject) of the natural scenery of Virginia, its supreme claims on the American tourist, and the neglect of those claims; but it is certainly an extraordinary instance of such neglect that there is within my memory no printed account of the Natural Tunnel, and that even the curiosity of the newspaper-man has scarcely penetrated its obscurity.

The road to Estillville takes us, in turns, through two States. It is the great thoroughfare of the wagon-trade to Bristol, and it is picturesque with white-covered wagons winding over the hills, separate or in trains, dotting the landscape, several of them being almost constantly visible on the tract of country that the eye sweeps. These are *the white ships of the mountains*. They are freighted with grain and fruit, and the other stores necessary in the distant homes from which they have come. Some of them are emigrant trains traveling westward. The modes of "moving" are interesting. Whole families live for days, and even weeks, in the covered bodies of these wagons, cooking and sleeping under the trees by the wayside; and as the heavy vehicle lumbers on in the day, such of the emigrants as are able to walk trudge by the side of it, while the aged and feeble ride; and it is not uncommon to see the curious eyes of little children, in various

begrimed conditions, peeping from the white canvas that covers the moving household.

In one passage of the road we met a close train of five covered wagons—a few men in front with rifles on their shoulders, and some six or seven *bare-foot* women in their rear, of all ages, from the old crone in her narrow and dirty dress of linsey-woolsey to the young girl of mountain beauty unadorned, walking slowly and painfully over the stones as their teams labored up the hill.

"Where are you going?" we asked of one of the men.

"Gwine to Ar-kan-sas," was the reply, with a strong accent on the last syllable.

"You have a long journey before you, my friend."

"Yes, furrer'n five hundred miles, I reckon," was the answer, with a certain air of determination in the bronzed, set face; and slowly, sturdily, the train moved on in that long and weary journey which poverty and disappointment elsewhere had appointed for the emigrants.

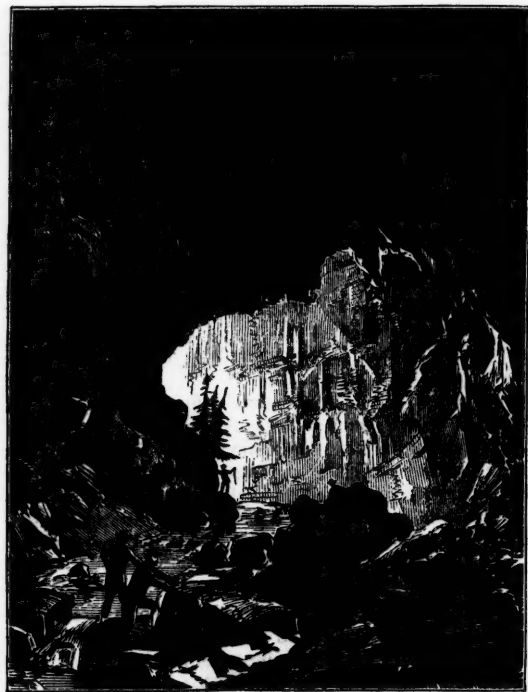
The western face of the Tunnel, near which we dismount, continues partly concealed from view, or is imperfectly exposed, until we nearly approach it, the immense rock which is perforated being here dressed with the thick foliage of the spruce-pine, and the harsh surface adorned with a beautiful tracery of vines and creepers. At last is seen the entrance of what appears to be a huge subterranean cavern or grotto, into which the stream disappears; a towering rock rising here about two hundred feet above the surface of the stream, and a rude entrance gouged into it, varying in width, as far as the eye can reach, from one hundred to one hundred and fifty feet, and rising in a clear

vault from seventy to eighty feet above the floor. The view here terminates in the very blackness of darkness: it is broken on the first curve of the Tunnel. The bed of the stream, from which the water has disappeared on account of the drought, the reduced currents sinking to lower subterranean channels, is piled with great irregular rocks, on the sharp points of which we stumble and cut our hands: there is no foothold but on

wall five hundred feet high, as clean and whetted as the work of the mason.

But we must not anticipate this majestic scene, "wonderful beyond all wondrous measure." Happily, in entering the Tunnel from the western side, we have adopted the course of exploration which affords a gradual ascent of the emotions, until at last they tower to the standard of a perfect sublimity. The course of the Tunnel may be de-

scribed as a continuous curve: it resembles, indeed, a prostrate ω . For a distance of twenty yards midway of this course we are excluded from a view of either entrance, and the darkness is about that of a night with one quarter of the moon. The vault becomes lower here—in some places scarcely more than thirty feet high—and springs immediately from the floor. The situation is awful and oppressive: the voice sounds unnatural, and rumbles strangely and fearfully along the arch of stone. We are encoffined in the solid rock: there is a strange pang in the beating heart in its imprisonment, so *impenetrable*, black, hopeless, and we hurry to meet the light of day.



THE NATURAL TUNNEL—ITS INTERIOR.

rocks; and it is only when we have struggled through the awful, cruel darkness, holding up some feeble lights in it, and issued into the broad sunshine, that we find we have traveled nearly two hundred yards (or say, more exactly, five hundred feet) through one solid rock, in which there is not an inch of soil, not a seam, not a cleft, and which, even beyond the debouchure of the Tunnel, yet runs away a hundred yards in a

In that light we are disentranced: we cast off the confinements of the black space through which we have passed, and we are instantly introduced to a scene so luminous and majestic that in a moment our trembling eyes are captivated, and our hearts lifted in unutterable worship of the Creator's works.

It is that sheer wall of rock which we have already mentioned, where the arch and the other side of the Tunnel break

away into the mountain slope : a high wall slightly impending ; an amphitheatre, extending one hundred yards, of awful precipices ; a clean battlement, without a joint in it, five hundred feet high. And this splendid height and breadth of stone, that a thousand storms have polished, leaving not a cleft of soil in it—this huge, unjointed masonry raised against the sky, gray and weather-stained, with glittering patches of light on it—is yet part of the same huge rock which towered at the farther end of the Tunnel, and through whose seamless cavity we have traveled two hundred yards. It is in this view that the mystery of the scene seizes the mind and the last element of sublimity is added to it. It is in this view that the Natural Tunnel we had come to see as a mere "curiosity" takes rank among the greatest wonders of the world. What Power, what possible imaginable agency of Nature, could have worked out this stupendous scene ?

For all the wonders and curiosities of Nature within the breadth of man's discovery, there is always an attempt to construct some theory of a cause. There is some scheme of probabilities, or at least of possibilities, that may be adjusted to the case—some ingenuity that will supply something satisfactory, more or less, to the ignorance of man and his demand for an explanation. Thus the Natural Bridge in Rockbridge county has been accounted for on the hypothesis—we believe of Professor Rogers, once of the University of Virginia—of the worn exit of an inland sea that in some immeas-

urable time washed its way through the Blue Ridge to the ocean. But neither water nor fire can be taxed by human ingenuity as the cause of the Natural Tunnel—a scene which, having approached in wonder, or even in its lower tones of "curiosity," we are yet compelled to leave in unutterable amazement. Look at the breadth, the magnitude of the scene—an unbroken rock eight hundred feet in length, averaging,



THE NATURAL TUNNEL—LOOKING OUT.

say, three hundred feet in height to where the soil clothes it, and measuring nine hundred feet across the face of the lower entrance of the Tunnel : multiply these numbers together for the cubic volume of this *mountain of rock*, and then inquire if it is possible that the Natural Tunnel could have been worn—and worn to such dimensions as we have already given of it, and which we have described as *clean rock through-*

out—by the action of water, operating under any imaginable pressure or in any conceivable time! But the theory of the agency of water, anyhow, is discredited by a single circumstance—the inequalities of the height of the arch, varying as much as from eighty or ninety feet in some places, to twenty in others. Again, the phenomenon fails to strike us as one of volcanic action. There are none of the irregularities of an upheaval: there are no signs of a force rending the mountain and tearing it asunder. The impression of the scene—and it is here where its sublimity is unexampled—is not as of some mighty force that has raised the crust of the earth, or that has rent the rock, or worn through it, or delved in it, but as of some mysterious Power, winged with all the winds of heaven and browed like the thunderbolt, that has *battered* its way through the solid rock, tearing away everything in its path, strewing it with the huge, sharp ruins that now choke the stream, and that has rushed through it all like the screaming, invisible body of a storm which scatters dismay around, and leaves behind it the voiceless, uninscribed monuments of a sublime and inscrutable wonder!

The conception is terrible: The imagination is strained as we stand within the august portals of this scene, meditating a question which ever recurs—feeling that shock which verges on insanity, smiting the feeble mind of man whenever he takes into his hands the dark chain of causation. We let fall in the strange doorway where we stand the links of thought that thrill us too powerfully, and we look to other parts of the scene to moderate our emotion.

Turning our eyes away from the battlement of rock to the opposite side of the ravine, a new revelation of the grand and picturesque awaits us. Here a gigantic cliff, but one broken with rock and soil, and threaded to its summit by a sapling growth of the buckeye, the linden and the pine, rises almost perpendicularly from the water's edge to a height nearly equal to that of the opposite wall of rock. A natural plat-

form is seen to project over it, and yet a few yards farther there is an insulated cliff, a Cyclopean *chimney*, so to speak, scarcely more than a foot square at its top, rising in the form of a turret at least sixty feet above its basement, which is a portion of the imposing cliff we have mentioned. It is at once perceived that here are two points of view that will give us new, and perhaps the most imposing, aspects of the scene. To attain these points, however, it is necessary to make a circuit of half a mile; and the sinking sun admonishes us to defer this new interest of the scene until to-morrow.

* * * *

It is well that we did so. After a comfortable lodging in a farm-house two miles away, where a substantial supper, flanked with the invariable milk and honey of the mountains, and a bed of snowy white linen attesting that cleanliness so beautiful when found beneath the rude roof, and yet so common in all the homes of the mountaineers, had refreshed us, we remounted for the Tunnel in the early morning, and were soon to find that the rising sun was to give a new and unexpected glory to the scene. This time we ascend the mountain, instead of deflecting as before. The road is easy: there are no difficulties of access to the points of view from the top of the Tunnel, and they are undoubtedly the grandest. We pass to the platform before described by a few steps from the main road. It is a slab of rock projecting from an open patch of ground: a dead cedar tree is standing at its edge, throwing its gnarled and twisted arms, as in wild and widowed sorrow, over the awful scene below. We now see the great opposite amphitheatre of rock in added grandeur, for we see it from above—we see it across a chasm nine hundred feet wide and five hundred feet deep; and the exposure being almost exactly eastern, the long spears of the rising sun are being shattered on it. The effect is inexpressibly grand. But there is one more circumstance to be added to the scene: we do not see from this observatory the

arch, the entrance of the Tunnel. A few yards farther the fearful chimney-shaped rock invites to a more commanding view, but the ascent is dangerous: the stone on top is loose, and so narrow that two persons can scarcely stand on it. A single misstep, a moment's loss of balance, and we should fall into eternity. But now the sense of peril is lost, or is rather mingled, in the grandeur of the scene. It is a panoramic view. We have now the whole sweep of the mural precipice opposite; the sun's glitter is incessant on the polished stone; the trees which fringe the bottom appear now scarcely more than shrubs; the entrance of the Tunnel has now come into view; and that which yesterday we thought so high and wide, now appears from our amazing height as a stooped doorway. We imagine the gloomy entrance into a cave of Erebus and Death, the broken rocks lying within which look like black and mangled entrails. It is a fearful picture—it is that of a supernatural abode.

AN INDIAN LOVER'S LEAP.

It only needed some wild legend to crown and adorn the scene. Happily, such is furnished, and, more fortunately for the interest of the reader, *the tale is true*. Some tradition attaching to such a spot is to be expected, and a spot, too, surrounded in past times by the Indian tribes. Romances are easily conjured up or invented in such a scene; and in fact there is scarcely a remarkable cliff that does not suggest some new version of the old story of "The Lover's Leap." But the tradition attached to the chimney-rock we have described was ascertained to be true before the writer was willing to transcribe it; and it furnishes a story and a scene more dramatic than that of Pocahontas, or any of those accounts of Indian life which have been carefully preserved in Virginia.

The story was told the writer by a lady of the neighborhood, whose intelligence and manners might have adorned any circle of listeners, and whose dark eyes flashed with the spirit of her nar-

rative. Her uncle, Colonel Henry S. Kane, a gentleman well known and honored in this part of Virginia, and of extreme age, remembers the main incidents of the story, which transpired some years after the close of the Revolutionary war, and which were related to him by persons of the neighborhood. The same incidents were preserved some years ago in a Tennessee paper (I think the *Rogersville Times*). So much for the authenticity of the story of Masoa.

In 179-, what is now called Rye Cove, a small settlement near the Natural Tunnel, hemmed in by the mountains, was occupied by a fierce Indian tribe, probably the Wyandots. Masoa, the daughter of the chief, was enamored of a young warrior of her tribe, and their trysting-place was on the wild heights that overhang the subterranean passage of the mountain. Here it was her custom to gather flowers and to meet her lover in the inspiration of the beautiful and solitary scene. But the old chief had other designs for his daughter: he had promised her in marriage to the chief of a neighboring tribe, and, scrupulous as is the Indian in such affairs, he was relentless to the entreaties of his daughter, and angry when he discovered that her affections had been engaged by another. Masoa told her lover in the accustomed place of their meeting of the fate that had been determined for her; when it is said, he advised, as the only means of averting their disappointment, that on the day appointed for the neighboring chief to claim his bride, Masoa should escape, ascend the sharp, high rock, and there, with her lover, proclaim him as her choice to her father and to the party who would probably pursue her; the two threatening to cast themselves from the rock if compassion was not had on their love and the maiden released by her father from his hateful compact. It was hoped that the prospect of a self-immolation so awful, so instant and so dreadful in its aspects might touch the heart of the old chief, and save Masoa and her lover. The day came for the

celebration of the marriage which the father had designed: the neighboring chief who was to bear away the prize attended with numerous followers. It was an occasion of barbaric splendor, to which all were invited; but Masoa was missing. Search was instituted: her romantic habit of visiting the wild scene on the mountain was known, and it is said that a little brother, who had frequently accompanied her there, now innocently directed the party of pursuers. These, to the number of several hundred, had searched through the cavernous recesses of the Tunnel. Assembled in the amphitheatre below which we have described, closely mingled in the ardor of pursuit, an appalling sight fell on their uplifted eyes—Masoa and her lover on the high stem of rock, his strong form uplifted above the screen of woods in clear relief against the sky, and embracing it the affrighted but unshrinking maiden, who had ascended with him this awful altar of immolation. She had commenced to speak to the spectators below, and she was yet speaking loudly and vehemently in the last eager hope of reconciliation with her father and of safety for her lover, when an arrow whizzed through the air. It had been strung by the jealous and disappointed chief below. A stream of blood gushed from the breast of the warrior—that breast from which she had separated herself but a little space to rise to the proclamation of her love: she was seen to clasp him in her arms, to look long and tenderly on his face as if inquiring of the death that passed over and sealed it; and then, embracing him more tightly and uttering a wild, long shriek, she leaped down into the air, falling a mangled corpse on the rocks below, and bearing in her not yet loosened arms the dead body of her lover. The scene is not yet ended: another death completes it. Even while Masoa leaped, her brother, exasperated, in the quick agony of his revenge has stridden behind the assassin chief and planted his tomahawk in his brain. All three of the dead bodies are said to have fallen nearly together.

Such is "The Story of Masoa"—characteristic of the Indian nature, its strength and ardor, containing no violent improbability, assured by such living testimony as has given us those many narrations of Indian life which we do not hesitate to believe, and so vivid and dramatic, its natural arrangement falling in such a form of tragedy, that I may congratulate myself on saving it to the literature and romance of Virginia.

A NARROW ESCAPE.

A MORE modern and a more homely adventure is related of another part of the scene. It happened within the memory of the neighbors. In the perpendicular wall of rock at the lower entrance to the Tunnel occurs what is apparently a small cave or fissure. A man of the name of Dodson determined to explore it, as it was not unlikely that it might contain nitrous earth, since found to abound in the caves and grottoes of these mountains, from which saltpetre is extracted. Anyhow, Dodson was determined to take a look into this opening, and he was accordingly lowered from the top by a rope running over a log and let out by several men. The rope was eked out to a sufficient length by some plaited strands of the bark of leatherwood; and on this perilous tenure, supported around the waist, he commenced his descent. The precipice shelves considerably here, and to draw himself to the edge of the fissure, Dodson had provided himself with a long pole having a hook at the end. Throwing this on the edge of the fissure, he had nearly pulled himself there when he lost his hold and swung like a pendulum out into the middle of the ravine, suspended by an imperfect rope two hundred feet above the bed of rock below. At this moment, when he was performing his fearful oscillations—so fearful that one of his neighbors standing at a point on the opposite cliff described it as if his body had been *slung* at him across the abyss, causing the spectator to draw back instinctively—an eagle,

scared from its nest in the fissure, and excited to protect it, flew out and attacked the already alarmed adventurer. Having dropped his pole in his consternation, he yet managed to defend himself with a pocket-knife; but while stabbing at the eagle over his head, he severed one of the strands of his bark rope. The accident was unperceived by those who held the rope above, who were only notified that something fearful had happened by the screams of Dodson—"Pull! for God's sake, pull!" He was saved, but the agony of suspense was too much for him; and as the men caught him by the shoulders and dragged him over the top of the precipice, he fainted. The opening he had ventured so much to explore has since been found to be nothing but a shallow pocket in the rock.

A RIDE IN THE DARK.

It had been determined, in our leisurely plan of journey, to leave the main road within a few miles of Salt Pond, deflecting to Eggleston's White Sulphur Springs, and to spend the night there. We had been told that the hotel accommodations at the Pond were vile beyond description; while Warren, who had spent a former season at Eggleston's, assured me, with good reason as I afterward found, that it was the most delicious and comfortable of resorts in the mountain region of Virginia. We should sup on broiled pheasants, drink the most famous of whisky toddies, and go to sleep on the banks of New river and in view of "Pompey's Pillar" and "Cæsar's Arch," the magnificent rock-work throwing its shadows through our windows. So it was decided to spend the night at Eggleston's, and to devote the following day or days to Salt Pond, Bald Knob, Little Stony Falls, etc. It was a well-planned journey, but, alas! how many such "gang a-gley!"

At Blacksburg, where we tarried and lunched, we had been told that from Newport, nine miles across the mountains, it was but three miles to Eggleston's. We had thus been in no hurry

to pursue our journey: the greater part of the way, up and down the mountain ridge, we had ridden very slowly; and the sun had been set for a quarter of an hour when we reached Newport, a settlement of twenty or thirty board houses on a little pad of soil at the bottom of a funnel-shaped cup formed by the high hills or mountains. As we passed through the toll-gate here, we asked the distance to Eggleston's Springs.

"It's *nine miles*!" was the reply, not a little to our consternation.

The night was gathering, the sky had become overcast with clouds, but we determined to pass on in view of the cheer that awaited us, much to be preferred to that suggested by the tarnished sign-board of the Newport hotel that creaked dismally over our heads. We had ridden about three miles when one of those rain-storms which spring up so suddenly in the mountains absolutely engulfed us in darkness. It was so dark that I could see nothing before me, not even Jacky's ears: the roar of the winds through the mountain pines was terribly grand—a solemn diapason that drowned our voices; the air of the night had become so cold that my benumbed fingers could scarcely feel the reins of the bridle; there was no sign of human habitation near; and, to suggest the real perils of our situation, we could hear through fitful intervals of the storm of wind and rain the sound of rushing water below us, telling us that our road overhung the deep channel of a river. We rode on in single file, Jacky bringing up the rear, faithfully keeping the pace of the horse in front, but absolutely refusing to move a peg when the attempt had been made to put him in advance.

Presently a glimmering light was descried in the encircling sea of darkness, in which were absolutely obliterated all our ideas of distance. We could only tell that we approached it by its growing larger, and could only infer that it signified that a house was near.

We shouted at the top of our voices, "Are we in the road to Eggleston's Springs?" "Yes," came in reply a gruff voice: then followed something

indistinct about "fork" in the road and keeping by the side of a fence.

"But, my friend," I remonstrated, "I can't see any fence—I can't see anything."

"I can't help that," was the boor's reply; and the door must have been slammed to, for the light suddenly disappeared.

There was evidently no prospect of any hospitable resource here. We rode on through the darkness and the rain, Warren in front, trusting to the eyes and instinct of his faithful steed. In miserable plight we toiled through the storm, blind, wet, dogged, with the cold wind smiting our faces, insensible now to its really sublime effect; as, like an invisible army with chariots, it rumbled far away up the mountain sides. We must have gone a mile or so, when, just as a blast of wind cut fiercely over our heads, I heard a sharp exclamation in front—

"I've lost my hat!"

Expressions of sympathy were of no avail. Warren could not spare his hat, but in such a storm it might have lodged near by or it might have blown a quarter of a mile away. I found that Warren had dismounted, for he felt his way to me and requested me to hold his horse while he attempted to light a match under the folds of his cloak.

"What in the world are you going to do?" I asked.

"I'm going to find my hat," was the reply.

A match was lighted after repeated failures, then a wisp of paper, which showed a fence near by. The rails were torn down, and we soon had, by aid of the wind, a fierce fire burning. It was a wild scene—the fire hissing through the rain, and throwing its twisted arms up into the black sky; Warren, his head bound by a white handkerchief, flourishing a pine torch as he traversed the road for a hundred yards searching for the lost hat; while far away some alarmed dogs bayed at this unexpected apparition of the night. We had searched in vain for a full half hour, and were on the point of despairing, when I heard a

glad cry from Warren. He had found his hat: it had been lodged fifty yards away in a corner of the fence.

Having warmed ourselves at the fire before extinguishing it—and not before, weary and disgusted, I had proposed to spend the night by it—we remounted for the prosecution of our journey. Warren was sure that it was a plain road to the springs; the horses would easily find it; the rain was diminishing, and it was yet early in the night. We plucked up our spirits, and ventured a jog-trot in the darkness. Our steeds had their own way, except occasionally an application of the spur when they showed an unwillingness to proceed.

We had just supposed we had gone far enough to look out for the lights of the springs, when "swash," "swash," came something in my face, then a stroke on the knee, and then some obstruction overhead that nearly dragged me from my saddle. The evidences were unmistakable: I had been smitten by boughs of trees; we were *in the woods!* Nothing could be seen around us: it was pitch-dark, and the rain was yet falling. I twisted a piece of newspaper out of my pocket to make a torch. Warren had but one match left. It fizzled, and then expired before I could reach the paper to it. In dogged desperation I would have rolled from my mule, have put my back against a tree and have waited for the morning; but Warren was more resolute and vigorous. Having dismounted, he twisted a white handkerchief around his hat as a signal in the darkness, and commenced to *feel* for signs of a road. I could only follow helplessly through the darkness after the white speck, holding out my hands for fear of limbs of the trees that might strike me. After groping about some time, Warren was sure that he had got into some sort of a road. It was strewn with the loose and rotting soil of the woods, but he could feel hard earth at times, and prints of wheels in it. It afterward proved, as we learned next day, a mere wagon trace to bring out wood cut in the forest; and that my

companion should have discovered this exit was, as he claimed, sheer luck, although in the confidence he had now established in me I was disposed to give him credit for some of that mysterious woodcraft which is supposed to be learned in the mountains.

It was only by means of feeling that Warren, after a while, could determine that we had come out into a main road. The question now was which way to turn. In this instance, Warren's luck forsook him, for we turned to the right, exactly away from the route we should have pursued to Eggleston's Springs, the lights of which, as we discovered next day, were not a half a mile to the left, under a hill, on the brow of which we had hesitated. We must have traveled three miles: not a light visible, not a sound heard but the groanings of the dying storm or the splashes of the feet of our slow steeds through puddle and mud, assuring us that we were on a well-traveled road. Suddenly, Warren drew rein and commenced hallooing. He told me to join in, and for several minutes we yelled like madmen, although I had no idea what the demonstration was intended for. A distant barking of dogs at last replied, and I found that Warren had ingeniously sought in this way to find whether any human habitations were near. We rode toward the sound of the barking, exciting it whenever it ceased by resumed yells, so as to get fresh indications of our way. Soon the barking became furious, and we judged that we were near some house. We hallooed with increased zeal: there must have been half a dozen dogs barking in line before us, but there was no reply from any human voice.

"This won't do," exclaimed Warren: "let us make our way through the dogs and find the house." I could hear him urging his horse forward. From a passionate exclamation I understood that the animal recoiled, and that he had dismounted to lead it. Suddenly, the white crown made by the handkerchief round his hat disappeared, as if swallowed up in the ground. A laugh reassured me. Warren had tumbled some

six feet down a bank, but was uninjured and was already on his feet.

Just then a strong but kindly voice quieted the dogs and greeted our ears: "Why, stranger, what's got hold of you?" The owner of the voice, as far as he could be perceived in the dark when he had come up to us, was a large man, bareheaded. He had been aroused from his bed evidently in haste. We explained our situation. The man replied he had "no shelter fitten for strangers," but very civilly gave us directions by which we might make a circuit on the main road two miles and a half to the springs. But he added that the springs being in the next valley, there was a rough path over the ridge of the mountain that might take us there in half a mile.

I told him I was distressed and in poor health, and unwilling to trust the road. Would he guide us by the near way? and I would pay him anything he asked for the service.

"Well, gentlemen," he replied, "I will take you across the mountain." Taking hold of Warren's bridle, he struck out in the dark, my mule following (for I had found that I could always trust the beast for *that*). I could tell that we were ascending a mountain only from the spasmodic action of Jacky's back and the necessity of clutching his scant mane. We were half an hour making the ascent. Then the mule commenced stepping down, down, as into a gulf of darkness, and as if its lowest depth never would be reached. But I had become desperate: the reins dangled loosely on Jacky's neck, and I no longer thought of precipices or chasms.

Presently the mule's feet sounded on a hard, level road, and the cheerful lights of Eggleston's Springs were seen not a hundred yards away. I rode to the side of our faithful guide. The noble, hardy fellow, to my surprise, had come bareheaded all the way: I felt his shaggy hair drenched with the rain as I reached out my hand in the dark to grope for and to grasp his hard fist in token of my gratitude. I asked, "What

shall I pay you, my good sir, for your great kindness?"

"*Not a cent*, stranger," he replied, quietly: "I am jes' glad I got you out of bein' lost."

Again and again we pressed money upon him, or that he would come to the springs and let us entertain him for the night. He would take no reward, and must return to his house. The beautiful and touching grace of the act of kindness done by this simple mountaineer was, that he made nothing of it, and seemed to be surprised that we thought it remarkable. Yet this man had left his comfortable bed, gone out in the darkness to strangers who might have been murderers or marauders for aught he knew, and at their simple request had gone with them, uncovered, through the rain, toiling in mud, up and down a rough mountain; and now, storm-drenched, at midnight, having to make his way back home, this poor fellow—a man who worked hard for his scanty bread—who perhaps bitterly knew the value of money—refused the least reward for what he had done, and was satisfied to take with him on the dark, rough path on which he was to grope back through the unceasing storm, the consciousness of having done a kindness to strangers.

Truly this world is made up of different people; but never have I been so touched by the lesson of something good and noble in human nature, never have I thought better of my fellow-men, never more sincerely thanked God for what there is in this beautiful world, than when shaking by the hand this rough inhabitant of the mountains, this true nobleman of Nature found in the forest.

The name of this man is George H. Williams; and I record it here as an expression of gratitude and of admiration which I am sure the reader will respect.

THE BOTTOM FALLING OUT.

I WAS much amused by an anecdote I had heard at Montgomery White Sulphur Springs. Some ladies there had

planned a trip to Salt Pond, a small lake on the top of a mountain, and reputed to be unfathomable. The anxious mamma of one of the former insisted upon exacting a promise from the gentleman who was to escort the treasure of her hopes that on no account should she be permitted to venture into a boat and go upon the water. The gentleman remonstrated that there could be no possible danger in this part of the amusements that had been designed. "I don't know about that, Mr. A——," rejoined the old lady: "it is a curious sort of thing, that pond, and if I was on it I should feel all the time as if *the bottom might fall out!*"

A CONTRAST.

BUT what, asks the gentle reader, of those female beauties of the mountain pictured in poetry and read of in romances—creatures with gazelle eyes, "hair flowing like Alpine torrents," cheeks wooed by the breezes, etc., etc.? Is there any antitype in reality of the mountain maid, or is she but the ideal, the wood nymph, of poets and romance-writers? In fact, it is to be confessed that the female of "the child of Nature" is not commonly prepossessing; and, shocking as it may be to our poetical preconceptions, the girl of the mountain is usually found to be sallow, ungrammatical and altogether unlovely, a gawky specimen of ill-dressed humanity, having ropy hair, standing in clouted brogans, and furnished with great red, clawing hands. The disillusioning process is sharp and painful enough. But stop: we must not be too hasty in our induction. Rare as may be the mountain maid of the rural school of poetry, there *is* such a being. And when Nature, in her infinite variety of gifts, *does* plant a flower of female beauty in the mountains, does out of this remote and uncultivated humanity mould a face and form of loveliness, the creation is as infinitely exquisite as it is bold.

When this creation is found, the type of beauty can only be described by the word "exquisite," and we find ourselves

wondering more at the perfect finish of the picture than at any separate feature. The most *perfectly* beautiful girl the writer has even seen was from one of the mountain homes of Tazewell. The description is merely that of an artist: he knows nothing of her but a name casually mentioned in a crowd. She was standing in the gathering of an agricultural fair at Lynchburg. She was dressed in the simplest merino, and a wisp of the commonest shawl had fallen from her shoulder and was twisted around the firm hip, whose form Fashion had never disguised. The pose was that of the unconscious grace of a classic statue. A wealth of hair, of yellowish-dark color streaked with red—that *tawny*, amorous hair so seldom seen—floated down her shoulders, and was matched by the warm light of young desire that glowed on the cheeks and made pensive, half confessions as it swam like the smouldering fire of a sacrifice in the golden-blue depths of her eyes. The face was oval, classic, but warm from

the glow of a perpetual and insatiate love, and the rich lips appeared constantly pouted for kisses, that could never be satisfied. It might have been supposed that there was some mark of uncultivation, of rusticity, to mar the picture and to break the spell of the admirer. But no: Nature had done her work with a completeness that left nothing to be desired. The feet were small and exquisitely formed. The unjeweled hands were as dainty as those of a princess. Looking back at the face, the expression of a pure, unconscious voluptuousness that swam over it, yet contained in the severest classical types of virtue and modesty, was perfect. I have attempted no description of the eyes. Mr. Longfellow has done it in *Hyperion*: "Eyes like the flower of the nightshade, pale and blue, but sending forth golden rays." Such human orbs are seldom seen. They haunt us for ever: the form is withdrawn, the face is absent—"only her eyes remained." EDWARD A. POLLARD.

MY LOVERS.

IN the early golden morning,
 Waking at the break of day,
 While my little, youngest darling
 Close beside me nestling lay,
 Fearing to disturb his sleeping—
 Fearing happy dreams to break—
 Lay I there and softly watched him,
 Ere from slumber he should wake.

One small hand his cheek supported,
 One was thrown across my breast:
 Soft and gentle was his breathing,
 As a zephyr sunk to rest.
 On the cheek, fair, silken lashes,
 On the lid, a smile of light—
 Azure veins I fondly noted,
 Noble brow, and tresses bright.

As I looked he sudden opened
Eyes that instant sought my own—
Eyes that filled with tender love-light,
While he spoke in cooing tone.
"Father made a good select,
When," said he, "he s'lected you;
For," he added with deep fervor,
"You are good and pretty too."

Little heart, so fond and faithful!
Other lovers, where are they
Who would think it naught, that beauty
Time is stealing fast away?—
Naught the eyes despoiled of brightness?
Naught the cheek less round and fair?
Naught the footstep robbed of lightness?
Naught Time's powder on the hair?

Oh, my little precious darling!
Oh, my little lover true!
Always finding in his mother
What is best and fairest too!
Caught I him with smiles and kisses,
Clasped I him with springing tears,
Thanking God for such affection
To enrich my future years.

Answer me, true-hearted mothers!
(Many such, thank God! there be):
In your fairest, rosiest girlhood
Fonder lovers did you see?—
Gave they deeper admiration—
Choicer, tenderer, or more sweet—
Than you now have from your children,
Than your sons lay at your feet?

Four such lovers God hath given me,
And I owe him fourfold praise!
Tranquilly, thus love-environed,
On the future I can gaze—
On the future, when life's taper
Shall be flickering dim and low,
When the autumn tints have faded
Into winter's cold and snow.

Ah, my sisters! ah, my sisters!
Little know ye what ye do
Who refuse the joy and beauty
Of a love so pure and true!—
To whose strange, perverted vision
Childless wifehood seemeth good—
Who despise that crown of sweetness—
Noble crown of Motherhood!

SARAH EDWARDS HENSHAW.

THE LIZARD BRACELET.

IT was a dull, rainy evening in October. I stood at the window of a room in the turret of the north wing of the château de Chantocé, and contemplated the gray skies and drenched landscape with a feeling of unutterable weariness and ennui.

It had all sounded very pleasant and romantic. When the grave old gentleman, M. Jean Louis Antoine Raoul de Chantocé, selected me from amongst all the embryo teachers at Madame Fontaine's establishment to become English teacher and *demoiselle de compagnie* to his niece, Mademoiselle Adèle, I had considered myself the most fortunate of governess *débutantes*. No noisy, spoiled, ill-trained children to teach; only a high-born young girl, just three years my junior, to instruct in the English language, to amuse, to converse with, to play duets with, and in fact to whom I was to be universally agreeable as well as useful. How I trembled when M. de Chantocé hesitated about engaging me because Madame Fontaine told him that I was not a *Mees Anglaise*, but a *jeune fille Americaine*! He said that he feared my pronunciation of English would be incorrect. But even that difficulty was surmounted at last, the amount of my salary was settled, and one sunny April day I found myself under the charge of an old servant of the Chantocé family, named Catharine Chantier, and really on my way to the château. The old gentlemen who had engaged me did not reside there. He inhabited, as I afterward learned, a dingy little suite of apartments in the Faubourg St. Germain, and only visited the family estates in Normandy on great occasions; *la vie de province* being, as he said, insupportable to him.

I was charmed with my future home when I first beheld it. Chantocé is situated in one of the fairest and most fertile regions of Normandy, and is a noble and well-preserved specimen of

an old château. Part of it is in ruins, but the ruined portion dates from the days of that Duke William who is better known as the conqueror king of England, while the more modern and habitable portion was built in the reign of Francis I.

—I have seen an old print of the château de Chenonceaux, which was erected about the same time, and I find the style of architecture therein depicted very similar to that of Chantocé, though Chenonceaux lacks the massive ruined tower which speaks so eloquently of the antiquity, the departed power and the past glories of the ancient family of Chantocé. It is indeed an old though much impoverished family, and it is said to number amongst its more noted members the terrible Gilles de Retz, the personage on whose adventures the nursery tale of Blue Beard was founded, and whose unnatural crimes and horrible career have demonstrated that truth may indeed be stranger than fiction—even the fiction of a fairy tale.

The family residing at the château numbered two persons only—the dowager baroness and her step-daughter, my destined pupil. The baron, who was at that time about twenty-five years of age, was absent, and in fact only visited his estates at long intervals. He had incurred the displeasure of all his high-born Legitimist relatives by espousing the only daughter and wealthy heiress of a well-known banker, who was doubly obnoxious to them by reason of his plebeian descent and his Bonapartist principles. The baron, however, contented himself with a charming hôtel on the Boulevard Malesherbes, and led a gay life with his young bride, even going so far on the downward path of Imperialism as to appear frequently at the court festivities. His father, the deceased M. de Chantocé, had married twice—his first wife, the mother of the present baron and of Mademoiselle

Adèle, being a member of one of the noblest families of the Faubourg St. Germain—a pretty graceful woman, as her portrait showed; but tradition said that all the noble and royal blood in her veins could not prevent her from being very frivolous and remarkably silly. She died a few months after the birth of Adèle, and M. de Chantocé wedded *en secondes nocés* the widowed Vicomtesse de Ste. Alix, whose only son by her first marriage, the Vicomte de Ste. Alix, was, at the time of my arrival at Chantocé, sojourning in Italy, whither he had gone to recruit his finances and his health, both of which had been much impaired by Parisian dissipation. Like the young Baron de Chantocé, he had married for money, and the union had proved anything but a happy one, the vicomtesse and himself being virtually separated in fact, though they still occupied apartments in the same hôtel in Paris whenever chance led them to visit that capital at the same time.

I heard much from the old servants at the château respecting the personal beauty of the vicomte, and the fascination of his manners, wherein, certainly, he bore no resemblance to his mother. The baroness was a thin, pale, saturnine-looking woman, thoroughly forbidding in aspect and disagreeable in manner. She was a great sufferer from a chronic species of neuralgia, to relieve the pain of which she took vast quantities of opium; and she scarcely ever left her own apartments, where she sat silent and motionless all day at the window, never stirring if in pain, and on her days of comparative ease occupied with endless pieces of elaborate embroidery.

Adèle de Chantocé was exceedingly beautiful. She was a faultless specimen of that rare and exquisite type of feminine loveliness, a southern blonde; with large, sparkling blue eyes, a lithe, graceful form, and the tiny hands and feet of a true Parisienne. When I first beheld her standing on the terrace, her cheek flushed with expectation and her eyes glowing like sapphires, I thought

that I had never seen anything in human form so exquisitely lovely. She lacked at that time some four months of completing her seventeenth year.

Fortunately, she took a great fancy to me from the first moment of our acquaintance, and we soon fell into the regular routine and monotonous occupations of a governess-and-pupil life. We read or spoke English together for two hours every morning, after which I gave her a music-lesson or helped her with some difficult stitch in her embroidery. But then my duties as an instructress were perforce ended. Adèle did not care for history, yawned over poems and memoirs, and rebelled outright if I tried to teach her anything of an abstruse or scientific nature. Very charming to look upon was my fair pupil, but her charms were altogether of an external nature. She had no depth of intellect whatever, but was simply a gay, frivolous, pleasure-loving girl—a creature fitted to adorn a ball-room or to grace a court, but sadly out of place in the gloomy and sombre life that dragged its slow course along at the château de Chantocé. It was the old story of a round peg in a square hole. Placed in the intoxicating atmosphere of Paris, Adèle would have bloomed forth a brilliant flower of loveliness and grace; but under the dull skies of that provincial life she drooped like an exotic planted in an open garden. And there seemed no escape possible for her, even by the common avenue of escape for woman—namely, marriage. Adèle was already betrothed. Her father had died some three years before my advent at the château, but before his death he had entered into an agreement with the Comte de Chermont—a nobleman whose estates adjoined his own—to the effect that sundry disputes respecting boundary lines should be settled by the union of Mademoiselle de Chantocé and the eldest son and heir of the count. M. de Chermont had not long survived M. de Chantocé, but his son had signified his extreme desire for the alliance, and the marriage had only been, at Adèle's passionate solici-

tations, delayed till she should have attained her eighteenth birth-day. The truth was, that she both disliked and feared her destined bridegroom. The Comte de Chermont was a dark, saturnine-looking young man, and I heard many reports respecting the violence of his temper and his parsimonious and eccentric habits.

I have concentrated in the foregoing pages the details respecting the Chantocé family which reached me from various quarters during the first few months of my dreary life at the old château. I was far from happy in my new sphere of existence. I often felt ready to go distracted because of the impossibility of finding anything to do—any amusement or occupation wherewith to vary the intolerable monotony of that *vie de province* whose concentrated ennui breathes from the pages of those French novels which try in vain to describe it. Life within those dismal walls lacked all aim, all object, all interest. What was the use of embroidering articles which no one would ever use?—of practicing music to which no one would ever listen? No new books ever found their way to the château, and the vast and dingy old library was forbidden ground, as its sole specimens of light literature consisted of a number of plays and novels of a bygone age, and of such style and subjects as rendered them wholly unfit for the perusal of a modest woman. If I walked out with my pupil, there was no place to go to and nothing to see, our promenades being confined to the terraces or the flower-garden. No visitors ever made their appearance, the baroness having quarreled with nearly all her neighbors, and Adèle's betrothed, the Comte de Chermont, having left Normandy soon after my arrival to settle some business connected with an estate in Brittany which he had recently inherited; and this affair, greatly to Adèle's unconcealed delight, promised to detain him for some months from home. Our evenings were inexpressibly dreary, passed as they were in the vast, gloomy *salon*, where one pale candle vainly tried to dissipate the

gloom; and we were glad to shorten the lagging hours by retiring to rest at the earliest possible moment.

I could have borne this dreary existence better if I had ever lived in the country before, but it had always been my good or my evil fortune to reside in a large city, and to enjoy all those amusements which a city life affords even to persons of the most limited means. The shop-windows, the streets, the ever-varying crowds, had amused me as a child in New York; and while I was residing with Madame Fontaine I had enjoyed to the full the gayety and brightness that pervade the very atmosphere of Paris. It is true that I did not have a superfluous sou to expend on the luxuries of the brilliant capital, but the glistening boulevards, the sunny Champs Elysées, the verdure and fragrance of the Bois de Boulogne, its gay crowds and gorgeous equipages, the pictures and statuary of the Louvre and the Luxembourg, — all these had supplied me with never-failing sources of interest and amusement. Then, too, my little savings were small indeed when I could not afford an occasional subscription to Galignani's circulating library. Were I ever so weary of study or of teaching, a stroll on the Boulevard des Italiens, an hour in the Louvre, or a page from some interesting volume brought rest and refreshment to mind and body alike.

There was one part of the château, however, wherein I passed many a pleasant hour—the gallery of family portraits. If I could persuade old Denise (the *ci-devant* nurse, now the waiting-woman of my pupil) to accompany me thither, and to relate to me some of the family traditions with which her memory was stored respecting the originals of the faded paintings that frowned or leered at us out of their tarnished frames, I forgot in the absorbing interest of her stories the gaunt demon of Ennui that lay in wait outside the door to pounce upon me as soon as I quitted the apartment.

Old Denise appeared to possess an inexhaustible fund of stories. The

Chantocé were a romantic and adventurous race, and the fair dames and gallant cavaliers immortalized in dingy colors on rotting canvas might have furnished a whole circulating library with thrilling tales of which they had been the heroines and heroes. Here hung the portrait of the Baron Henri, who had cherished an ardent but respectful passion for Mary queen of Scots when she was the dauphiness of France; and there smiled the sweet face of the Demoiselle Louise Isabelle, who had been the chosen friend of Marie Antoinette, and who was guillotined a few days before the Princess de Lamballe. Yon fair-haired, blue-eyed youth was page to Henri Quatre, and the lovely blonde opposite to him was Mademoiselle Henriette, who had pined herself to death for love of Louis XIV.—a passion which she only acknowledged on her deathbed. Next came the portrait of a sparkling brunette, with scarlet carnations in her powdered hair—the likeness of Mademoiselle Aglaé, whose bright, fresh beauty had drawn upon her the eyes of the royal libertine, Louis XV. But Aglaé de Chantocé was not moulded from the clay of which Pompadours and Dubarrys are fashioned. She fled from the court, took refuge with some relations in England, married there, and lived to an advanced age, an honored and respected wife and mother, well content not to dispute precedence with the *Marquise de Pompadour* and the *Comtesse Dubarry*.

"It is a brave and honorable race, mademoiselle," old Denise was wont to say: "all the men were brave and all the women virtuous. Thank Heaven! the Lizard Bracelet has not yet been found, and I trust that it may never be."

"And what was the Lizard Bracelet? How was it lost, and why should the possible finding of it be considered such a calamity?" I asked the first time she spoke thus to me.

She answered by leading me in front of a picture which had before attracted my attention. It was the portrait of a tall, finely-formed woman, with a sinis-

ter yet strikingly handsome Italian countenance, and attired in a robe of gold brocade, covered with jewels and fashioned in the stiff and gorgeous style which was *en vogue* at court during the reign of Henri II. She rested one hand on a species of balustrade extending in front of her, and around the shapely arm was twined a splendid and singular bracelet, which must have severely taxed the painter's art to represent so perfectly. It was shaped like a long, slender lizard, the snake-like head lying just above the wrist, and the narrow body and serpentine tail twining round the arm halfway to the elbow. It was seemingly formed of emeralds, the eyes being diamonds and the crest and tongue of rubies, the back being flecked here and there with spots of vivid azure and crimson and with the sparkle of diamonds, showing that a variety of gems had been employed to represent the varied markings of the reptile's coat. Such was the picture and such the ornament whose story Denise then proceeded to relate. I give it in a more connected form than she did, and freed from the anachronisms and provincialisms which garnished her speech.

Maria Fontana, the original of the portrait, was an Italian lady of noble birth, who came to France when very young as a member of the household of Catharine de Medicis, when that princess left her native country to become dauphiness of France. She had been bred in the same convent with Catharine, and a strong personal friendship existed between her and her royal mistress, whom, as the sequel proved, she much resembled in character. She had not been long a resident at the French court when the young François de Chantocé, the younger brother of the baron, fell violently in love with her. This passion was reciprocated, and the lovers were speedily wedded. There was one drawback to their happiness: M. de Chantocé was poor, and his brother, the Baron Raoul, was in the prime of life and the father of two healthy sons, so that his chances of suc-

ceeding to the family estates seemed truly infinitesimal. Yet before Maria Fontana had been six months a wife the two young sons of the baron died mysteriously of some unknown but slow-wasting malady, and their father followed them in a few weeks. These deaths, happening as they did so opportunely for the welfare of François de Chantocé and his wife, caused suspicion to fall on the latter; and though the wealth and power of the Chantocé family, joined to the influence of the dauphiness, were sufficient to ward off all legal inquiry, the suspected pair received a strong hint that a visit to their estates in Normandy would be timely and well thought of. Thither they retired, and the baron, thus deprived of the interests and excitements of a court life, occupied himself with enlarging and altering his ancestral home. From all I could learn respecting him, I formed the opinion that he was a warm-hearted, unsuspicious, guileless personage, and that he was doubtless entirely innocent of any knowledge of, or participation in, his wife's crimes. For, that she had committed some fearful crime was evident by the terrible retribution that overtook her. She lived to a great age, but during the last twenty years of her life she was a raving maniac, talking always of powders and potions, and miserably unhappy on account of the two little boys which, as she piteously complained, would never leave her. Old Denise showed me the room wherein she was said to have passed the latter portion of her life. It was a small apartment in the old tower, with a low ceiling and massive walls. Here she was kept in close confinement, for in her more violent paroxysms she was always in a murderous mood, and manifested this propensity more especially toward her children, whom she seemed to consider as in league with the spectre youths that tormented her. Sometimes, in her seemingly quieter moments, she would evade the watchfulness of her attendants and steal off to roam restlessly about the castle, moaning and wringing her hands, and talking to her-

self about white powders and phantom boys.

It was in one of these expeditions, soon after the first outbreak of her malady, that the Lizard Bracelet disappeared. She had brought that ornament with her from Italy, and it was rumored that in the hollow body of the jeweled reptile had lain concealed the drug of which she had afterward made such deadly use. Be this as it may, the jewel disappeared, and, as it was of great value, it was often sought for, and always in vain. It was supposed that the baroness had concealed or lost it, and she was questioned respecting it, and watched during her nightly rambles, but she gave neither answer nor sign; and the bracelet in time was almost forgotten. But when she lay on her deathbed, reason seemed to return to her: she spoke calmly and coherently to those around her, asked about her husband and her children, all of whom were by chance absent, and mentioned several long-forgotten occurrences. One of her attendants, an old woman who had been in her service ever since her marriage, ventured to question her respecting the whereabouts of the lost jewel. The dying woman raised her head. "The Lizard Bracelet is lost," she said, "but it will one day be found, and on that day will come shame and sorrow to Chantocé." And then she fell back on her pillows, and she spoke no more.

"The Lizard Bracelet has never been found, mademoiselle," old Denise ended, impressively. "Sorrow has come often to Chantocé, but shame never. And I hope the bracelet will not be found in my day."

But to go back to the moment when the reader first discovers me standing at the window of Adèle's room and looking out on the leaden clouds and dripping poplars.

The room in which I stood was quite small, being situated in one of the odd, pepper-box-shaped turrets of the château. It had originally been used as an oratory, having been fitted up for

that purpose by the wicked Baroness Maria, and after her death the associations connected with her crimes and her melancholy death caused the oratory to fall into disuse, and it was finally dismantled and fell into total neglect, though still retaining many portions of its original splendor. The crucifix, altar and other articles used in the act of worship had of course been removed, but the splendid carved oaken panels, which the baroness had caused to be brought at great expense from her native country, were still allowed to remain. The little room was of an octagonal shape, one side being taken up by the door and another by the one large window, while the other six sides were covered with the carved panels aforesaid, each representing a scene in the life of the Blessed Virgin. This little apartment had so struck Adèle's fancy that she had insisted upon installing herself therein, and making it her boudoir, as she called it. (I offended her terribly one day by styling it the school-room.) A few large, comfortable chairs, a small upright piano, a still smaller bookcase, and an embroidery-frame comprised the furniture; and the room was really charming in summer, commanding as it did a widespread and enchanting prospect over a picturesque and highly-cultivated tract of country. But in the chill autumnal days its exposed situation rendered it anything but comfortable or of cheerful aspect. And so, on the dreary October evening on which my story opens, I stood at the window and gazed out at the leaden sky, the pouring rain and the wind-tossed poplars, with a feeling of utter depression and weariness.

There were other causes at work, too, that evening, besides the dreary life and dismal weather, to sadden and depress me. I had that day made a discovery which had tended no little to distress and perplex me. I had been alone in the turret-chamber for some hours, my pupil being absent with her step-mother, and I had tried to while away the lagging moments by rearranging some of the shelves in the little bookcase. I had

found, carefully hidden behind a set of Lamartine's poetical works, a small book bound in green morocco, which, on examination, proved to be the fourth volume of a work entitled *Voyages à Cythère*, which I had heard spoken of as being one of the worst of the many profligate romances published during the past century. The book had undoubtedly been abstracted from the library of the château, as it bore the arms of Chantocé stamped upon the cover; but who had taken it thence, and who had placed it where I found it? Alas! there was but one answer possible to both these queries: it must have been Mademoiselle Adèle herself, for no other person had access to the library, the key of which was always kept in the apartments of the baroness, whence it would have been very easy for my pupil to abstract it. Moreover, as I drew forth the book from its hiding-place there fell from between its leaves a piece of blue ribbon embroidered with silver daisies, which had probably been put there to mark the place, and which I recognized at once as being the property of Adèle.

By this discovery I had been placed in a most unpleasant dilemma. I could not conscientiously keep silence respecting it, and thus tacitly sanction my pupil in her secret pursuit after poisonous and forbidden literature. If I were to tax Adèle with her delinquency, an indignant denial, and her consequent dislike and distrust, were all I should gain. Did I complain to the baroness, my instant dismissal for daring to bring such a charge against a demoiselle of the noble house of Chantocé would be the inevitable consequence. But my meditations at the turret-window, and my own sense of the duty I owed to my employers, had decided me on adopting the following course: I would request the baroness to accept my resignation of my post in her household: I would then place the book in her hands, accompanying the delivery with full details as to the manner in which it had come into my possession; and I would then leave her to deal herself with her

step-daughter as it best might please her. For by this very discovery I learned that I was wholly unfitted to cope with the pernicious agencies that had so long been at work to form the character of Mademoiselle de Chantocé. Undoubtedly, *Les Voyages à Cythère* had not been the first fruit which she had plucked from the forbidden tree of evil knowledge; and the poisonous seeds thereof had been planted in a fertile soil—the soil of vanity, discontent and want of principle—and I shuddered as I thought of what the future growth might be.

A light touch on my shoulder aroused me from my meditations. I started and turned around. Adèle stood behind me, a joyous smile replacing the expression of sullen discontent which usually disfigured her charming features.

"Do you know, dear mees, what has happened?" she exclaimed in a tone of unwonted animation.

"Has *anything* happened, mademoiselle?" I asked, wearily. Could such a thing as an event occur in that monotonous provincial life—that dreary old château?

"Yes. My step-mother's son, M. de Ste. Alix, has arrived quite unexpectedly, and intends to spend some weeks here. I have not seen him since I was quite a little girl—not more than eleven years old, I believe. He will tell us all the court gossip, and all about Italy and Paris. Oh, it will be delightful! But where is Denise? I must put on my blue silk at once."

And she darted off, pleased as a child with a new toy, and fully alive to the value of such a "sensation" as a visit from the handsome and—to her—almost unknown vicomte.

I saw him that evening for the first and last time. He was one of the handsomest men I had ever seen, but dissipation and evil passions had left their traces on his well-cut features and lent his complexion an unhealthy pallor. There was something that seemed to me sinister in his very beauty—something of the serpent in his glittering, dark eyes, and of the panther in the

graceful movements of his lithe, finely-proportioned form. Of course I was too insignificant a personage to attract his notice, and the baroness was, as usual, half asleep and wholly stupefied from the effects of the drugs she habitually used; so that all his conversation was directed to Adèle, who looked that evening exquisitely beautiful. Her dress of turquoise blue silk was one of a few that her brother had sent to her from Paris in an unusual outburst of fraternal kindness and thoughtfulness, and it displayed to advantage every perfection of her slender but faultlessly-moulded figure. Her complexion was a dazzling compound of snow and roses—a rare charm for a French girl to possess—and she had arranged her bright, fair hair in a style that showed off to wondrous advantage its wavy gold, that owed its rippled lustre neither to crimping-pins nor "Eau d'Or." Blasé Parisian as the vicomte was, I caught his gaze more than once fixed upon her with an expression of ardent and undisguised admiration. As I write a vision of that evening, the last I ever spent in that vast, dreary saloon, rises up before me, and I see again the great, gloomy, ill-lighted room; the faded curtains waving in the sudden gusts that penetrated the ill-fitting windows; the flame leaping in the yawning, cavernous fireplace; the baroness nodding in her great arm-chair, her thin, shriveled hands crossed before her motionless as a statue, and with a face cold, hard and immovable as if it were carved in stone; and finally, the dark, handsome man and the lovely, fair-haired girl conversing together in undertones in the deep embrasure of one of the windows, while I sat by the table in the centre of the room, seemingly absorbed in the intricacies of a crochet pattern, but with a vague inquietude already possessing my soul.

The next morning, as I was in the act of descending the main staircase, my foot slipped on the polished surface of the oak of which it was composed, and I was precipitated with great violence on the stone flooring of the lower hall. I was taken up senseless, and on

examination my injuries were found to be severe, my left arm being broken and my head badly contused. I was conveyed to my own room and a physician summoned, but before night I was raving in the delirium of a raging fever. A long period of desperate illness and almost total unconsciousness ensued. I have a vague recollection of the coming and going of the solemn-looking little doctor, and of the pain to which he occasionally put me; and once I was dimly aware, as if in a dream, of old Denise standing beside me wringing her hands and saying, "If she were only well!—if she could but do something!" But generally the days went by in a dull, unvarying train, bringing to my fever-clouded brain nothing but a general idea of thirst and discomfort and universal misery.

One day, however, I awoke from an untroubled, refreshing slumber to perfect consciousness—wretchedly weak, it is true, but with the feeling that I was on the high road to recovery. I was alone, but that fact did not trouble me much as I lay there in languid contentment, only wondering now and then how long I had been sick, and where everybody in the château might be. Half an hour had passed in this manner when the door was softly opened, and Denise entered the room with noiseless tread. No sooner did she meet the recognizing glance and smile with which I greeted her, than, clasping her hands, she broke into wild ejaculations of thanksgiving—more, however, as it appeared to me, for my restored senses than for my returning health. Hastily checking herself, she left the room, but speedily returned with a small bowl of savory-looking chicken-broth.

"Eat, eat, mademoiselle!" she said, impressively: "hasten to regain your strength."

I was somewhat surprised at the old woman's fervor, for, though we had indeed been on very friendly terms before my illness, she had always rather treated me *de haut en bas*, and with a subdued hauteur, as being a sort of anomaly—neither one of the old *noblesse*, nor

yet one of the *canaille*. Moreover, my republican origin and principles were thoroughly obnoxious to her, for she was as ardent a partisan of Legitimacy and the ancient monarchy as were the members of the noble family she served. However, I ate the soup with all the eagerness of a convalescent, and felt myself greatly refreshed thereby. As I returned the empty cup to her hands, she looked at me scrutinizingly.

"Are you very weak?" she asked, abruptly.

"Very weak indeed, Denise. How long have I been ill?"

"More than three weeks."

"And Mademoiselle Adèle?—how is she?"

Instead of answering me, the old woman turned to a small table near the window, on which my little, well-worn writing-case usually lay.

"Are you strong enough to write a few lines, do you think?" she asked, taking up the writing-case as she spoke.

I moved my right hand (the uninjured one). It obeyed my volition, though but feebly.

"Yes—a few lines—I think I could."

She came to my bedside and opened the case out before me.

"I want you to write to M. le Baron."

"I wrote to the baron! Why, Denise, I never saw him in all my life!"

"No matter, but write—do write, mademoiselle."

I took up my pen at her earnest entreaty, while she opened my little portable inkstand and got out a sheet of paper. When everything was in readiness, I asked,

"And what do you wish me to write? What shall I say to him?"

"Tell him"—and here Denise bent over me, and sinking her voice to a whisper she added, impressively—"tell him to come home and save his sister."

"To save his sister! and from what?"

"From M. de Ste. Alix."

I looked at the old woman in horror, and the pen dropped from my trembling hand. With hurried words she went on to explain her meaning.

It appeared that soon after the acci-

dent which had disabled me took place, the baroness had been seized with an unusually severe attack of neuralgia, and had shut herself up in her own apartments, so that Adèle had been allowed a degree of unrestrained intercourse with the vicomte almost unheard-of between a gentleman and an unmarried lady in France. The personal beauty, unprincipled character and fascinating manners of M. de Ste. Alix had evidently made an impression on the heart of Mademoiselle de Chantocé, and the watchful eyes of old Denise had espied enough to convince her that a secret understanding existed between the vicomte and my unhappy pupil.

"Why, he is a married man! Good Heavens, Denise!" I exclaimed. "I cannot believe in such infamy. Is the vicomte still here?"

"No: he left two days ago, but Mademoiselle Adèle is as blithe as a bird, and I think— Oh that I should live to think such things of a demoiselle de Chantocé!"

"You think—what, Denise?"

"The saints forgive me! but, I think they are planning an elopement."

I leaned back on my pillow, dizzy and heartsick, while Denise continued:

"Not two hours ago I spied the vicomte's valet, François Dubosc, lurking behind one of the great chestnut trees in the park. He has lived with M. de Ste. Alix for these ten years past, and people do say that he has assisted his master in many an act of villainy. And just now I saw Mademoiselle Adèle run down the avenue toward the park. What was she after, do you think? Ah, no good, no good!"

And two large tears rolled slowly down the withered cheeks of the faithful old creature.

"But madame la baronne? would it not be better to appeal to her, for she is here, on the very spot?"

Old Denise shook her head mournfully:

"I tried to do so, but she would not listen: she called me an old fool. And I had a letter that I picked up, but she would not look at it."

"That letter—where is it?"

Slowly and reluctantly the old woman drew it from her capacious pocket, as if she felt it almost a treasonable act to disclose the evil-doings of a daughter of the house of Chantocé. It was a mere note, without signature or address, and only contained the following lines:

"MY ANGEL, MY BELOVED!

"Trust in me, and have patience. In a few days all will be arranged."

"I found that the day after he left," said Denise, "but, you see, I don't know how to read, and there was no one I could dare to ask."

My hesitation was at an end. I seized my pen, scrawled a few hurried lines to the Baron de Chantocé, and then sank back utterly exhausted, while old Denise hastened away to despatch a servant with the missive to the nearest post-town.

The following day, Adèle came into my room to congratulate me on my returning health. She brought me a bouquet of autumnal flowers, and talked for a few minutes in a hurried, incoherent style: then suddenly she came up to my bedside, kissed me and then darted from the room.

Mine was the last brow that the lips of Adèle de Chantocé might touch and leave no stain behind.

The next morning I was aroused from a troubled slumber by an unusual commotion in the château. Voices shouted and replied, doors were opened and closed, footsteps sounded loudly through the echoing halls; and suddenly the voice of old Denise rang out in a wild shriek, followed by a frenzied outburst of anguish. Then horses' feet were heard trampling noisily in the courtyard, and there was a cry of, "The doctor! bring the doctor! Madame la baronne is dying!"

I could bear the agony of suspense and uncertainty no longer. I rose hastily, and dressing myself as quickly as my disabled arm and general weakness would permit, I crept out into the corridor, and there awaited the passing of some one of the servants. In a few

moments Catharine Chantier came hurriedly along the passage, and from her I learned the confirmation of my worst fears. Mademoiselle Adèle had fled from her home, leaving behind her a note for madame la baronne; and after reading that note the baroness had been stricken with paralysis, and was then lying in an unconscious state, seemingly at the point of death. Then Catharine hastened away, leaving me half stunned with horror and astonishment.

As soon as I could collect my scattered senses, I determined to quit the château at once. With trembling limbs and faltering footsteps I made my way to the turret-chamber where my pupil and I had passed so many tranquil hours together. Traces of her flight were even there discernible. One or two of her favorite books were gone from their accustomed places on the shelves, and a hasty hand had overturned and broken a flower vase on the table, the water from which had poured over a picture that lay face downward beside it. I picked up the wet picture, but dropped it instantly with a shudder: it was a fine photograph of M. de Ste. Alix. The embroidery-frame was upset, and had fallen against the wall. I strove to raise it, but some loose threads of floss silk that hung from it had got tangled round part of the carving of

the panel, which was one representing the Virgin with her foot on the head of the typical serpent. The silk had become twisted round the serpent's head, and I strove vainly to disengage it. Finally I desisted from my attempt, and rose from my kneeling posture to seek for scissors wherewith to cut the knotted thread. As I did so I put my hand on the serpent's head, and pressed in my weakness heavily against it. To my astonishment, I felt it move under the pressure: I rose hastily to my feet, and as I did so the centre compartment of the panel swung slowly open, the springs which impelled it being rusty from disuse. A dark, hollow niche was disclosed, wherein lay something—a strange, coiled serpentine-looking object, dingy and shapeless under the coating of dust with which it was thickly covered. Shuddering with an undefined feeling of terror, I put forth my hand and drew this long-hidden thing forth to the light. The glitter of gems flashed through the dingy covering that enveloped my prize. I brushed away the accumulated dust of centuries, and there, before me, lay, splendid with the green glory of emeralds, lustrous with the light of diamonds, the sinister prophecy respecting it fearfully fulfilled—the long-lost and fatal jewel, the Lizard Bracelet.

LUCY HAMILTON HOOPER.

THE REVOLUTION AT THE SOUTH.

IT is one of the most difficult things in the world, after a sudden and radical change has taken place in the social conditions of a nation, either to gather up reliable information as to the present state of the people or to predict their probable future. Any generalization on insufficient particulars only leads to error, and all theories are worth-

less in the presence of unascertained elements of the problem. The difficulty of obtaining correct data is increased in the case of the Southern States by the large infusion of foreign nationalities, by the intense mental activity of its white inhabitants, and by the constant circulation of population. All that one can do is to convey impres-

sions as they are received, stating their source and giving both the darker and lighter shades of the picture.

THE DARK SIDE.

Decrease of the Colored Population.

The testimony is frequent, from reliable white men in various sections, as well as from the candid and intelligent negroes themselves, that in many districts the number of the negroes, instead of rapidly increasing, as before emancipation, is decreasing at a fearful rate from various causes; among which I name the following facts:

1. The vicious and lazy ones, released from the restraints of slavery, abandon the plantations and herd together in gross dissipation in the larger cities. They are content, with the results of one or two days' work in a week, to spend the rest in idleness and frolicking. They die off rapidly, and but few of what children are born among them survive. Unhappily, this class is fearfully large.

2. On the plantations, under the system of slavery, the women, compelled to field-labor, did not, as in freedom, have the care of their own children, an old woman taking charge of them during the day. In sickness the planter's family took the personal charge of these children, employing good physicians and attending to their being carefully nursed. Now, the negroes are mostly too poor to employ the physicians, who, for want of remunerative employment, have been compelled to leave the country places to seek practice in cities or to find a living in other callings. With mothers unpracticed in nursing, without medical advice or medicines, and lacking any of the appliances of skillful attention, immense numbers of the children die prematurely. The number of births is also much reduced.

3. Accustomed to labor only under compulsion, and relieved for generations of almost all need of forecast and thrift, many of the negroes have understood by freedom emancipation from the necessity of labor—a life of ease, such as their former masters led. Their

elysium is a cessation from toil. Consequently, a large number of them will not labor beyond the limits of compulsion by immediate need. The consequence of this is a low diet and an enfeebled condition of the mothers, which prevents their properly nourishing their offspring. The purchase of food suitable for young children is entirely beyond their means. Large numbers die in their earliest infancy from this cause.

4. The marriage tie, always loosely regarded, seems to be with the improvement still less observed, and women with young children are often left to struggle with starvation by husbands who go off a few miles and there contract new alliances.

These are among the causes in operation for the reduction of the negro population, which, I fear, in many sections is fading before the stronger race and the force of circumstances, many of them beyond their control or modification as a body of people. When in a former visit, a year ago, I heard statements of this decrease made, I refused credence to them, placing them to the account of prejudice; but an extended tour, embracing nearly all the Southern States, and social intercourse with many whom I have every reason to believe reliable Christian men and women, as well as the statements of some of the colored persons themselves, all force upon me the conviction that there are causes in operation which, if continued, will result in the melting away in some districts of a large part of the colored race in the Southern States of America. There is too much reason to fear that these causes are in places accelerating in power and effect from year to year.

Deficiency of Labor. The negroes not having been accustomed to throw themselves into labor with the energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and having been demoralized by being trained to work under compulsion for masters whom they saw, in many cases, living in luxury without work, it is not strange that they at first feel the joy of freedom to be mainly in rest from toil; and, unaccustomed to any responsibility for the fu-

ture, the needs of the present hour form the only stimulus to large numbers for exertion. Hence estates are losing their value, notwithstanding the excessive price of cotton, for want of labor. Farmers of the middle class allege this cause for selling their plantations and moving away. There can be no question that as yet far less labor is now performed on the soil than under slavery. In the northern tier of the former slave States white labor is being employed more than heretofore, and the negroes are being crowded down into the lower or Gulf-bordering States. The unreliableness of many of the negroes in fulfilling contracts, their want of confidence in many of their employers, and the smaller number of days given by them to labor, make the planters prefer white labor where it can be obtained. Another curious obstacle to obtaining labor is found in the unwillingness of most negroes to hire with a planter who works himself in the field. The white man exerts himself so much more energetically that the negro mostly shrinks from working alongside of him, and prefers the service of such as only oversee their hands. This cramps the energies of the smaller farmers, who would be glad to do more work themselves.

Political Excitements. The politicians who have gone South, and secured place and power for themselves, are not always good examples of either integrity or sound judgment. Whether they are more unreliable than politicians elsewhere I know not, but with an ignorant, easily-influenced constituency they wield more power for evil than in an educated community. Even when not designing demagogues, it is to be expected that Northern men, coming into the Southern States, should sometimes unwisely stir up the excitable negro race to a neglect of their proper work while they indulge in the newly-found privilege of political agitation, and raise in their minds impossible ideals, such as in an educated community are only found in pastorals, of the arcadian effects of legislative action. Too often they

let slip the homely, sober results of honest toil for the shadow of political victories. Designing men have often secured their favor by promises even of a redivision of property in their favor, and other impossible baits.

Conflict of Races. It would be too much to expect that the sudden elevation of an enslaved race, and the wresting of their ownership from a highly-educated one, should be without conflicts and embittered feelings on both sides. The wonder is, that it is no worse. The sight of large numbers of the colored race in the State legislatures, and even in some instances on the Bench and in the national Congress, is like wormwood to their former masters. Nor is it without serious danger to the recipients of these political favors. It is one of those things on whose results no judgment can be pronounced. The recent law in South Carolina imposing a fine of one thousand dollars, with imprisonment, for any distinction made by servants of the public or shopkeepers between the method of serving the whites and colored people as a class, shows how determined the negro Republicans are to assert an equal social position. It is easy to see the exasperation of such a law to men who would not a few years ago so much as ride in a car with any having even a taint of negro blood in their veins, except as their servants. The position of subjugation, however, is accepted by the Southerners. They call themselves a conquered race. They have the one relief of freedom of speech and of the press, and this freedom is used to its utmost in vituperation and sarcasm of those who have been thrown on the surface of the present political agitation. Would that the antecedents of the successful politicians were uniformly such as would bear full examination!

One feels in traveling through the South that one of the greatest historical changes (if not *the* greatest) ever known in the world is being developed in the South at this time. So radical a change in two such large communities of human beings as the Southern whites and South-

ern negroes was perhaps never made in so short a time. The usual vicissitudes and modifications of centuries of ordinary life seem compressed into a few short years, as historical events are epitomized into an evening's play in the theatre. The traveler feels that he is seeing historic changes rapidly developing even as he passes from point to point.

It was during my brief visit South that the first negro was placed in Congress, and he represented the same district in Mississippi which formerly sent Jefferson Davis to the national councils. While I was traveling there also the first colored man was placed on the Bench. I saw in New Orleans a dark negro presiding over the State Senate of Louisiana, and in the upper House I saw colored and white members promiscuously seated together, and a white page waiting on negro legislators. I sat in the cabin and ate at the table between Charleston and Savannah with a mulatto. I saw a body of earnest young ministers and candidates gathered in a theological school in the capital of the late Confederacy, in the very iron-barred room which probably for generations had been the prison and flogging-room of slave-dealers. One of the students, a most respectable man, had himself been flogged in that room for resenting an insult from a fellow-man whose skin was not many shades whiter than his own. In Charleston one of the former magnates of slavery, with his half million of value in Southern property, including, I suppose, human chattels, was driving a street car for a living.

Yet laws cannot make customs at once. The colored people almost universally take the forward or second-class cars, partly for economy, and partly to avoid insults to which they are liable in pressing for their legal rights. A friend of mine whom I met in Charleston, a Turkish Nestorian, was smoking in the forward car when a very elegantly dressed young lady of complexion about as light as his own, entered the car and took her seat. She was so refined in her dress and appearance that he sup-

posed that she had made a mistake, and gallantly suggested to her that the ladies' car would be more agreeable, when she stated that her color, not perceptible to a stranger, prevented her entering there. He conversed with her, and found her intelligent and educated. She was the daughter of one of the wealthiest men of South Carolina. He was that evening publicly ridiculed at the hotel for talking to a "nigger girl" by men who would have done well had they shared her refinement. A few days afterward, remembering the incident, and seeing a lady of apparently mixed blood in the first-class car, he thought she had made a mistake, and to save anything that might wound her feelings, he politely suggested to her to change to the forward, second-class car. She colored up, highly insulted, and, calling her husband from outside, screamed, "This man calls me a nigger!" The husband got into a towering rage, and came near laying violent hands on my poor innocent friend. He was only restrained by some passengers, who explained his position as a foreigner unacquainted with American peculiarities.

It is galling to the Southern whites that political privileges to negroes were forced upon them, when in many Northern States no person of color could vote. To obtain the privilege of the ballot-box a colored man had to move into a former Slave State! Such a thing as a person of color being elected to any office, however humble, has not, that I am aware of, ever been known in the North. It is difficult, however, to see how equal privileges before the law could be retained if the privileges of the ballot-box and elective positions should be denied to the colored man. It looked strange for the North to deny in many States the ballot-box to the colored race, while they insisted on it in the South, but consistency is a jewel not always worn by politicians, even those who espouse moral reforms.

The Churches. It was to be expected that the colored people should feel like withdrawing from the churches of their former masters, in which to a large ex-

tent they were taught and by which they were disciplined. The lack of education among their preachers, the low standard of morals caused by slavery, and the sudden removal of the restraints of the whites, would naturally lead us to expect many things much to be deplored. Ignorance makes the colored ministers, in many cases, vain of their little brief authority, and they are not free from sad failures, for which, in charity, we must remember that the same degree of inward backsliding as is expressed among highly-civilized Christians by the sins of covetousness or contention, in a lower sphere finds expression in theft and adultery. An aged Christian negro of eminent faith and piety spoke with special gratitude of having, since his conversion, been wholly kept from the sin of adultery. He knew few or none so preserved. The superintendent of a colored theological school spoke with regret of theft as one of the failures from which all their preachers were not free. Let not Christians trained to the sacred relations of marriage and property, who are yet accustomed to seeing pride, covetousness and contention in their congregations, be too much shocked at the grosser failures of the negro, whose moral sense has been for so many years blunted by the usages incident to slavery. The history of every people suddenly brought out of barbarism into the blaze of Gospel light shows at first anomalies in morals which soon disappear as the spiritual life is developed under the teaching of Christian faith. The story of our own ancestors, the biographies of "the early Fathers," and the present history of converts from heathenism, confirm this remark, and point to the fact that these moral delinquencies are not causes of discouragement as to the future of the colored race.

I have thus repeated the views of sober, moderate, conservative men, as I could gather them in traveling and in social intercourse in the large cities—views endorsed by many of the respectable colored men, by ministers and by intelligent persons in all ranks of life,

including, among others, the Republican Secretary of State of one of the larger States, and a devoted English missionary who suffered much for his espousal of the cause of the negro before emancipation. It is far more honest to tell the actual condition of things, however it may disappoint our hopes and expectations, than to give to statements the coloring of our sympathies.

THE BRIGHT SIDE.

Schools. The tremendous energy of the Anglo-Saxon race, and its power of forming combinations, so strikingly displayed on both sides in the late contest, are now being brought to bear upon the education of the colored race. As in an hour, with telegraph-like rapidity, schools have sprung up over almost the whole South. Everywhere the negro children are seen flocking in troops to these schools, books and slates in hand. And not only are there common schools for the race to whom it was lately a crime to be seen looking into a book, but in the large cities high schools on a liberal scale are in operation, where the colored people are fitted for a profession or to become themselves teachers. In a school-room I saw, as one of the assistant teachers, a talented negro youth who learned to read of himself, by hiding a book in his clothes when he went daily for the cows, and lengthening out his errand to gain time to spell out the pages. He had become a successful mechanic, but on the opening of the higher schools had given up everything to gratify his love of knowledge. He sustains himself by teaching, but is a hard student, and proposes several years of study to fit him to go to Africa as a missionary. He appeared to be of un-mixed African blood.

Theological schools for training Christian men for more efficient work in the ministry are numerous, and to these many who have been already occupying pastoral positions resort. Their effect upon the self-sufficiency of ignorance was expressed by one of the scholars, who said to me, "When I left home I

thought I knew a big lot, but every day that I learn I feel myself more and more ignorant."

It is too soon to speak fully of the effect upon the colored race of the schools, and of contact with the energetic New England teachers who mostly occupy the platforms. It is to be hoped that it will to a large extent correct the peculiar tendencies and temptations of the scholars, and infuse into them the wholesome energy and forecast which are needed to meet the emergencies and dangers of their new condition.

Accumulation. There are many, especially among the mulattoes, possessed of energy, forecast and will, who are successfully cultivating small plantations and accumulating property. To the extension of this class, when the present generation of scholars has grown up, I look with hope. The large influx of energetic Northern men will, however, in the race of competition, make it necessary for all colors of Southern-born citizens to rouse themselves to earnest, sustained exertion.

There is said to be a marked improvement in the past three years as respects the amount of suffering and the average style of dress and living of the colored race in many sections. On the islands near Charleston two thousand families have bought small farms. During the past year two hundred have bought places near Augusta. A large number have put up houses near Atlanta.

Four years ago, the freedmen's savings banks were taking in less than a thousand dollars a day in deposits. They now average fourteen thousand dollars a day. In March, 1866, they had \$199,283 in their vaults; in March, 1870, \$1,657,000. Of the twenty-six cashiers in the various branches, thirteen are colored men. Of the twelve millions of dollars which the freedmen's banks have taken, at least one-half is said to have been saved for actual investment. These amounts are small compared with the colored population, yet they show progress in the right direction.

The Conflict of Races. The negro in America is in contact and competition

with the most energetic race now existing in the world—one whose peaceful as well as martial conquests are beyond any historical precedent. Add to this the unhappy results of long generations of bondage, and our keenest sympathies must be roused in behalf of the struggles of a more tropical race to sustain themselves in a land to which their fathers were transported by violence.

The present conflict of races we may hope, with time and the large infusion of Christian faith and power in both white and colored, will gradually die out. It is to be hoped that the political power now held by the blacks will be used moderately. If they will gain for themselves homesteads, and live so as to secure the respect and confidence of the community, they may, even more than at the North, find friendship and good feeling from their old masters; for it is well known that the repulsion from personal contact has been less among the Southern than with the Northern whites. The former have, many of them, been brought up on the breasts of colored nurses, and have had the companions of their childhood among colored children. Many of them have retained, through all, a strong sense of love and protection for those who were so long committed to their care. When the freedmen compel respect by their good conduct, as well as by their now unhampered political condition, we may hope that the shadow of this long curse will soon fade out in the sunshine of a hearty sympathy of all classes of fellow-citizens.

The Churches. Some of the brightest examples of faith and piety in the universal Church are to be found among the children of Africa. These poor people *believe God as other people try to believe.* God has more than made up to many among them for the hardships of their past lot by a remarkable degree of joy and power in the Christian life. Their assurance of salvation is clear and unchanging, and their lives exemplary. To few can the words applied to Stephen be more truthfully addressed—"full of faith and of the Holy Ghost."

While their owners, in many cases, have been the slaves of sin, they have been emphatically Christ's freemen, for they whom the Truth sets free are free indeed. Numbers of them have said to me, in substance, that they would far rather be again under the hard yoke of slavery than to be under the bondage of sin.

When the study of the Sacred Scriptures, with all its illuminating effects, is added to their firm, child-like faith, we may hope to see brighter developments of Christian piety and zeal in the best Oriental forms—that ardency of emotion so conspicuous in Scripture biography, but so rarely realized in Anglo-Saxon churches.

Believing firmly that all human progress and the highest happiness of man are dependent directly and indirectly upon a pure Christian faith and a resulting holy practice, my own convictions are that in no way can so much be done for the future of both races in the South as in, by every means, improving the ministry of the colored churches. It is quite true that mere intellectual enlightenment will do little, but, combined with the living faith now in their midst, it may do much to increase their clear understanding of the word of God and their standard of practical morality.

I have met with many ministers of the white congregations—pious, earnest and spiritual men. They, as well as Northern associations, are earnestly engaged in raising the standard of their colored brethren in the ministry. They often preach for them, and try to retain an influence over them for good.

A colored pastor from a country station in South Carolina told me that his flock had built and paid for a good church for themselves, without any aid from the whites; and in Charleston, one of the largest and most commodious churches in this country, erected by a white congregation, is now owned by a colored congregation, with a membership of about three thousand, and seats for about that number, besides a large double chapel and Sunday school-room.

A clergyman from the North told me that he had within a few years married five thousand freedmen and women, most of whom had been living together under slavery without marriage. On one occasion five hundred were married in one ceremony, the men first, and then the women, holding up their hands simultaneously for the responsive promise. Who can estimate the results of the knowledge that they are now no longer liable to be torn away, without even a farewell, from their families, in producing constancy and increased affection for their offspring?

It is difficult for a traveler to pass any judgment on the rapid panorama that passes before him in a journey of four thousand miles, made in the brief space of less than two months. And yet he has advantages of forming judgments that far exceed those of residents confined to one spot, in that he meets with the most intelligent persons in so large a range of distance and under so great a variety of circumstances; and if he is candid he will simply transmit the honest opinions of his informants, only combining them as in a lens.

I have sought thus to give both sides of the picture, and should only add that those in oversight of the schools, some of whom travel over large sections of country, and have the best means of gathering information, seem to be almost unanimously hopeful of the future for the colored race. Causes are now in operation calculated to raise the whole level of this people; and when in a few years we see those now being educated upon the stage of active life, what may we not hope for their future? Vice is often allied to worldly wisdom, but it seems almost inseparable from gross ignorance. Remove the ignorance, retaining meanwhile a sound Christian instruction—who can measure the results?

Bondage, like military life, suppresses certain forms of vice and cramps certain social virtues. Release a regiment, long in service and strictly governed,

from all discipline, and we should see results not unlike those of the emancipation of the slaves. The reckless and vicious become far worse, or rather act out the evil in them: the lazy and improvident sink, and the virtuous and energetic rise. Such is simply the story of the freedmen.

Let us not be disappointed or impatient while the results of their long curse rest on them, but in every failure, as well as in every success, let us redouble our efforts to aid in sharing our own glorious blessings with the long-enslaved children of Africa.

R. P. S.

GUESSES AND QUERIES.

II.

WE were stopping at Twickenham. Our cottage lawn sloped downward toward the Thames, whose banks were set thick with willows and English oak trees. It was a summer evening. Besides the ripple of the turning tide no sound was heard. "Did you ever notice," asked a friend who was sharing with me the luxury of the repose, "that there is no summer-evening quiet in America?"

"What do you mean?" I asked in reply, for, though an American long resident in England, I had never noticed the alleged fact.

"Simply," he responded, "that during summer and early autumn your evening air is full of the sounds of insects: ours never. Listen now! There is not an insect noise to break the stillness. Listen week after next, when you reach Central New York, and you will hear the *crick* of innumerable insects filling the evening air without an instant's cessation. Milton, had he lived in New instead of Old England, would never have written,

'Now came *still* evening on,'

nor Gray have sung,

'And all the air a solemn *stillness* holds.'

"But how do you account for this strange difference?" I inquired. "You surely have insects here?"

"Not many," was the reply—"not nearly as many species as you have;

and then of these few our sparrows take care. Unless insectivorous birds are imported into America, I don't see how you are to get on."

This conversation is introduced here as it took place ten years ago, both to suggest a query and state a fact. The *query* is respecting the theory suggested. Have we more insects in America? and is this the reason for our unquiet nights? The *fact* is as follows: The English sparrow is of all birds the most insectivorous. He searches for his food everywhere. Failing to find it on the wing, among the foliage, under the films of bark and epidermis, on the *ross* of decayed trunks of trees, or in the grass, he searches for it among the stamens and pistils of the choicest flowers. To the gardener he becomes a marauder in quest of booty at any cost. This depredation is compelled by hunger. A friend of mine, whose rarest plants were in danger from this constant search for plunder, threw crusts of bread along his walks every morning, giving at the time a prolonged whistle. The result was, not only a perfect protection of his flowers, but a tacit understanding with the sparrows, who, perched upon the branches of the trees and shrubs, awaited their daily meal without piercing a flower or scratching for a seed.

Not less interesting is the subject of atmospheric differences between this

country and England. A large mercantile house in London was importing goods from Newark, New Jersey. To save expense, it was proposed to manufacture these goods in England. There was but one objection. They required, in order to be perfect, rapid evaporation in the open air. Newark was a dry climate—London was damp. And the conclusion seemed inevitable that any attempt to remove the place of manufacture from America to England would be destructive of quality and disastrous to business. The experiment was tried, however. The foreman of the Newark factory came over to England, hired suitable premises at West Ham, a suburb of London, prepared his materials, and exposed his cloths to the open air, quite certain of failure. The result, reached day after day by a series of careful trials, astonished every one. It was clearly shown, not only that the evaporating power of the English atmosphere was greater than that of the United States, but that the ratio of evaporation was so largely greater in the former country as materially to diminish the cost of manufacture. The consequence has been, that for several years nearly the whole of this fabric consumed in the great markets of the world has been produced in England.

And yet long before this it was known, by persons who had lived in both countries, that English pavements dried more rapidly after a shower, table salt was less moist, bread more quickly stale, and bacon hung upon the storehouse rafters better cured than in America. Household linen, which in this country requires frequent airing to prevent mould, will remain for years in English drawers and presses quite uninjured. In the same temperature, the destructive effects of which with us defy the appliances of science and the arts, meats there do not spoil, nor vegetables decay, nor fruits wither, nor flowers fade, nor house-plants degenerate and die. Doors do not refuse to shut, nor windows to be let up and down. The work in the laundry is more quickly done, and the sheets for the beds are more surely dry.

May it not be for the same reason that butter in England is never salted, that home-brewed "October" never sours, that dried fruits never generate worms, that hams need no canvas, and that, through the whole midsummer, salmon may be sent daily from the Orkneys to Billingsgate, arriving as fresh as if taken the night before in the Thames? And the dinner-loving alderman in London, who, to this day, goes tipsy to bed three nights at least out of every seven, but who touches through the business part of the day liquors neither spirituous nor malt,—may not his longevity be partly due to this most salubrious power of rapid evaporation in the English atmosphere?

If good living contributes to long life, as beyond all doubt it does, have we not in the converse of the proposition a key unlocking the secret of the low average of human life in the United States? We are below Great Britain, France, Spain, Portugal, Prussia, Austria and Italy in the average age of our people: is it not because we live upon worse food, violate more laws of hygiene and suffer intenser penalties than they? God sends us meat, and the devil sends us cooks. Out of our large cities, what hotel-keeper ever prepares himself by education or training for his business? Throughout our farmhouses, who knows the secret of good bread or light pastry, of a perfectly-boiled potato, or of a joint of meat done to a turn? Though the art of cooking is really the oldest art with which man has made himself familiar, and though gastronomy has formed in all ages of the world a subject of experiment, it is really a serious question whether we in the United States conduct the mysteries of the kitchen in a thoroughly creditable manner. Does not the general health suffer? are not the doors of our physicians besieged by armies of dyspeptics? is not the domestic hearth, that sacred shrine of home joys, eclipsed by the restaurant, owing to the neglect of the arts which subserve the pleasure of the palate? Does anybody in America know how to cook a potato? I mean so that it shall be a potato after it is

cooked—not mashed into a soup—not broken to shreds outside and hard as a stone within—not boiled or steamed into a nondescript lump; but a potato, with a potato's flavor, a potato's substance, pleasant to see and appetizing to eat? When a cook was lately wanted for a London club, a number of candidates were appointed to a trial of skill in boiling a potato. Any person who in the course of his life has ever eaten a properly-cooked potato would like to know the artist who bore away the palm.

Take, for example, the men who dine at eating-houses in New York and in Paris—say, artisans, clerks and handicraftsmen in good employ. One of the former, between one and two o'clock, walks into the restaurant, calls for a plate of meat and vegetables, a slice of bread, a glass of water or ale, and finishes with a modicum of pudding or pie, for all of which he pays fifty cents. The latter resorts to the restaurateur's at the same hour. Out of ten kinds of soup named on the *carte* he selects one, exquisite to the taste and provocative to the appetite; then from the list of twenty dishes of fish and meat he also selects one, and perhaps another; then from the *entremets*, then the game, then pastry or cheese, and bread *ad libitum*; to all which is added a half bottle of light wine; and he has to disburse less than the former, for he pays but twenty-five *sous*. Will not the French workman enjoy his dinner more, work with better will and live longer?

Comparing the eating habits of dwellers in the rural districts in both countries, the difference is still greater. Through ignorance we waste full half our animal food. The French peasant wastes none. Fuel to us is cheap—to him dear. Our wages are twice as great as his. Our kitchen utensils, home conveniences, crockery, cutlery and napery are far beyond his highest expectations. And yet from his *pot-au-feu*, rarely boiling, but simmering all day, into which he has cast whatever his funds will furnish or his patch of ground supply, he ladles from time to time a bowl of potage, at the taste of which the most ac-

complished gastronome who dines daily at Delmonico's would lift his brows with rapture. Our farmers and laborers, far better-to-do, produce nothing of the kind, nor will they until they stop "eating to live," and adopt the far nobler rule "of living," in part at least, "to eat."

After all, the tools to him who can use them! In a case in which Jeffrey and Cockburn were engaged as barristers, a question arose as to the sanity of one of the parties concerned. "Is the defendant, in your opinion, perfectly sane?" said Jeffrey, interrogating one of the witnesses, a plain, stupid-looking countryman. The witness gazed in bewilderment at the questioner, but gave no answer. It was clear he did not understand the question. Jeffrey repeated it, uttering the words, "Do you think the defendant capable of managing his own affairs?" Still in vain: the witness only stared the harder. "I ask you again," said Jeffrey, still with his clear English enunciation, "do you consider the man perfectly rational?" No answer yet, the witness only staring vacantly at the little figure of his interrogator, and exclaiming, "Eh?" "Let me take him," said Cockburn. Then assuming the broadest Scotch tone and turning to the obtuse witness, "Hae ye your mull wi' ye?" "Ow, ay," said the man, stretching out his snuff-box. "Noo, hoo lang have ye kent Jam Sampson?" said Cockburn, taking a pinch. "Ever since he was a babby." "And d'ye think, noo, atween you and me, that there's anything intil the cratur?" "I would na lippen" (trust) "him wi' a bull calf," was the instant and brilliant rejoinder. Cockburn could certainly use the tools needed in a Scotch jury trial better than Lord Jeffrey, though inferior to him as a lawyer or advocate.

Perhaps the adage of "the tools to him who can use them" is better applied to the cost of living in Europe than to anything else. Off the traveled routes everybody knows that one may live better and cheaper than in the United States, but in towns, large in population or frequented by strangers, almost every-

thing depends *upon adaptation to the customs of the people*. Against these in none of the old countries can a contest be successfully waged. The customs (*mores*, in Latin) of a people represent its virtue, and they are sanctified by the traditions from the distant past. In London, for example, life in the same style—clothing, furniture, rents, food, servants, horses and amusements being as near alike as the habits of the two countries will permit—costs less than in New York or Philadelphia, Washington or Boston, provided the customs of those with whom you have to do are respected. The service rendered is the very best, the housewifery neat, attendance constant, cookery perfect, address respectful and hours of work punctual. But your servants must have their table supplied separately from yours, and whatever rules may be adopted in the dining-room, the kitchen has its four meals a day. The tea, sugar and beer allowed to each servant is commuted by a money payment on the Monday of each week. Your chamber- or dressing-maid claims the cast-off ladies' wearing apparel, your footman the gentlemen's, your cook the drippings of the kitchen, and your coachman the manure of the stable. A new suit of livery must come to two of them on Christmas, and a "Christmas-box" be given to each of the others—a word meaning simply a money-gift of any sum made the day after Christmas. If you purchase or sell a horse, your groom receives a sovereign, while if you buy a carriage and pair, your coachman expects five pounds, but himself settles with the groom and stable-boy. You may not discharge a servant without giving a month's previous notice, nor may your servant quit you without the same. These and other like customs observed as every Englishman observes them, and the cost of living in London will be found less in the sum-total than the cost of living in New York.

Among the many absurd, there are some sensible, customs in England that might be profitably introduced into our American life. An English servant

never slams a door, but puts it to with the hand upon it; never throws the window up or down, but raises or lets it fall deliberately; never addresses you without a bow or curtsy; and never, or very rarely, becomes rude, no matter how great the provocation. Again, no Englishman ever eats or drinks in a hurry. The tossing off the glass of spirits or pint of ale is an American innovation, as much as the bolting half-masticated food. The ploughman in his hoddend frock and ironshod brogans requires his time to sip his ale; the wretches who flaunt their charms in the gaslight glare of the gin palace, and drown their sorrows in its poisons, linger over the glass; and the cabman, no matter how great your hurry, whose good-will you bribe by a pot of "half-and-half," stares as you hasten him to drink it at a gulp, and wonders at "the manners of them furriners."

Differences in the preparation of food for the table and in styles of living exist, of course, between us and the nations to whom we trace our ancestry. They can be explained, however, almost always by the local necessities of new settlers. Not only the *sauer-kraut* and *kruller* remind the tourist in Amsterdam of the dwellers on the banks of the Hudson, but the darkened parlor kept sacred as "best room" for company, the chintz curtains of the bed-room, the tiles of the hearth, the delft ware of the dresser, the puffy feather bed, and the bolster—custom ever to be honored in its observance!—covered, not as in England with the sheet tucked carefully over and beneath it, but with a fair white linen case, which no amount of restlessness through the night can possibly displace, carry one back to the legendary memories of Sleepy Hollow. The taverns, too, smack of the olden time in Eastern Pennsylvania, where the brick floor is swept clean, the walls stuck round with pictures, the beds scented with lavender, the ale good, the cooking choice, the fish fresh from the neighboring brook, and the landlord not the equal only, but the host, of all who cross his threshold.

In England's rural districts one perpetually meets with objects that awaken reminiscences of early Massachusetts days. The laborers in Essex, Norfolk and Sussex still cling to the pronunciation of *naow* for now, *daown* for down, and *caow* for cow, which we characterize as belonging to "Down East;" the conventicle prayer-meetings in Norwich and Boston, Colchester and Harwich, drone the same nasal petitions to Heaven that the Puritans impressed almost indelibly upon New England speech; and *bōats* upon the Stour, *rōads* along the banks of the Lea, *gōats* on the rocky highlands of Shoeburyness, and *rōots* in the Tilbury marshes, become the very *bōats*, *rōads*, *gōats* and *rōots* that mark the peculiarity of Old Colony pronunciation throughout the land. At Harwich, near the mouth of the Oswell, they say *wale* for whale, *wich* for which, *wat* for what, *our'us* for our house, and *meeting-us* for meeting-house, just as the boys and girls at Bradford Academy used to say five and forty years ago; and even the past participle *done*, used constantly in place of the preterite *did*, by our worthy preceptor—as "he done that," instead of "he did that"—I heard the landlady of the Red Lion in old Ipswich repeatedly saying as she bustled in and out of our comfortable little parlor. *Doo* for dew, *noo* for new, *foo* for Jew, *stoo* for stew (though never *foo* for few), *destitoot* for destitute, *Canoot* for Canute, and *Dooley* for Dewey—that large class of words, in fact, in which the innocently unconscious New Englander entirely ignores all difference between the sound of *u* and *oo*—are spoken with just the same absence of nicety of sound by the common people of Norfolk and Cambridge. Oliver Wendell Holmes, overlooking this latter peculiarity of pronunciation, which none but a bred Bostonian fails to observe, admirably satirizes the former in his *Urania*, delivered before the Mercantile Association in 1846:

" Learning condemns beyond the reach of hope
The careless lips that speak of *sōap* for *sōap*:
Her edict exiles from her fair abode
The clownish voice that utters *rōad* for *rōad*:

Less stern to him who calls his *cōat* a *cōat*,
And steers his *bōat*, believing it a *bōat*.
She pardoned one, our classic city's boast,
Who said at Cambridge *mōst* instead of *mōst*,
But knit her brows and stamped her angry foot
To hear a teacher call a *rōot* a *rōot*."

It is not in resemblances only that we are linked to the Old Country. The Puritans settled Massachusetts to differ. Antagonism to England was their normal condition of life. To meet and pass an approaching vehicle on the left hand was then, and is still, the custom in England: they changed it to the right hand. It had been customary from time immemorial to kneel in prayer to God: they changed it to the standing posture, whether in the family, the social meeting or in public worship. Banns of marriage were in their native country proclaimed in church: they advertised them in the vestibule. The funeral service of the Rubric was read there at burial: they bore their dead to the grave in silence. They abolished the sign of the cross in infant baptism, the prostration before the altar in receiving the holy communion, and the wedding-ring in marriage. The evangelists and apostles might not be designated as St. John, St. Paul and the like, because it savored of Papistry; the Bible might not be read without comment in public worship, since it was improper conformity to hierarchical service; and of holy days none was recognized but Sunday, which they called the "Sabbath." Good Friday gave place to the annual Fast, always appointed on Thursday; and Christmas Day to the autumn Thanksgiving. The most devout in spirit were never to groan aloud during prayer, nor to say *amen*: marriages were to be celebrated by the civil magistrate, who not only gave the covenant to the parties interested, but made the prayers; and the melody of viols and organs in public worship was numbered with Nebuchadnezzar's idolatrous concert of "cornet, flute, dulcimer, sackbut, psaltery, and all kinds of music." The church was called the meeting-house, the service the meeting, and the priest the minister. The days of the week were first, second, third, until Saturday, the seventh, and the

months the same, because "they would avoid all memory of heathenish and idol names." Sunday began on sunset of the previous evening, thanks were returned after each meal, as well as grace said before, and fish made the Saturday's dinner instead of Friday's. Theatres were not permitted. Play-actors were flogged. Travelers on the Lord's Day were stopped. Songs, satires and novels were put under the guardianship of austere licensers. Officers of the government were selected from among church-members only, and the latter were known to have been converted by being able to name the day and hour when they had experienced the new birth. The salutations, "God bless you!" "Good luck to you!" and "Good-bye!" (for which "Farewell" was substituted) were rejected; drinking of healths was forbidden; dancing, playing cards and song-singing were prohibited; Easter and Whit-Monday, Advent and Trinity, Ash-Wednesday and Good Friday, with all other holidays, were dropped from the calendar; the May-pole and Twelfth cake, Cross buns and Michaelmas goose, Fairings and Christmas waits, never presumed to enter an appearance; and festivities (or even sermons) at weddings, extraordinary congratulations at births, and stated celebrations of birth-days, were made a sufficient reason for church discipline.

These antagonisms, and a thousand more, link New England indissolubly to the mother country. They were the result of the old contest between the Established Church and the Puritans. The two looked upon life from different points, and the pleasures of each were the sins of the other. The straight-haired, snuffling, whining saints, who for years had been objects of ridicule to the wits of court and mitred bishops, had established a nation of their own, and were treading under foot the whole crowd of mockers and mockeries. And yet there were strong resemblances. Blood is thicker than water, and even in the garments they would not wear, the food they would not eat, and the customs they would not observe, they confirmed

the close relationship they bore to the brethren they had left at home.

Take, for example, the "bands" of the minister when the gown and surplice were discarded, or the "coif" of the serving-maid, or the "frock" of the laborer; take the grades of personal address, "Goodman," "Mister" and "Esquire;" the boiled round of beef, roasted sirloin, leg of mutton with turnips, stuffed sausages, preserves of apples, quinces and cranberries, and mince-pies; and the deference paid to age or "quality" by the young, in uncovering the head, rising from the seat, and using the suffix, "sir," in answer to every question.

Fifty years ago, in the best old families in Salem and Ipswich, Massachusetts, pudding used to precede the meat at dinner! Was this an English custom? Seventy years ago, when flip was the prevailing drink in the village bar-room and at the farmhouse fireside, old gentlemen in knee-breeches and long stockings were frequently wearing handkerchiefs around their legs, and the tradition is that the constant use of this tippie produced sore ankles and shins. Can the medical faculty explain this? More than two hundred years ago the national dish of New England, as it is to-day, was baked "pork and beans." It has never been known in England; but did it not grow out of the Saxon dish, still the leading favorite in all the provincial towns, of "boiled pork and pease pudding" (*i. e.*, dried pease cooked into a mash), beans being substituted for pease, as more prolific and of better quality here? How came the "apple butter" of Pennsylvania to be "apple sauce" in Connecticut? If in the one case it was used in place of the article whose name it bears, and in the other because it gave to meat a higher relish—which is the probable explanation—how came the Yankee proper to name all culinary vegetables "garden sauce?" For wheaten bread were substituted preparations of Indian corn; a mixture of two parts of corn meal with one part of rye meal furnished and still furnishes the "brown bread" used, once almost

exclusively and now universally, in New England; "pan-dowdy" (apples stewed, into which the crust covering them is stirred) bore to the apple-pie the relation of the vulgar to the well-bred; and fish to a great extent took the place of veal and beef, pork and mutton. But how came roast turkey and mince pie to supersede the sirloin of beef and plum pudding as the proper and leading dishes on days of festivity? Was it

that the increase of sheep for their wool, and of beeves for their draught and milk, gave to poultry and game an earlier and more frequent common use than to other kinds of flesh meat? And does the word "cattle," which in England includes all beasts that serve for draught or human food, signify with us animals of the bovine genus only, because horses were of later introduction? N. S. DODGE.

SIR HARRY HOTSPUR OF HUMBLETHWAITE.

BY ANTHONY TROLLOPE.

CHAPTER IV.

VACILLATION.

WHEN the spring-time came, Sir Harry Hotspur, with his wife and daughter, went up to London. During the last season the house in Bruton street had been empty. He and his wife were then mourning their lost son, and there was no place for the gayety of London in their lives. Sir Harry was still thinking of his great loss. He was always thinking of the boy who was gone, who had been the apple of his eye, his one great treasure, the only human being in the world whose superior importance to his own he had been ready, in his heart of hearts, to admit; but it was needful that the outer signs of sorrow should be laid aside, and Emily Hotspur was taken up to London in order that she might be suited with a husband. That, in truth, was the reason of their going. Neither Sir Harry nor Lady Elizabeth would have cared to leave Cumberland had there been no such cause. They would have been altogether content to remain at home had Emily been obedient enough in the winter to accept the hand of the suitor proposed for her.

The house was opened in Bruton street, and Lord Alfred came to see

them. So also did Cousin George. There was no reason why Cousin George should not come. Indeed, had he not done so, he must have been the most ungracious of cousins. He came, and found Lady Elizabeth and Emily at home. Emily told him that they were always there to receive visitors on Sundays after morning church, and then he came again. She had made no such communication to Lord Alfred, but then perhaps it would have been hardly natural that she should have done so. Lady Elizabeth, in a note which she had occasion to write to Lord Alfred, did tell him of her custom on a Sunday afternoon, but Lord Alfred took no such immediate advantage of the offer as did Cousin George.

As regarded the outward appearance of their life, the Hotspurs were gayer this May than they had been heretofore when living in London. There were dinner-parties, whereas in previous times there had only been dinners at which a few friends might join them; and there was to be a ball. There was a box at the Opera, and there were horses for the Park, and there was an understanding that the dealings with Madame Milvodi, the milliner, were to be as unlimited as the occasion demanded.

It was perceived by every one that Miss Hotspur was to be settled in life. Not a few knew the story of Lord Alfred. Every one knew the facts of the property and Emily's position as heiress, though every one probably did not know that it was still in Sir Harry's power to leave every acre of the property to whom he pleased. Emily understood it all herself. There lay upon her that terrible responsibility of doing her best with the Hotspur interests. To her the death of her brother had at the time been the blackest of misfortunes, and it was not the less so now as she thought of her own position. She had been steady enough as to the refusal of Lord Alfred, knowing well enough that she cared nothing for him. But there had since come upon her moments almost of regret that she should have been unable to accept him. It would have been so easy a way of escape from all her troubles without the assistance of Madame Milvodi and the opera-box and the Park horses. At the time she had her own ideas about another man, but her ideas were not such as to make her think that any further work with Madame Milvodi and the opera-box would be unnecessary.

Then came the question of asking Cousin George to the house. He had already been told to come on Sundays, and on the very next Sunday had been there. He had given no cause of offence at Humblethwaite, and Lady Elizabeth was of opinion that he should be asked to dinner. If he were not asked, the very omission would show that they were afraid of him. Lady Elizabeth did not exactly explain this to her husband, did not accurately know that such was her fear; but Sir Harry understood her feelings and yielded. Let Cousin George be asked to dinner.

Sir Harry at this time was vacillating with more of weakness than would have been expected from a man who had generally been so firm in the affairs of his life. He had been quite clear about George Hotspur when those inquiries of his were first made, and when his mind had first accepted the notion of

Lord Alfred as his chosen son-in-law. But now he was again at sea. He was so conscious of the importance of his daughter's case that he could not bring himself to be at ease, and to allow himself to expect that the girl would, in the ordinary course of nature, dispose of her young heart not to her own injury, as might reasonably be hoped from her temperament, her character and her education. He could not protect himself from daily and hourly thought about it. Her marriage was not as the marriage of other girls. The house of Hotspur, which had lived and prospered for so many centuries, was to live and prosper through her; or rather mainly through the man whom she should chose as her husband. The girl was all-important now, but when she should have once disposed of herself, her importance would be almost at an end. Sir Harry had in the recess of his mind almost a conviction that although the thing was of such utmost moment, it would be better for him, better for them all, better for the Hotspurs, that the matter should be allowed to arrange itself, than that there should be any special judgment used in selection. He almost believed that his girl should be left to herself, as are other girls. But the thing was of such moment that he could not save himself from having it always before his eyes.

And yet he knew not what to do, nor was there any aid forthcoming from Lady Elizabeth. He had tried his hand at the choice of a proper husband, and his daughter would have none of the man so chosen. So he had brought her up to London, and thrown her as it were upon the market. Let Madame Milvodi and the opera-box and the Park horses do what they could for her. Of course a watch should be kept on her—not from doubt of her excellence, but because the thing to be disposed of was so all-important, and the girl's mode of disposing of it might, without disgrace or fault on her part, be so vitally prejudicial to the family.

For, let it be remembered, no curled darling of an eldest son would suit the exigencies of the case, unless such eldest

son were willing altogether to merge the claims of his own family, and to make himself by name and purpose a Hotspur. Were his child to present to him as his son-in-law some heir to a noble house, some future earl, say even a duke in embryo, all that would be as nothing to Sir Harry. It was not his ambition to see his daughter a duchess. He wanted no name or place or dominion for any Hotspur greater or higher or more noble than that which the Hotspurs claimed and could maintain for themselves. To have Humblethwaite and Scarrowby lost amidst the vast appanages and domains of some titled family, whose gorgeous glories were new and paltry in comparison with the mellow honors of his own house, would to him have been a ruin to all his hopes. There might, indeed, be some arrangement in the second son proceeding from such a marriage—as to a future chance Hotspur; but the claims of the Hotspurs were, he thought, too high and too holy for such future chance; and in such case, for one generation at least, the Hotspurs would be in abeyance. No: it was not that which he desired. That would not suffice for him. The son-in-law that he desired should be well born, a perfect gentleman, with belongings of whom he and his child might be proud; but he should be one who should be content to rest his claims to material prosperity and personal position on the name and wealth that he would obtain with his wife. Lord Alfred had been the very man, but then his girl would have none of Lord Alfred. Eldest sons there might be in plenty ready to take such a bride; and were some eldest son to come to him and ask for his daughter's hand—some eldest son who would do so almost with a right to claim it if the girl's consent were gained—how could he refuse? And yet to leave a Hotspur behind him living at Humblethwaite, and Hotspurs who should follow that Hotspur, was all in all to him.

Might he venture to think once again of Cousin George? Cousin George was there, coming to the house, and his wife was telling him that it was incumbent

on them to ask the young man to dinner. It was incumbent on them, unless they meant to let him know that he was to be regarded absolutely as a stranger—as one whom they had taken up for a while, and now chose to drop again. A very ugly story had reached Sir Harry's ears about Cousin George. It was said that he had twice borrowed money from the money-lenders on his commission, passing some document for security of its value which was no security, and that he had barely escaped detection, the two Jews knowing that the commission would be forfeited altogether if the fraud were brought to light. The commission had been sold and the proceeds divided between the Jews, with certain remaining claims to them on Cousin George's personal estate. Such had been the story which in a vague way had reached Sir Harry's ears. It is not easily that such a man as Sir Harry can learn the details of a disreputable cousin's life. Among all his old friends he had none more dear to him than Lord Milnthorpe; and among his younger friends none more intimate than Lord Burton, the eldest son of Lord Milnthorpe, Lord Alfred's brother. Lord Burton had told him the story, telling him at the same time that he could not vouch for its truth. "Upon my word, I don't know," said Lord Burton, when interrogated again. "I think if I were you I would regard it as though I had never heard it. Of course he was in debt."

"That is altogether another thing," said Sir Harry.

"Altogether. I think that probably he did pawn his commission. That is bad, but it isn't so very bad. As for the other charge against him, I doubt it." So said Lord Burton, and Sir Harry determined that the accusation should go for nothing.

But his own child, his only child, the transmitter of all the great things that fortune had given to him—she in whose hands were to lie the glories of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby—she who had the giving away of the honor of their ancient family—could she be trusted

to one of whom it must be admitted that all his early life had been disreputable, even if the world's lenient judgment in such matters should fail to stigmatize it as dishonorable? In other respects, however, he was so manifestly the man to whom his daughter ought to be given in marriage. By such arrangement would the title and the property be kept together; and by no other which Sir Harry could now make, for his word had been given to his daughter that she was to be his heiress. Let him make what arrangements he might, this cousin George at his death would be the head of the family. Every *Peerage* that was printed would tell the old story to all the world. By certain courtesies of the law of descent his future heirs would be Hotspurs, were his daughters married to Lord Alfred or the like; but the children of such a marriage would not be Hotspurs in very truth nor by any courtesy of law, or even by any kindness of the minister or sovereign could the child of such a union become the baronet, the Sir Harry of the day, the head of the family. The position was one which no sovereign and no minister could achieve, or touch, or bestow. It was his, beyond the power of any earthly potentate to deprive him of it, and could have been transmitted by him to a son with as absolute security. But—alas! alas!

Sir Harry gave no indication that he thought it expedient to change his mind on the subject. When Lady Elizabeth proposed that Cousin George should be asked to dinner, he frowned and looked black as he acceded; but in truth he vacillated. The allurements on that side were so great that he could not altogether force upon himself the duty of throwing them from him. He knew that Cousin George was no fitting husband for his girl—that he was a man to whom he would not have thought of giving her had her happiness been his only object. And he did not think of so bestowing her now. He became uneasy when he remembered the danger. He was unhappy as he remembered

how amusing, how handsome, how attractive was Cousin George. He feared that Emily might like him — by no means hoped it. And yet he vacillated, and allowed Cousin George to come to the house only because Cousin George must become, on his death, the head of the Hotspurs.

Cousin George came on one Sunday, came on another Sunday, dined at the house, and was of course asked to the ball. But Lady Elizabeth had so arranged her little affairs that when Cousin George left Bruton street on the evening of the dinner-party he and Emily had never been for two minutes alone together since the family had come up to London. Lady Elizabeth herself liked Cousin George, and, had an edict to that effect been pronounced by her husband, would have left them alone together with great maternal satisfaction. But she had been told that it was not to be so, and therefore the young people had never been allowed to have opportunities. Lady Elizabeth in her very quiet way knew how to do the work of the world that was allotted to her. There had been other balls, and there had been ridings in the Park, and all the chances of life which young men, and sometimes young women also, know so well how to use; but hitherto Cousin George had kept, or had been constrained to keep, his distance.

"I want to know, mamma," said Emily Hotspur, the day before the ball, "whether Cousin George is a black sheep or a white sheep?"

"What do you mean, my dear, by asking such a question as that?"

"I don't like black sheep. I don't see why young men are to be allowed to be black sheep; but yet you know they are."

"How can it be helped?"

"People should not notice them."

"My dear, it is a most difficult question—quite beyond me, and I am sure beyond you: a sheep needn't be black always because he has not always been quite white; and then, you know, the black lambs are just as dear to their mother as the white."

"Dearer, I think."

"I quite agree with you, Emily, that in general society black sheep should be avoided."

"Then they shouldn't be allowed to come in," said Emily.

Lady Elizabeth knew from this that there was danger, but the danger was not of a kind which enabled her specially to consult Sir Harry.

CHAPTER V.

GEORGE HOTSPUR.

A LITTLE must now be told to the reader of Cousin George and the ways of his life. As Lady Elizabeth had said to her daughter, that question of admitting black sheep into society or of refusing them admittance is very difficult. In the first place, whose eyes are good enough to know whether in truth a sheep be black or not? And then is it not the fact that some little amount of shade in the fleece of male sheep is considered, if not absolutely desirable, at any rate quite pardonable? A male sheep with a fleece as white as that of a ewe-lamb, is he not considered to be, among muttens, somewhat insipid? It was this taste of which Pope was conscious when he declared that every woman was at heart a rake. And so it comes to pass that very black sheep indeed are admitted into society, till at last anxious fathers and more anxious mothers begin to be aware that their young ones are turned out to graze among ravenous wolves. This, however, must be admitted, that lambs when so treated acquire a courage which tends to enable them to hold their own, even amidst wolfish dangers.

Cousin George, if not a ravenous wolf, was at any rate a very black sheep indeed. In our anxiety to know the truth of him it must not be said that he was absolutely a wolf—not as yet, because in his career he had not as yet made premeditated attempts to devour prey. But in the process of delivering himself up to be devoured by others he had done things which if known of any

sheep should prevent that sheep from being received into a decent flock. There had been a little trouble about his commission, in which, although he had not intended to cheat either Jew, he had done that which the world would have called cheating had the world known it. As for getting goods from tradesmen without any hope or thought of paying for them, that with him was so much a thing of custom—as indeed it was also with them—that he was almost to be excused for considering it the normal condition of life for a man in his position. To gamble and lose money had come to him quite naturally at a very early age. There had now come upon him an idea that he might turn the tables, that in all gambling transactions some one must win, and that as he had lost much, so possibly might he now win more. He had not quite yet reached that point in his education at which the gambler learns that the ready way to win much is to win unfairly—not quite yet, but he was near it. The wolfhood was coming on him, unless some good fortune might save him. There might, however, be such good fortune in store for him. As Lady Elizabeth had said, a sheep that was very dark in color might become white again. If it be not so, what is all this doctrine of repentance in which we believe?

Blackness in a male sheep in regard to the other sin is venial blackness. Whether the teller of such a tale as this should say so outright, may be matter of dispute; but unless he say so the teller of this tale does not know how to tell his tale truly. Blackness such as that will be all condoned, and the sheep received into almost any flock, on condition, not of repentance or humiliation or confession, but simply of change of practice. The change of practice in certain circumstances and at a certain period becomes expedient, and if it be made, as regards tints in the wool of that nature the sheep becomes as white as he is needed to be. In this respect our sheep had been as black as any sheep, and at this present period of

his life had need of much change before he would be fit for any decent social herding.

And then there are the shades of black which come from conviviality—which we may call table blackness—as to which there is an opinion constantly disseminated by the moral newspapers of the day that there has come to be altogether an end of any such blackness among sheep who are gentlemen. To make up for this, indeed, there has been expressed by the piquant newspapers of the day an opinion that ladies are taking up the game which gentlemen no longer care to play. It may be doubted whether either expression has in it much of truth. We do not see ladies drunk, certainly, and we do not see gentlemen tumbling about as they used to do, because their fashion of drinking is not that of their grandfathers. But the love of wine has not gone out from among men, and men now are as prone as ever to indulge their lives. Our black sheep was very fond of wine, and also of brandy, though he was wolf enough to hide his taste when occasion required it.

Very early in life he had come from France to live in England, and had been placed in a cavalry regiment, which had, unfortunately for him, been quartered either in London or its vicinity. And, perhaps equally unfortunate for him, he had in his own possession a small fortune of some five hundred pounds a year. This had not come to him from his father, and when his father had died in Paris, about two years before the date of our story, he had received no accession of regular income. Some couple of thousand of pounds had reached his hands from his father's effects, which had helped him through some of the immediately pressing difficulties of the day, for his own income at that time had been altogether dissipated. And now he had received a much larger sum from his cousin, with an assurance, however, that the family property would not become his when he succeeded to the family title. He was so penniless at the time, so prone to live from hand to mouth, so little given to considera-

tion of the future, that it may be doubted whether the sum given to him was not compensation in full for all that was to be withheld from him.

Still, there was his chance with the heiress. In regarding this chance he had very soon determined that he would marry his cousin if it might be within his power to do so. He knew, and fully appreciated, his own advantages. He was a very handsome man—tall for a Hotspur, but with the Hotspur fair hair and blue eyes and well-cut features. There lacked, however, to him, that peculiar aspect of firmness about the temples which so strongly marked the countenance of Sir Harry and his daughter; and there had come upon him a *blasé* look, and certain outer signs of a bad life, which, however, did not mar his beauty, nor were they always apparent. The eye was not always blood-shot, nor was the hand constantly seen to shake. It may be said of him, both as to his moral and physical position, that he was on the edge of the precipice of degradation, but that there was yet a possibility of salvation.

He was living in a bachelor's set of rooms, at this time, in St. James' street, for which it must be presumed that ready money was required. During the last winter he had horses in Northamptonshire, for the hire of which, it must be feared, his prospects as heir to Humblethwaite had in some degree been pawned. At the present time he had a horse for Park riding, and he looked upon a good dinner, with good wine, as being due to him every day as thoroughly as though he earned it. That he had never attempted to earn a shilling since the day on which he had ceased to be a soldier, now four years since, the reader will hardly require to be informed.

In spite of all his faults, this man enjoyed a certain social popularity for which many a rich man would have given a third of his income. Dukes and duchesses were fond of him; and certain persons standing very high in the world did not think certain parties were perfect without him. He knew how to talk enough, and yet not to talk

too much. No one could say of him that he was witty, well read or given to much thinking; but he knew just what was wanted at this hunting-town or at that, and could give it. He could put himself forward, and could keep himself in the background. He could shoot well, without wanting to shoot best. He could fetch and carry, but still do it always with an air of manly independence. He could subserve, without an air of cringing. And then he looked like a gentleman.

Of all his well-to-do friends, perhaps he who really liked him best was the Earl of Allingham. George Hotspur was at this time something under thirty years of age, and the earl was four years his senior. The earl was a married man, with a family, a wife who also liked poor George, an enormous income, and a place in Scotland at which George always spent the three first weeks of grouse-shooting. The earl was a kindly, good-humored, generous, but yet hard man of the world. He knew George Hotspur well, and would on no account lend him a shilling. He would not have given his friend money to extricate him from any difficulty. But he forgave the sinner all his sins, opened Castle Corry to him every year, provided him with the best of everything, and let him come and dine at Allingham House, in Carlton Gardens, as often almost as he chose during the London season. The earl was very good to George, though he knew more about him than perhaps did any other man; but he would not bet with George, nor would he in any way allow George to make money out of him.

"Do you suppose that I want to win money of you?" he once said to our friend, in answer to a little proposition that was made to him at Newmarket. "I don't suppose you do," George had answered. "Then you may be sure that I don't want to lose any," the earl had replied. And so the matter was ended, and George made no more propositions of the kind.

The two men were together at Tattersall's, looking at some horses which the

earl had sent up to be sold, the day after the dinner in Bruton street.

"Sir Harry seems to be taking to you very kindly," said the earl.

"Well, yes—in a half-and-half sort of way."

"It isn't everybody that would give you five thousand pounds, you know."

"I am not everybody's heir," said George.

"No; and you ain't his—worse luck."

"I am—in regard to the title."

"What good will that do you?"

"When he's gone I shall be the head of the family. As far as I can understand these matters, he hasn't a right to leave the estates away from me."

"Power is right, my boy. Legal power is undoubtedly right."

"He should at any rate divide them. There are two distinct properties, and either of them would make me a rich man. I don't feel so very much obliged to him for his money, though of course it was convenient."

"Very convenient, I should say, George. How do you get on with your cousin?"

"They watch me like a cat watches a mouse."

"Say a rat, rather, George. Don't you know they are right? Would not I do the same if she were my girl, knowing you as I do?"

"She might do worse, my lord."

"I'll tell you what it is. He thinks that he might do worse. I don't doubt about that. All this matter of the family and the title and the name would make him ready to fling her to you, if only you were a shade less dark a horse than you are."

"I don't know that I'm darker than others."

"Look here, old fellow: I don't often trouble you with advice, but I will now. If you'll set yourself steadily to work to live decently, if you'll tell Sir Harry the whole truth about your money matters, and really get into harness, I believe you may have her. Such a one as you never had such a chance before. But there's one thing you must do."

"What is the one thing?"

"Wash your hands altogether of Mrs. Morton. You'll have a difficulty, I know, and perhaps it will want more pluck than you've got: you haven't got pluck of that kind."

"You mean that I don't like to break a woman's heart?"

"Fiddlesticks! Do you see that mare there?"

"I was just looking at her. Why should you part with her?"

"She was the best animal in my stables, but she's given to eating the stable-boys: old Badger told me, flat, that he wouldn't have her in the stables any longer. I pity the fellow who will buy her—or rather his fellow. She killed a lad once in Bessborough's stables."

"Why don't you shoot her?"

"I can't afford to shoot horses, Captain Hotspur. I had my chance in buying her, and somebody else must have his chance now. That's the lot of them—one or two good ones, and the rest what I call rags. Do you think of what I've said; and be sure of this—Mrs. Morton and your cousin can't go on together. Ta, ta! I'm going across to my mother's."

George Hotspur, when he was left alone, did think a great deal about it. He was not a man prone to assure himself of a lady's favor without cause; and yet he did think that his cousin liked him. As to that terrible difficulty to which Lord Allingham had alluded, he knew that something must be done; but there were cruel embarrassments on that side of which even Allingham knew nothing. And then why should he do that which his friend had indicated to him before he knew whether it would be necessary? As to taking Sir Harry altogether into his confidence about his money matters, that was clearly impossible. Heaven and earth! How could the one man speak such truths, or the other man listen to them? When money difficulties come of such nature as those which weighted the shoulders of poor George Hotspur, it is quite impossible that there should be any such confidence with any one. The sufferer cannot even make a confidant of him-

self—cannot even bring himself to look at his own troubles massed together. It was not the amount of his debts, but the nature of them and the characters of the men with whom he had dealings, that were so terrible. Fifteen thousand pounds—less than one year's income from Sir Harry's property—would clear him of everything, as far as he could judge; but there could be no such clearing, otherwise than by money disbursed by himself, without a disclosure of dirt which he certainly would not dare to make to Sir Harry before his marriage.

But yet the prize to be won was so great, and there were so many reasons for thinking that it might possibly be within his grasp! If, after all, he might live to be Sir George Hotspur of Humblethwaite and Scarrowby! After thinking of it as well as he could, he determined that he would make the attempt, but as to those preliminaries to which Lord Allingham had referred, he would for the present leave them to chance.

Lord Allingham had been quite right when he told George Hotspur that he was deficient in a certain kind of pluck.

CHAPTER VI.

THE BALL IN BRUTON STREET.

SIR HARRY vacillated, Lady Elizabeth doubted, and Cousin George was allowed to come to the ball. At this time, in the common understanding of such phrase, Emily Hotspur was heart-whole in regard to her cousin. Had she been made to know that he had gone away for ever—been banished to some antipodes from which he never could return—there would have been no lasting sorrow on her part, though there might have been some feeling which would have given her an ache for the moment. She had thought about him, as girls will think of men as to whom they own to themselves that it is possible that they may be in love with them some day; and she liked him much. She also liked Lord Alfred, but the liking had been altogether of a dif-

ferent kind. In regard to Lord Alfred, she had been quite sure, from the first days of her intercourse with him, that she could never be in love with him. He was to her no more than old Mr. Crutchley or young Mr. Latheby—a man, and a good sort of man, but no more than a man. To worship Lord Alfred must be impossible to her. She had already conceived that it would be quite possible for her to worship her Cousin George in the teeth of all the hard things that she had heard of him. The reader may be sure that such a thought had passed through her mind when she asked her mother whether Cousin George was to be accepted as a black sheep or a white one.

The ball was a very grand affair, and Emily Hotspur was a very great lady. It had come to be understood that the successful suitor for her hand would be the future lord of Humblethwaite, and the power with which she was thus vested gave her a prestige and standing which can hardly be attained by mere wit and beauty, even when most perfectly combined. It was not that all who worshiped, either at a distance or with passing homage, knew the fact of the heiress-ship, or had ever heard of the twenty thousand a year; but given the status, and the worshipers will come. The word had gone forth in some mysterious way, and it was acknowledged that Emily Hotspur was a great young lady. Other young ladies, who were not great, allowed themselves to be postponed to her almost without jealousy, and young gentlemen without pretensions regarded her as one to whom they did not dare to ask to be introduced. Emily saw it all, and partly liked it and partly despised it. But even when despising it she took advantage of it. The young gentlemen without pretensions were no more to her than the chairs and tables; and the young ladies who submitted to her and adored her were allowed to be submissive and to adore. But of this she was quite sure—that her cousin George must some day be the head of her own family: he was a man whom she was bound to

treat with attentive regard if they who had the custody of her chose to place her in his company at all.

At this ball there were some very distinguished people indeed—persons whom it would hardly be improper to call illustrious. There were two royal duchesses—one of whom was English—and no less than three princes. The Russian and French ambassadors were both there. There was the editor of the most influential newspaper of the day, for a few minutes only; and the prime minister passed through the room in the course of the evening. Dukes and duchesses below the royal degree were common; and as for earls and countesses, and their daughters, they formed the ruck of the crowd. The poet-laureate didn't come indeed, but was expected; and three Chinese mandarins of the first quality entered the room at eleven, and did not leave till one. Poor Lady Elizabeth suffered a great deal with those mandarins. From all this it will be seen that the ball was quite a success.

George Hotspur dined that day with Lord and Lady Allingham, and went with them to the ball in the evening. Lord Allingham, though his manner was airy and almost indifferent, was in truth most anxious that his friend should be put upon his feet by the marriage; and the countess was so keen about it that there was nothing in the way of innocent intrigue which she would not have done to accomplish it. She knew that George Hotspur was a rake, was a gambler, was in debt, was hampered by other difficulties, and all the rest of it; but she liked the man, and was therefore willing to believe that a rich marriage would put it all right. Emily Hotspur was nothing to her, nor was Sir Harry; but George had often made her own house pleasant to her, and therefore, to her thinking, deserved a wife with twenty thousand a year. And then, if there might have been scruples under other circumstances, that fact of the baronetcy overcame them. It could not be wrong in one placed as was Lady Allingham to assist in preventing any

separation of the title and the property. Of course George might probably squander all that he could squander, but that might be made right by settlements and entails. Lady Allingham was much more energetic than her husband, and had made out quite a plan of the manner in which George should proceed. She discussed the matter with him at great length. The one difficulty she was, indeed, obliged to slur over, but even that was not altogether omitted in her scheme. "Whatever encumbrances there may be, free yourself from them at once," she had advised.

"That is so very easy to say, Lady Allingham, but so difficult to do."

"As to debts, of course they can't be paid without money. Sir Harry will find it worth his while to settle any debts. But if there is anything else, stop it at once." Of course there was something else, and of course Lady Allingham knew what that something else was. She demanded, in accordance with her scheme, that George should lose no time. This was in May. It was known that Sir Harry intended to leave town early in June. "Of course you will take him at his word, and go to Humblethwaite when you leave us," she had said.

"No time has been named."

"Then you can name your own without difficulty. You will write from Castle Corry, and say you are coming. That is, if it's not all settled by that time. Of course it cannot be done in a minute, because Sir Harry must consent; but I should begin at once;—only, Captain Hotspur, leave nothing for them to find out afterward. What is past they will forgive." Such had been Lady Allingham's advice, and no doubt she understood the matter which she had been discussing.

When George Hotspur entered the room his cousin was dancing with a prince. He could see her as he stood speaking a few words to Lady Elizabeth. And in talking to Lady Elizabeth he did not talk as a stranger would, or a common guest. He had quite understood all that he might gain by as-

suming the intimacy of cousinhood, and had assumed it. Lady Elizabeth was less weary than before when he stood by her, and accepted from his hand some little trifle of help which was agreeable to her. And he showed himself in no hurry, and told her some little story that pleased her. What a pity it was that Cousin George should be a scamp! she thought as he went on to greet Sir Harry.

And with Sir Harry he remained a minute or two. On such an occasion as this Sir Harry was all smiles, and quite willing to hear a little town gossip. "Come with the Allinghams, have you? I'm told Allingham has just sold all his horses. What's the meaning of that?"

"The old story, Sir Harry. He has weeded his stable, and got the buyers to think that they were getting the cream. There isn't a man in England knows better what he's about than Allingham."

Sir Harry smiled his sweetest, and answered with some good-humored remark, but he said in his heart that "birds of a feather flock together," and that his cousin was—not a man of honor.

There are some things that no rogue can do. He can understand what it is to condemn roguery, to avoid it, to dislike it, to disbelieve in it; but he cannot understand what it is to hate it. Cousin George had probably exaggerated the transaction of which he had spoken, but he had little thought that in doing so he had helped to imbue Sir Harry with a true idea of his own character.

George passed on and saw his cousin, who was now standing up with a foreign ambassador. He just spoke to her as he passed her, calling her by her Christian name as he did so. She gave him her hand ever so graciously; and he, when he had gone on, returned and asked her to name a dance.

"But I don't think I've one left that I mean to dance," she said.

"Then give me one that you don't mean to dance," he answered. And of course she gave it to him.

It was an hour afterward that he came to claim her promise, and she put her arm through his and stood up with him. There was no talk then of her not dancing, and she went whirling round the room with him in great bliss. Cousin George waltzed well. All such men do. It is a part of their stock-in-trade. On this evening Emily Hotspur thought that he waltzed better than any one else, and told him so. "Another turn? Of course I will with you, because you know what you're about."

"I'd blush if I'd time," said he.

"A great many gentlemen ought to blush, I know. That prince—whose name I always forget—and you are the only men in the room who dance well, according to my ideas."

Then off they went again, and Emily was very happy. He could at least dance well: there could be no reason why he should not enjoy dancing well, since he had been considered to be white enough to be asked to the ball.

But with George there was present at every turn and twist of the dance an idea that he was there for other work than that. He was hunting a head of game after which there would be many hunters. He had his advantages, and so would they have theirs. One of his was this—that he had her there with him now, and he must use it. She would not fall into his mouth merely by being whirled round the room pleasantly. At last she was still, and consented to take a walk with him out of the room—somewhere out amidst the crowd on the staircase if possible, so as to get a breath of fresh air. Of course he soon had her jammed into a corner out of which there was no immediate mode of escape.

"We shall never get away again," she said, laughing. Had she wanted to get away her tone and manner would have been very different.

"I wonder whether you feel yourself to be the same sort of person here that you are at Humblethwaite?" he said.

"Exactly the same."

"To me you seem to be so different."

"In what way?"

"I don't think you are half so nice."

"How very unkind!"

Of course she was flattered. Of all flattery, praise is the coarsest and least efficacious. When you would flatter a man, talk to him about himself and criticise him, pulling him to pieces by comparison of some small present fault with his past conduct; and the rule holds the same with a woman. To tell her that she looks well is feeble work; but complain to her woefully that there is something wanting at the present moment, something lacking from the usual high standard, some temporary loss of beauty, and your solicitude will prevail with her.

"And in what am I not nice? I am sure I'm trying to be as nice as I know how."

"Down at Humblethwaite you are simply yourself—Emily Hotspur."

"And what am I here?"

"That formidable thing—a success. Don't you feel yourself that you are lifted a little off your legs?"

"Not a bit — not an inch. Why should I?"

"I fail to make you understand quite what I mean. Don't you feel that with all these princes and potentates you are forced to be something else than your natural self? Don't you know that you have to put on a special manner and to talk in a special way? Does not the champagne fly to your head, more or less?"

"Of course the princes and potentates are not the same as old Mrs. Crutchley, if you mean that."

"I am not blaming you, you know, only I cannot help being very anxious; and I found you so perfect at Humblethwaite that I cannot say that I like any change. You know I am to come to Humblethwaite again?"

"Of course you are."

"You go down next month, I believe?"

"Papa talks of going to Scarrowby for a few weeks. He always does every year, and it is so dull. Did you ever see Scarrowby?"

"Never."

"You ought to come there some day:

you know one branch of the Hotspurs did live there for ever so long."

"Is it a good house?"

"Very bad indeed, but there are enormous woods, and the country is very wild, and everything is at sixes and sevens. However, of course you would not come, because it is in the middle of your London season. There would be ever so many things to keep you. You are a man who, I suppose, never was out of London in your life, unless some race-meeting was going on."

"Do you really take me for such as that, Emily?"

"Yes, I do. That is what they tell me you are. Is it not true? Don't you go to races?"

"I should be quite willing to undertake never to put my foot on a race-course again this month. I will do so now if you will only ask it of me."

She paused a moment, half thinking that she would ask it, but at last she determined against it.

"No," she said: "if you think it proper to stay away, you can do so without my asking it. I have no right to make such a request. If you think races are bad, why don't you stay away of your own accord?"

"They are bad," he said.

"Then why do you go to them?"

"They are bad, and I do go to them. They are very bad, and I go to them very often. But I will stay away and never put my foot on another race-course if you, my cousin, will ask me."

"That is nonsense."

"Try me. It shall not be nonsense. If you care enough about me to wish to save me from what is evil, you can do it. I care enough about you to give up the pursuit at your bidding."

As he said this he looked down into her eyes, and she knew that the full weight of his gaze was upon her. She knew that his words and his look together were intended to impress her with some feeling of his love for her. She knew at the moment, too, that they gratified her. And she remembered also in the same moment that her cousin George was a black sheep.

"If you cannot refrain from what is bad without my asking you," she said, "your refraining will do no good."

He was making her some answer when she insisted on being taken away. "I must get into the dancing-room: I must, indeed, George. I have already thrust over some poor wretch. No, not yet, I see, however: I was not engaged for the quadrille; but I must go and look after the people."

He led her back through the crowd, and as he did so he perceived that Sir Harry's eyes were fixed upon him. He did not much care for that. If he could carry his cousin Emily, he thought that he might carry the baronet also.

He could not get any special word with her again that night. He asked her for another dance, but she would not grant it to him. "You forget the princes and potentates to whom I have to attend," she said to him, quoting his own words.

He did not blame her, even to himself; judging by the importance which he attached to every word of private conversation which he could have with her that she found it to be equally important. It was something gained that she should know that he was thinking of her. He could not be to her now like any cousin, or any other man with whom she might dance three or four times without meaning anything. As he was aware of it, so must she be; and he was glad that she should feel that it was so.

"Emily tells me that you are going to Scarrowby next month," he said afterward to Sir Harry.

Sir Harry frowned, and answered him very shortly: "Yes, we shall go there in June."

"Is it a large place?"

"Large? How do you mean? It is a good property."

"But the house?"

"The house is quite large enough for us," said Sir Harry; "but we do not have company there."

This was said in a very cold tone, and there was nothing more to be added. George, to do him justice, had not been

fishing for an invitation to Scarrowby. He had simply been making conversation with the baronet. It would not have suited him to go to Scarrowby, because by doing so he would have lost the power of renewing his visit to Humblethwaite. But Sir Harry in this interview had been so very ungracious—and as George knew very well because of the scene in the corner—that there might be a doubt whether he would ever get to Humblethwaite at all. If he failed, however, it should not be for the want of audacity on his own part.

But, in truth, Sir Harry's blackness was still the result of vacillation. Though he would fain redeem this prodigal if it were possible, and give him everything that was to be given, yet when he saw the prodigal attempting to help himself to the good things, his wrath was aroused. George Hotspur, as he betook himself from Bruton street to such other amusements as were at his command, meditated much over his position. He thought he could give up the race-courses, but at any rate he could say that he would give them up.

A GLIMPSE OF SAN FRANCISCO.

WE could hardly realize that we were still in the United States, the whole surroundings were so unfamiliar. Chests of tea covered with hieroglyphics, piles of curious-shaped and colored garments, formed a fitting background for the noiseless movements of the attendants as they went about their work. The atmosphere was heavy with opium smoke, rising in curling clouds from the tiny pipes held by two impassive figures seated on either side of the little table, which held the inevitable burning lamp and the tiny transparent cups to be found in every Chinese domicile. Mr. Choy Chew himself, a courteous, agreeable gentleman, seemed a vision, the creature of Dreamland, as he sat perched up on a high stool opposite our party. His smooth face, shaven head and pigtail, the dark blue color and curious fashioning of his broadcloth "blouse," and, above all, his restless, gleaming black eyes, were in marked contrast to the familiar appearance of the gentlemen of our party, with their bearded faces, closely-cut hair and American style of dress.

It was hard to shake off the feeling that this was but a vision of Shadowland. We looked out of the windows,

but gained no help there, for the street was full of quickly-moving figures clad in the same odd attire, with their boat-shaped shoes, walking noiselessly up and down, intent on their own affairs.

We could but turn our eyes inward once more, and wonder if our ears heard aright the well-spoken English in which Mr. Choy Chew was chatting, interrupting his talk with us to give an occasional direction to the busy clerks, who transacted business, gave orders, wrote in the huge ledgers, and watched us all the while with unconcealed amusement and interest.

The two smokers puffed placidly on, the light before the tiny idol burned steadily, the atmosphere grew dreamier and dreamier—civilization, progress, rush, hurry, bustle, whirl, all seemed things of the far past. It *could* not be that we were still a portion of the great Yankee nation—still under the beneficent rule of the warrior President. We looked over at the municipal authority vested in our pleasant traveling companion, the mayor of O—, and tried, like the famous old woman in *Mother Goose*, to settle our own identity.

At a few words—all tang and chang and yang, except those that were ski

and chi—an oldish Chinaman handed to us, on a tea-box lid, some curious dried, brown objects, not unlike black walnuts in appearance. Following Mr. Choy Chew's example, and crushing them between our fingers, there developed an inner kernel, resembling a dried prune in looks and taste. These, we were informed, were a species of Chinese fruit. Our host then wrote for us on Chinese paper his name and address in English and Chinese, using a camel's-hair brush and India ink, and writing (or painting would be a more applicable term) with as great rapidity as though the best Gillott pen and writing fluid were his implements.

The evening previous to this visit, while prowling around Sacramento street, and watching the curious Celestials in their every-day life, our attention was attracted by a singular arrangement on a doorstep, and we stooped for a nearer view. Nine tiny lights were arranged after this fashion,

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upon the two ends and in the middle of the door-stone. While pondering and commenting, the door suddenly opened, disclosing a Chinaman with a bowl containing ashes and fire in one hand, in the other a huge wisp of burning scented paper. This he waved over the tiny lights, performed some rapid hocus pocus, *bumped his head on the door-sill*, and vanished, the door closing with the same quiet celerity which marked its opening. The lights burned brighter, and save for that no token remained of this performance. We looked at each other more bewildered than before, and took up our line of progress in a dazed manner, mentally querying whether we had not been unconsciously dropped into some strange land, and not quite recovering our equanimity until some distance lay between us and the scene which so puzzled us.

With this occurrence vividly before us, we queried of Mr. Choy Chew as to what it might mean. He told us that their people worship the moon; that once a year, when the moon is "at its bigness and roundest," they "make hol-

iday;" and that evening had been the fullness of the harvest moon; so their people had celebrated it, and the performance we had witnessed was a burning of incense in honor of pale Cynthia. We then inquired if strangers would be allowed to visit the Chinese temples, and were told they had no temples in America, but only miserable little "joss-houses," where we would find not much to interest. If, however, we would take the trouble to go, there was one up a court just above Stockton street. And so we made our adieux, exchanging shakes of the hand with one after another who came forward smiling effusively, and departed to find the "joss-house." On the way we meet How Yang, an acquaintance made the day before, and under his guidance we proceeded to the court, into a little house, up stairs to a back room, entering through a small ante-room; and here we found "Joss." So far as we could learn, "Joss" is a corruption of the Spanish "Dios," and stands as a generic term for gods. The worship we saw, and that which is generally performed, seems to be of an appeasing nature. The evil spirits are those who are worshiped—those who will do harm if not conciliated by offerings and incense-burnings and genuflections. The room was a small one: an oldish and exceedingly dirty "Chinee" (California vernacular) was clearing up generally, making the toilet of the excessively ugly and saturnine-looking idolship that sat in the centre of a long, low table covered with cloths stiff with quaint embroideries. A large china bowl, very similar to a mammoth punch-bowl, was filled with ashes, in which were "joss-sticks" burning slowly, and filling the air with their heavy, incense-like perfume. Round the room, in every possible place, hung strips of paper, of that red color so well known to us all on the outside of packs of fire-crackers, and covered with apparently identical characters. These are the *prayers*, written out and pinned up in quantities. In one corner stood an uncouth representation of a tiger, the jaws widely distended and stuffed full of

comestibles; rats and raw meat seeming to hold the chief place. This is to provide against probable hunger on the part of Mr. Tiger, and possible devouring of humanity. But for the all-pervading perfumed smoke from the burning "joss-sticks," the air of the room would have been unbearable. Outside the door, in the little ante-room, was another bowl, also stuck full of burning sticks.

We were told that at certain seasons this room is filled to overflowing with the articles of food brought and offered to their idols.

All the intelligent Chinamen we met deprecated our intention of going to see the "joss-house," saying it was not worth while; that they had no place of worship in this country; that what were here were only temporary substitutes. The men do not seem reverent. How Yang, we noticed, looked round the place with even more carelessness than we did, and seemed to feel utterly indifferent, and certainly was or pretended to be entirely ignorant as to the name and title of the presiding deity, and could not or would not answer any of our numerous questions.

We have since seen it stated that the women among the Chinese, as in most communities, are the devout worshippers; and we have also heard that they are impelled to extra exertion in the matter by the fond belief that in the future condition the most religious will be elevated from feminine inferiority to masculine superiority—a belief, which, as the Chinese have very little respect for women, and treat them with neglect and contumely, gives great comfort—a comfort that possibly some of our strong-minded sisters might like to share, for doubtless it would afford huge satisfaction to those who struggle and strive after unattainable masculine prerogatives here to know that in a future state these will all be theirs of right and title.

We inquired closely of various residents of San Francisco who employ "Chinee" servants as to their qualifications and the satisfaction they give. In all cases the answers were favorable.

They are docile, quick, honest and *reliable*. O Biddy-ridden housekeepers! can it be that a day of deliverance is dawning? Did ever Norah or Biddy prove at once quick to learn and docile, honest and thoroughly *reliable*? Chinamen, however, are not remarkably *cleanly*, though they can be made so, but of themselves do not care for cleanliness. Neither godliness nor its next virtue has had any power over them. A friend told us that for delicious cooking she would put a Chinese cook foremost. One peculiarity is, that owing to the national low estimate of women, it promotes comfort to have many of the necessary orders promulgated directly from the gentleman of the household. A rather amusing incident came to our notice, illustrative of the difference it makes how one looks at a thing. One lady remarked in a most emphatic way that one thing she would *not* permit, and that was to allow her Chinese cook to wear his queue *down his back* while about her premises. She had, after much difficulty, succeeded in obliging "John" to keep his queue bound around his head, and was triumphant. Another lady, *à propos* to the same subject, remarked that there was *one* thing persons employing Chinese servants ought to be most particular about: that it was a sign of intense disrespect and contempt when a Chinaman wore his pigtail wrapped round his head, and *never* should this be allowed by a mistress! "Where ignorance is bliss" probably applied in the first case; but the lady's self-gratulation on her success was extremely comical to us when we had the "cue" to the arrangement of the queue.

In laundry-work these people excel: we watched them quite frequently, and saw that in this worrisome portion of domestic labor they were most competent. They do most of the washing and ironing for San Francisco—do them cheaply (according to California rates) and well. To be sure, their mode of sprinkling is *unique*, and not quite pleasant to think about, but it is thoroughly successful as to results. We

stopped one morning at Ho Lun's establishment. With the uniform good-humor that greeted all our prying, the busy ironers looked up, nodded and smiled, "How do?" "Walk in," and went on assiduously with the piece in hand, evidently appreciating that we were "lookers-on in Vienna." A large bowl of water stood beside the iron: the ironer stooped his face down into it, taking up a mouthful of water, and by the action of the tongue against the teeth ejected it in a fine spray like mist equally over the article to be sprinkled. Two mouthfuls thoroughly and uniformly dampened the piece, and then he commenced to iron. Comment is unnecessary.

We were told that in San Francisco alone there are fifty thousand Chinamen. So far as we could learn, they are among the quietest and most moral of citizens. "Chinatown" had a great fascination for us, and we roamed through its boundaries at all hours of the day and evening, eagerly interested in observing these people, who will be, we feel assured, a power among the nations of the earth of no slight or mean force. Their educated men are scholars of great attainment: two or three of the leading merchants, with whom we conversed, told us that in addition to speaking English and Chinese, they could converse in French, Spanish and German. These, we must remember, are *business-men*, not students.

One peculiarity we noticed was the lack of children in Chinatown. We only saw two in all our wanderings: one mite of a Chinaman, looking like his father viewed through the wrong end of an opera-glass, with shaven front and pigtail complete, save that the short braid of hair was eked out by strands of red silk, was very amusing. He applied to one of the gentlemen who was enticing him into conversation for a "bit." "You are not a good boy—I can't give you a 'bit'!" was the teasing rejoinder. "China boy velly good, Mellican boy no good, Mellican *man* no good—got no pigtail. China boy got good pigtail," was his instantaneously

indignant reply, and won for him his coveted "bit."

On Sundays this portion of the city is alive: the barber-shops are crowded with customers waiting their turn to be freshly shaven and to have their queues rebraided. The gambling-houses, whose name is legion, overflow: the dreary squeak of the so-called music resounds on every side. In many shops and workrooms labor is going on: shoemaking, cigar-rolling and similar avocations are being pursued. It is a busy, bustling scene, and more than ever makes one feel that he is away from home. Ringing incessantly in our ears during our walks among this people was a verse well known in childhood, but scarcely thought of since:

"I thank the goodness and the grace
Which on my birth have smiled,
And made me in this blessed land
A happy Christian child."

We could not but feel, as we wandered and looked and listened, that here, to our very doors, is being brought a solution of the vexed problem of cheap labor; that here is to be found relief for our overburdened housekeepers; that here is one way to help Christianize that mass of idol-worshiping humanity, a nation of four hundred millions of people bowing down to gods of wood and stone.

As for the servant question, what we most want is *reliability*. In the Chinese character this is a very marked feature: we were told that as nurses, they were admirable, faithful, affectionate and careful, thoroughly trustworthy. They learn with great quickness, and *once* shown how to do a thing, repeat it *ad infinitum* with complete exactness. O long-enduring, much-put-upon housekeeper, in these days of incompetent help! does not this sound with infinite sweetness in your weary ears?

But although of absorbing interest, Chinatown and its inhabitants could not occupy all our time; and as Memory glances backward over the many bright remembrances of California gala-days, none stands out in more vivid brightness than the one occupied in an ex-

cursion by rail round the Bay of San Francisco.

A wise one has said, "It is better to be born lucky than rich." Surely we all came under the head of lucky who were invited guests upon the grand excursion given to the Grand Lodge of Odd Fellows. It was one of the usual magnificent mornings that those fortunate Californians can always count on during the dry seasons, when a boat-load of us was emptied into the special train awaiting us at Alameda. Over three hundred good-humored, good-natured people were carried off, bound on getting all the delights possible out of the day. Through countless vineyards, beside innumerable orchards, past enormous wheat-fields, all betokening plentiful prosperity, merrily jolted the train until it drew up at San José. Here carriages in profusion denoted expectant hosts, and a transfer from cars to coaches was quickly made: a short drive through this quaint old Spanish town brought the party to the theatre, into which all were escorted, and found a bountiful and gorgeous collation spread before them. In addition to all needful substantial and solid *pièces de résistance*, at short distances were huge trays heaped and piled with fruits. Immense apples (of the kind that requires two apple pies to exhaust the capabilities of one apple), pears of choicest varieties and most enormous growth, plums, green-gages, apricots, nectarines, ripe and dried figs, and, crowning and exceeding all, the grapes—white and black, golden brown and faint yellow, Black Hamburg, Pale Tokay, Rose of Peru, and, best of all in our judgment, the queen of the vines, the translucent, pure, delicious White Muscat. It reminded one of the ancient days when the Goddess of Plenty in person visited the earth, and we felt sure Ceres' horn itself could have brought forth naught more magnificently and abundantly plentiful. But the day was fleeting, and word came to fall in again, and ere many minutes the train of carriages was whirling up the valley to Santa Clara. Along under a double row of trees,

interlaced and intertwined till a complete canopy was formed over the road; past old Spanish mansions, by new "ranches" and beautiful country-seats, for four miles of fresh beauty and constant novelty we drove, and came to the little town of Santa Clara, where the train was patiently waiting. Another ride of twenty-five miles through the valley, with new prospects and fresh delights, to Menlo Park Station, where more carriages invite another change.

This time we find ourselves driven into the park of a private gentleman, past the herd of antelopes, up the approach to the hall door, which stands invitingly open. The three hundred guests scatter around the lawn and pleasure-grounds, or walk into the drawing-rooms, parlor and billiard-room, where all are most welcome. The ladies are urged to ascend and see for themselves the arrangements above stairs. They find on the first floor eleven exquisitely decorated and furnished bed-rooms, all entirely different. In one room down stairs a large mantel mirror presents a sad appearance, for it is cracked and seamed from top to bottom. Inquiry elicits that this is the result of last year's earthquake, and some of the fearful souls congratulate themselves that they live in colder, calmer climes, where earthquakes are unknown. This gorgeous mansion belongs, we regret to have to say it, to a—*bachelor*, who also possesses a house in town!

Once more, however, the carriages are filled up, and a couple of miles of riding brings us to another elegant place, through whose gates we are whisked, and find on alighting a benevolent, handsome gentleman, who says, "Ladies and gentlemen, you are welcome. Walk into the orchard and help yourselves: eat all you can, and carry away all you can, too." With which all-embracing invitation we do walk in, and stand wellnigh bewildered with an "*embarras des richesses*." Beside the main walk stand boxes heaped with picked apples and pears, while on every side are trees loaded down with fruits innumerable—tons and tons and tons,

apparently. Apples, peaches, pears, quinces, plums, apricots, nectarines, grapes abundant and nameless: almonds, English and black walnuts, ground-nuts, figs, *squashes*, pumpkins and melons meet the eye on every side.

Mr. Atherton's generous and hospitable invitation was literally carried out. Everybody was eating fruit, and filling pockets and hats and handkerchiefs gleefully—picking up an enormous pear, only to drop it for a still huger specimen. It was a scene to be remembered. But there were more pleasures yet in store, and again the cavalcade was set in motion, this time proceeding to the country-house of Mr. Selby, mayor elect of San Francisco. Here was another open orchard and more fruit: here also our own immediate party encountered a friend, who insisted upon taking us to the house and introducing us to the ladies. We found a fine table spread with fruit and cake and California wines, as well as French liqueurs, and were all made charmingly welcome by the hostess and the three unusually pretty girls who were her guests. A little later and we were once more on the train, which stopped for the last time about twenty miles from San Francisco—at Mr. Hayward's fine establishment. Here the great attraction lay in the flowers, which abounded in endless profusion and glory beyond our capacity to describe. All manner of hot-house beauties here flourish through the whole year in constantly repeating magnificence. Somebody near us remarked, "Well, if I had a place like this, I never should *want* to go to heaven!" Another feature of this place is the stable, built of California woods at a cost of twenty-five thousand dollars. It is a pattern for beauty and elegance. The stalls and interior woodwork are of California laurel, paneled with red-wood. The cases provided for the harness, whips, etc., have plate-glass fronts in solid sheets, worthy any elegant library. The income of the

owner of all this being forty thousand dollars per month in gold, he has ample margin for indulgence in even more extraordinary freaks.

But this long and uniquely delightful day was fast approaching its close, and once more the train moved on, landing the party very soon in San Francisco again, with food enough for pleasant memories for many days to come.

We think California may be called the land of paradoxes. The summer-time has colder weather than the winter, flowers of the choicest, tenderest varieties grow out of doors all the year, and San Francisco gardens are radiant all the time with newly-recurring beauty. Yet for twenty miles around the city it is "too cold to raise grapes." Each month has its strawberry crop, and in each month fires are necessary and warm wraps needed. Yet there is a *something* delicious and fascinating about the climate and in the surroundings of San Francisco; and we were nearly ready to acquiesce in the positive assertion of some friends, that *there*, and nowhere else, was situated the original garden of Eden. Whatever claims the Euphrates *might* have had, they were overshadowed and effectually extinguished by the superior glories of the Sacramento. The blight which one often sees covering the beauties and glories of Nature seemed wanting there. The fruit was all speckless, the pears and apples entirely free from worms: it *did* seem as though the flaw which we find in everything mundane had not reached these Western shores.

One thing was delightful to eyes used to the aspect of affairs in the Eastern cities—the large preponderance of *men* in the streets and all public places. About six to one woman we should judge was the average proportion. Think of that with envy, ye who are denizens of a city where the feminine population is thirty-five thousand more than the male!

A. M.

THE COMING MAN.

THE Coming Man is evidently a woman. This is so apparent that it requires no argument to prove it. We are now in the transition state: the man with female characteristics is in the ascendant. The magnanimity of the warrior, who, having fought his fight, is ready to forget and forgive, finds but few representatives among the foremost heroes of Reconstruction. The "scolding" is endless. It is in this tone States are admitted and the "Alabama" claims discussed. All the past is raked up, every grievance dwelt upon and exaggerated, and the manly demand for redress frittered away in incoherent lamentations. The more that is yielded the larger is the demand. Nothing definite is asked for, no settled policy pursued, but everything resolves itself into a feeling of discontent, ill-defined and presenting no remedy. This is feminine.

That women should vote and should rule is so clear a proposition that our only surprise now is, that it was ever doubted. It is an evidence of the effeminacy of the men that it ever was doubted. The truly masculine man—the man in whom the male element preponderates—never did doubt it. Adam, who was not of the seed of woman, and therefore was the most purely masculine man that ever existed, at once on the creation of Eve recognized her right to govern. Although threatened with the most frightful penalty if he ate the fruit of a particular tree, yet no sooner was it offered him by Eve than he ate it at once. The idea of resisting never appears to have entered his mind. In fact, when reproached for it, he answered that the woman gave it to him, as if that was an entire justification. Probably to the end of his life, which was an extended one, he never attempted to rule, except, perhaps, over the beasts of the field.

The descendants of Adam, being

equally the descendants of Eve, partook of the nature of both parents, and here the real trouble commenced. The sons, not being of Adam alone, but having the female element, desired to govern, and the daughters, having the same element, refused to be governed. This strife, therefore, among those who ought properly to be called the descendants of Eve, has been going on ever since. The more of the old Adam there was in a man, the more easily was he led; and in proportion as the female element was in the ascendant, the difficulty increased. The ancients were not blind to this. Their mythology even was full of it. The most manly of the gods, Jupiter and Mars, were the most henpecked; while even human beings like Adonis made the greatest goddesses subservient. They had the female element in a higher degree than the female sex.

Look at ancient history. Socrates, Pompey, Anthony, philosophers and generals, all yielded to the female influence; while wretches like Nero, who were always trying to murder their mothers and wives, had none of what we would call the manly nature.

Nearer our own day the great duke of Marlborough, who never yielded to his enemies, always yielded to his wife; and England's greatest sailor, Nelson, was ruled by a woman—unfortunately not bearing the same relation to him.

All these instances tend to show that the real male element always yields to the female. In allowing women, therefore, to govern, they will not take the place of the man proper, who, in our country especially, is of very small account, but of the female man, or hermaphrodite. Our change of rulers would therefore be more in name than in anything else.

The mistake in all this female movement is—and it shows the want of the logical element so characteristic of the sex—that it does not provide for the

disfranchisement of man. Man has no right to govern or to partake of the governing powers. No true government, such as we desire to see, can be established as long as it has that element of weakness. Man is a logical being, relying more on reason than feeling, and allowing himself to be trammelled by precedents and governed by general laws. From this weakness woman is free. Instinct has been defined to be God's reason, and therefore much higher than man's reason. The animals therefore sometimes act in a manner that we cannot understand: so do women. Their fine nature sees in what we with our grosser conceptions call prejudice, passion and injustice, the true considerations which should enter into the government of the world. We can no more rule in company with them than we can with the angels. Our theories of government would be as diverse as the poles. Man is incapable of getting along by himself: that experiment has failed. Eden even was not a place for him; so that there will never be any peace in the world until man takes his true position of subjection.

Women are admirably adapted to political life. All free governments are carried on by parties, to one or the other of which every one, if he wishes to be of any weight, must ally himself. To the masculine man this is a great vexation of spirit. He has his own views: he sometimes differs from, he sometimes agrees with, his party; but for this there is no provision. He must take his party for better or worse, and to divorce himself from incompatibility is as great a reproach as if he left his wife for the same reason. To the woman this is no objection: it is the attraction of party. She would stick to it with the same tenacity with which she clings to her friends: the viler it was, only the more closely would she adhere: not like a man, who would often see the vileness, and still for base motives cling to it—she never could be made to see that it was vile or bad, but having adopted it, would invest it with a halo that no earthly power could

dim. Reason is powerless if you won't listen to it: facts are stubborn, but not so stubborn as a woman; so that by none of the accepted modes of conversion could you ever hope to change a woman from the party which she had once adopted. This would make government stable. The great curse of our government is, not that we have a high tariff or a low tariff, but that one day it is high and another day it is low; not that Democrats or Republicans are in power, but that when one goes out and the other comes in, all those who have acquired a little skill in administering their small functions as clerks or letter-carriers are turned out. The policeman that knew me now knows me no more; the guardians of the Treasury require me to be vouched for, and the new alderman is as likely to commit me as to commit himself. This is an evil and an inconvenience to me personally, as well as to the public.

Now it would be better for us all that a party once being in power should remain there, if a good stiff opposition could be maintained against it to keep it in order. This is another function eminently suited to woman. She knows no compromise, recognizes no defeat: to her there is no "lost cause:" that is an invention of masculine practicability. She would fight to the last, and the less the chance of victory, the more she would enjoy it. We have therefore in woman the two great qualities so essential in a free government—devotion to party and resistance to party.

No time was ever so propitious for the change as now. In earlier times, in our country, woman really had so much to do that she had not more than leisure to govern her husband. He cultivated the soil in summer, and after splitting the winter's wood devoted himself to making laws. She, with nursing, and cooking, and washing, had no idle time to spare to the public. Help of any kind was rare, and the Chinaman was not dreamed of. In fact, history, as then generally received, rather gave the impression that an Asiatic would be more likely to eat a baby than to

nurse it. His abnormal diet was the subject of illustration in all children's books. Neither was science sufficiently advanced at that time. Liebig had not invented his substitute for the nourishment furnished by the mother, and day nurseries were not even in their infancy. The necessity of population was urgent, and a plentiful household was as much a subject of honest pride as a plentiful board.

But really, laying aside the mere sentimentality of the thing, and overcoming the prejudices of defective education, this all now appears very absurd. That the finest part of God's creation should be wasting their lives in the nourishment and education of children, and in cultivating what are called the "domestic virtues and the charities of life," when they might be serving the country as policemen, or aldermen, or common-council men, or even as members of the legislature, is a reproach to the civilization of the nineteenth century. A Chinaman can be delivered at any point on the Atlantic coast at a much less cost than a baby. He becomes immediately useful, and the long years of unrequited expense are spared. Therefore, as a mere question of economy, immigration should be at least the main reliance for the population of our country. The other system, adopted at a very early day, was persisted in simply because it was the only one practicable. No country save our own has ever had the opportunity to dispense with it. The great principle of Free Trade, "that you should buy in the cheapest and sell in the dearest market," is as applicable to babies as to anything. Why produce a baby when you can obtain a man at less cost? This production should therefore cease at once, and our women would be able without delay to take the place that God and Nature intended.

The employment of women in political life would solve another problem in social science. The great difficulty has been to obtain occupation for women of immoral character. Philanthropy has reformed them and fattened them,

but there still lingers a prejudice against introducing them into the social circle on terms of equality. But in political life want of moral character is no drawback. Our country is so vast that it can always supply a territory suited to the moral obliquity of the person who is to govern it, if it should exceed the standard of our Eastern cities. Europe too presents a vast field for their employment, for if not convicted of felony, international law does not prevent their representing us at any foreign court. So that there is scarcely a point of view from which the subject can be looked at that it does not present new and desirable attractions.

Our civil and criminal code would perhaps require some modification, that the rights of the males might be better secured, although the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals" would probably mitigate to some degree the female tendency to abuse of power. It would be simply just, for instance, that a man should be allowed to hold property in his own name, and to go into business if he were single. He ought also, in case of separation, to have the care of the children under three years of age. Their future should not be allowed to depend upon the vicissitudes of the wife's business, and the husband should have some allowance for his support while they were undergoing the painful process of dentition. It would be unjust that a man should nurse the children during this critical period and be expected to support himself at the same time. No woman should be allowed to go on a foreign mission without making provision for the support of her husband during her absence. This would be a precaution necessary to the public welfare. The salaries of the foreign missions, although not large, are quite sufficient to give a woman a very competent support, and it would be an outrage to compel the husband to support himself by sewing or washing while his wife was living in the lap of luxury abroad. The "Song of the Shirt" would be a faint picture of suffering compared with the "Song of the

Chemise" when its manufacture was entrusted to male hands.

The employment of young men in the same establishment with young women should be forbidden by law. There is a certain amount of temptation and exposure to which a man must be subjected, but there is no use of unnecessarily exposing him to demoralizing influences when young. The happiness of society will depend upon the virtue of the men. Their domestic qualities will adorn the fireside, and their example teach their children all the Christian graces. If they are to be subjected to association with coarse women and bold, unmannerly girls during their very tender years, what is to become of us? We will have the shocking sight of men cultivating all the vices of women—the profane oath, the unseemly jest, the vacant laugh. We will have men smoking and chewing and drinking, and learning all the other vices of the female pothouse politician.

These are all matters of detail for the consideration of future female deliberative assemblies, but, as "Rights of

Man," they should be secured to us beyond peradventure.

There is an eminent propriety in this woman's movement originating in America; not only because we are less bound than other nations by usages which have no merit except that of antiquity, nor because Freedom and Equality have always been our watchwords and are now our practice, but because women's rights were recognized here when the country was first discovered. The American Indian has always acknowledged woman's right to labor. Every career which in her narrow circle could be obtained for her was opened. No species of labor, however arduous, was denied her. The warrior, in fact, rarely entrenched upon her privileges. While she labored he slept; when he had killed the game she bore it home on her shoulders; so that life then presented a happy picture of the most advanced theories of woman's rights. Let us no longer, then, live under the reproach of being worse than savages, but let us yield gracefully to what is so evidently our manifest destiny.

CRAIG BIDDLE.

OUR JUDICIARY.

IT is not very many years since a discussion of the framework of our judicial system would have been thought appropriate only to the pages of some legal journal or to the sessions of a legislative committee. Of late, however, a strong feeling has grown up that the subject is too important to the general community to be abandoned to either lawyers or committee-men; and this feeling has apparently by no means reached the full limit of its progress. Underlying this feeling, and giving it both character and power, is the uneasy sense common to thinking men of all shades of political creeds that the

principles of republican government are not yet *quite* perfect, and that the right of unlimited suffrage may not be the pure, unmixed blessing our ancestors thought it. It would be idle, however, to assign either of these feelings as the proximate cause of the discontent of the people of the Eastern States—and more particularly of New York and Pennsylvania—with their respective judiciaries. To neither the importance of the subject nor the views of the thinking men of the community can be traced the prevailing belief that our judicial system requires a speedy and radical reformation.

It is at once unpleasant and difficult to speak plainly upon such a topic, and nothing can be more unjustifiable than sweeping and excited attacks upon the character of a body whose influence and power as a part of the governmental machinery largely depend upon the respect in which it is held by the people. We do not know how degraded may be the condition of the present New York judiciary, but it must be bad indeed to justify, or even excuse, such an article as appeared quite recently in one of the leading weekly journals of New York, entitled "A Proposed Remedy for Judicial Corruption." The curious incompetency of the remedy proposed in that article would seem to indicate that the writer was unacquainted with his subject, and the violence of the invective makes us fear some little exaggeration of the facts upon which the charge rests. It is true, nevertheless, and must needs be stated without euphemism, that our judiciary is inefficient and in a certain sense corrupt, and that in the dawning recognition of the fact we must find the cause of the belief we have referred to. We must not be understood, however, as meaning that the Bench is debauched and liable to be bought and sold. That there are some judges who wear their ermine sadly stained is probably true, but it may be doubted whether there are many such even in New York, and there are but two of the fifty-odd judges in Pennsylvania who have suffered from any real imputation upon their uprightness. The corruption that does exist is of another sort, and, although criminal enough, is not so bad as the prostitution of the office for bribes and political power. There are, in fact, two kinds of dishonesty—the one being simply an incapacity to look at any subject with absolute fairness—the tendency to consider the result of a decision, as affecting the position and reputation of the man who makes it; and it is this dishonest-mindedness that is the most general form of corruption, and this is alone what we care to discuss. A corrupt judge, in the ordinary sense, is a criminal, and it can hardly be said that

our judicial system directly produces such.

Unfortunately, the other form of dishonesty is almost a necessary consequence of the system adopted by most of the American States in the administration of their local jurisprudence. In the first place, it is part of the functions of every judge, even of the inferior courts—such as, for example, the court of common pleas of every district—to pass upon the validity of any statute whose constitutionality is denied in a cause before him. To enable him to consider with perfect fairness such a question is perhaps impossible. While men continue to be human it is hardly possible to expect them to rise entirely above personal interests, and decide cases in which they are parties with entire impartiality. The more firmly knit are his political ties, the more liable is a judge to be, consciously or unconsciously, bound by them. Yet, instead of being placed beyond the necessity of entertaining political opinions or affiliations, he has obtained his position mainly, if not altogether, by their means. If he is appointed, it is from political reasons, or at least because he agrees politically with the appointing power. He is thus pledged to hold his bias to one side or the other. Wrongful as this is, it is far exceeded by the injustice of making him dependent in every sense of the word upon his political success for the position he holds. To be elected as the servant of a political party, for a short term, with the consciousness that a re-election depends upon his fidelity to the party to whom he owes his elevation, is to be subjected to influences the successful resistance of which demands heroic virtue. But this is not all. Lest anything should be lacking which might undermine his independence, he is allowed a mere pittance and denied the right to carry on any other business, so that his re-election may become a pecuniary necessity. To expect men to break such fetters and throw aside every thought of self and family, even the question of their future subsistence, is to demand of human na-

ture very much more than experience has ever warranted us in supposing human nature will give. That there are men—and not a few men—who have been great enough to withstand these influences and keep their integrity unstained, ought to convince the nation that the profession of the Bar holds a standard of honor it would be well to adopt elsewhere.

Another defect, and a most material one, in our present system is the lowness of the compensation given to judges. The use of a large salary is to attract men of the highest abilities, and to place them above the temptation of bribery. It may be a low view of morality, but it is an undisputably correct one, that a man with fifty thousand dollars a year is less likely to commit larceny than one with five thousand. We have ingeniously managed to place the salary at a figure so low that only a rich or a dishonest man can afford to accept a position on the Bench. A lawyer of medium ability and fair practice can earn a larger income by less work than a justice of the highest court of judicature in either New York or Pennsylvania. As a consequence, the Bar is abler than the Bench. The lawyers who are wealthy independently of professional work are by no means numerous, and in the nature of things are not apt to be distinguished above their brethren. Yet from them must the judiciary be selected, unless a much lower class—namely, the advocates who earn political notoriety and money at the sacrifice certainly of any professional training, and probably of their honesty also—is substituted.

Thus far, the evils of the system, at least as to their effect upon the integrity of the Bench, have been but partially felt in Pennsylvania, although in New York they have revealed themselves more fully. In the former State the elective judiciary has been in existence since 1851, before which year the judges held by the governor's commission and for life. Upon the adoption of the constitutional amendment of 1850, the public, unaccustomed to this new exercise

of power, elected two of the justices who had sat in the Supreme Court, and elected the judges for the Common Pleas from the former judges in most instances. In this way the State has escaped some of the evils of subjecting the judiciary to political control.

But while it is impossible to hope for an able and thoroughly reliable judiciary under the elective system, it cannot be denied that to a large extent the present evils existed under the old plan of appointing for life. The evils that are closing in upon us are far more terrible than the existing ones, but these latter have been intensified by the adoption of the elective system, not changed in kind. In particular is this true of the inefficiency of the judiciary. Some of the causes of this inefficiency have been already referred to—the connection with political matters, the shortness of the term, the insufficiency of the salaries. These causes, working in conjunction, have brought about a state of things by no means flattering to national pride. The utterances of the Bench fail to command the respect either of Bar or public. For advice upon any complicated or difficult question a man would not go to a judge if he were at the Bar; and the knowledge of this—that the best lawyers are not on the bench—begets a contempt on the part of every barrister for the judge before whom he argues or tries a case. Little if any confidence is placed by client or attorney in the decisions of the courts. The rapidity with which different sets of judges harnessed to opposing political party wheels follow each other puts any particular doctrine of the law in very much the position of the pea under the thimbles of a juggler in the interesting and well-known game of thimblery: "Now you see it!" "And now you don't!" The number of times that some doctrines have been promulgated, withdrawn, re-asserted, denied, affirmed, overruled and perhaps finally established, passes belief. Nor can any man say what case is to be next overruled. The work that is done when the court is politically divided, three on one side

and two on the other, is quickly undone when the odd man is thrown on the other side. These things have nothing to do with the purity of the judge. It is not in the hope of political preferment or advancement of any kind that the new majority is so eager to overturn the work of the last. They had political views before they were elected—they had prejudged the question, and the moment they possess the power they feel called upon to give effect to their "convictions."

It is monstrous to expect that the Bench shall present the best legal talent of the country so long as the position offers to that talent no attractions. A young man just called to the Bar is forced to choose two distinct paths open to him—the one to win the attention of the public, to watch the course of political affairs, to secure an office of some sort from which he may step to the Legislature, and thence to Congress and the full height of a professional politician. On the way up to that elevation, if an opportunity occurs, he seizes a judgeship: if he is dishonest, the place is remunerative and he keeps it: if he is honest, he leaves it with a title to his name, and *claims* upon a good many people to whom he has been of use. The other—and this is not the brightest path to most—is to devote himself mind and soul to the study of his profession—"to shun delight and love laborious days." If he succeeds, his reward is great. The position of a really able barrister in this country is a most enviable one. Why should he leave it? To struggle through a distasteful political contest for the sake of sitting for a few years with men of inferior minds; forced to work, if he is at all sensible of the obligations he has assumed, to the utmost of his powers; and, unless he has saved his professional earnings, to live with the strictest economy—why should he do these things? Now and then a man is found who will bear these sacrifices. For twenty years there sat in one of the courts of inferior jurisdiction in Pennsylvania a man whose opinions, by force of the intellect and learning they con-

tained, won their right to be quoted in the highest court of judicature in England. Had he sat upon an English bench, he would have been elevated years since to one of the highest courts, where, in the dignity and independence of assured wealth and position, he might pass the remainder of his life. In this enlightened republic his grateful countrymen, after a severe political struggle, have bestowed upon him the position of associate justice of the Supreme Court, with a salary of fifty-five hundred dollars per annum. This magnificent reward he is suffered to enjoy for fifteen years, at the cost of doing more work than a newspaper reporter. At the expiration of the term he retires penniless.

We have thus sketched the position of our judiciary, and, at the expense of some repetition, tried to point out the evils that attend upon it. It must not be forgotten that one fruitful source of the inefficiency of our judiciary is the fact that they have more work to do than can be done, and done well, by the same number of men, whatever their abilities. We need many more judges than we have, and a more minute subdivision of labor among them. That a judge shall hear causes in admiralty and bankruptcy, try revenue and criminal cases, sit as a chancellor and hear ejectment suits, is affording him scope for a variety of effort which might absorb the attention of any six ordinary human beings; and it is not to be greatly wondered at if he fails to give satisfaction in all the departments over which he presides. At the same time, the machinery for eliminating the disputed facts in a cause before it reaches the revisory court is clumsy and ill-adapted to its work, and the court of last resort, being immediately next in point of authority to the court where the cause arose, is overwhelmed with a class of cases which, if subjected to the scrutiny of an intermediate jurisdiction, would never reach it.

These, then, in brief are the evils:

Subjecting the judiciary to political influences, by either making it elective or having the terms of the judges for a

less period than for life; the effect of which is to embarrass men with the thought of what they shall do after their commissions have expired, thus tempting the dishonest to positive fraud, and affecting even the honest, to some extent, by the consciousness that their office is temporary.

Keeping the compensation at a figure so low that legitimate success at the Bar places the men who win it, and are presumptively the men who should be our judges, above the desire or willingness to accept places on the Bench.

Overcrowding the judges with too much and too many kinds of work.

That these evils are actual, and of the utmost conceivable importance, we shall not waste time in an unnecessary attempt to show. We have preferred stating the inefficiency of the Bench in general terms, rather than fill our pages with the all too convincing and numerous proofs, believing that the fact and the imperative necessity for immediate reform are thoroughly understood, although the causes themselves have been misunderstood. And this brings us to the remedy.

The article to which we alluded at the outset proposes to remedy the evil by the introduction of boards of arbitration in the various trades and lines of business, which shall supersede the judiciary. The suggestion, however, has no weight other than that derived from its appearance in a journal of deservedly high reputation. For, putting aside the obvious impracticability of referring all disputes in commercial matters to the final arbitration, on appeal, of a board consisting of the chairmen of the boards of all the particular trades or businesses—in which there would be from a hundred and fifty to three hundred judges, only two of whom would have any special knowledge of the "customs" governing the transaction they were to adjudicate upon—it will hardly be contended that the science of the law can be administered without the aid of those skilled in its principles. Representing judges as necessarily fools, and lawyers as knaves, was once a favorite

trick in low comedies, but is rather out of place in any rational discussion of the matter. At some stage in the line of appeals there must be a body of men skilled in jurisprudence and trained for their work. The utility of boards of arbitration when kept within their appropriate functions is not disputed. They do much to prevent litigation, and more to keep up a standard of decency amongst those whom they represent. Nor is there any reason why the primary reference of a large class of cases should not be to a committee of those engaged in the occupation of the disputants. Up to this point their introduction is desirable, but as a "substitute for the judiciary" in any general scheme of jurisprudence their effect would be frightful.

The author of the proposed remedy seems to have been horrified, and very rightly, at the decisions of the governmental officials in custom-house and internal-revenue cases. The difficulty with both these classes of cases has been, that the power of deciding has been left with those who were laymen and not lawyers, and the principle that merchants make better judges than lawyers is that upon which the two systems are based.

Fortunately, it is easy to discern what to do, if not to know the best method of accomplishing it.

It is needed to make a place on the Bench the prize for which every lawyer will work. To do this the place must be held for life, the salary must be large, the holding freed from all political ties. There must be a careful redistribution of the respective jurisdictions and a more minute division of labor. Above all, the judiciary must be constituted a class upon whom political changes can have no effect. To withdraw from it all constitutional questions is probably impossible, and the only avoidance of the effect of thus being bound perforce to a set of political ideas is to have men whose careful training as lawyers will enable them to rise above partisan views.

These reforms are not difficult of accomplishment, except as to the placing of the appointing power. It may reasonably be objected that the appointee of a governor will certainly represent the same political creed and be influenced by party considerations. Possibly some scheme may be invented to obviate this obstacle. Perhaps the choice might be left with the Bar, under certain conditions as to the professional standing and seniority of the candidates. But without offering any such vague suggestions as seriously meant, it is enough to remark that whatever plan will secure the choice of a thorough lawyer will go far toward freeing the Bench from any powerful influence from partisan politics. The position of the Bar as the strong conservative element of American society tends to make the "politics" of its members a rather vague and indeterminate thing; and as a rule it is true that a lawyer's interest in political affairs is in the inverse ratio to his ability and standing. So long as the appointing power is responsible, the chances are that an intelligent appointment will be made. Experience has shown this very satisfactorily, and in nine cases out of ten a bad governor will appoint better judges than the people, who are both irresponsible and careless, will elect. Then, too, every year of judicial life softens the bitterness and lessens the strength of a judge's political opinions. His very independence makes him see with broader vision. Thus, while the appointment by any elected official would almost certainly be of some member of his own party, the evil would be less than at first glance one might suppose. Formerly, the difficulty in the effective working of the appointing system was, that the poor salary and enormous work entailed by the office made it nearly impossible to secure its acceptance by the proper men. Not until the Bench is looked upon as the

highest reward of professional merit can it be expected to represent our best juriconsults. It is quite time that people should understand this, and give over noisy clamor and invective against a thing of their own creation. No office in the gift of a nation is so important as a judgeship—none should be more remunerative. To great natural powers, the training of long years of careful study and accumulated experience must be added before a man can worthily occupy a place upon the Bench. To him who does so occupy it, no emoluments can be too great. The special character and the high order of the talent demanded, and the severe and prolonged education required to fit that talent for the work, necessitate a correspondingly high and exceptional rate of compensation. You cannot obtain skilled labor at the same price as unskilled; and the maxim that "a laborer is worthy of his hire" belongs to political economy quite as much as to the Scriptures. The notion that places of honor and confidence, requiring in the discharge of their duties great ability and large experience, are their own reward, like virtue, has been one of the favorite delusions of the American people. The history of the republic is the best exposition of the utter absurdity of the theory. Gratuitous services are proverbially bad, and we are beginning to understand that the principle applies even to Congressmen, whose speculations as a class might perhaps be stopped if the honest ones amongst them had the courage to vote themselves sufficient salaries. Men do not gather grapes from thorns or good judges from inferior lawyers, and the present persistent attempt to make thistles do the work of figs must sooner or later be abandoned. Meanwhile, it is quite foolish to blame the thistles, who are but performing their natural functions.

HERBERT SANTLEY.

ONE IN A HUNDRED.

JOHN MAXWELL had written a book. This story is going to concern itself so slightly, however, with the book which John Maxwell had written that the above words form, doubtless, a very inappropriate beginning to the pages which follow them. And yet they serve a purpose—that of enabling us to glide along toward the otherwise rather painfully abrupt statement that John Maxwell was dolefully poor. The next fact regarding his social condition may now be chronicled with much felicity. We allude to the annoyance of living very far up stairs in a house very far up town. Let us add, with piquant vagueness, that the house was in Forty — street, between — and — avenues.

We deserve no suspicion of premeditated pathos for asserting that our hero was an orphan. His orphanage had begun somewhere in his fourth year, and though he now and then thought that he could recollect his father's death, that of his mother was not even a dim memory. But there would assuredly be opportunities for arousing something stronger than the reader's sympathy were an accurate account given of how disagreeable a boyhood John Maxwell passed in the home of his uncle Oliver, a paternal relation.

Uncle Oliver's notions regarding the ideal method of training boys were dismal enough to have been expressed by some fine classical adjective like *Draconian* or *Lycurgan*. He had once heard of a youth who had died at a tender age, and who, if the retrospective remarks of his bereaved parents were to be trusted, had never deserved a flogging. But Uncle Oliver, in his heart of hearts, considered the narration of that boy's virtues merely an exaggerated instance of the *nil-de-mortuis* custom, and refused to credit the existence of so out-and-out a monstrosity. It would be unjust to accuse him of having made the slightest punitive distinction

between his nephew and his own sons; yet if manual correction was impartially administered in Uncle Oliver's household, there is little doubt that he drew broad lines of social separation between the urchinhood of young John Maxwell and that of the two cousins with whom howls beneath one and the same rattan placed John upon terms of at least temporary equality. In the opinion of Uncle Oliver there were Maxwells and Maxwells. John's father had married recklessly, and had scribbled for the newspapers impecuniously, and had drank himself into his grave; and to John's uncle, by the way, these facts formed about as perfect a major premiss, minor premiss and conclusion as any which may be found in the most flawless syllogism. He, Oliver Maxwell, on the other hand, had married money and had made money, and was known throughout his native Connecticut village as a paragon of honesty and thrift. The difference between himself and John's father had been the difference between a white sheep and a black. Indeed, Uncle Oliver rather prided himself on the extreme whiteness of his moral fleece: he may be said not seldom to have justified our employment of the zoologically bad metaphor which would represent him as fondly manipulating his own immaculate wool, showing the depth of its flossy purity to this or that gazer, and relishing with deep ovine gusto the admiration thus elicited.

As an instance of Uncle Oliver's Pharisaic tendencies we may mention a weakness for publicly remarking on his kindness to "that boy John." Everybody who knew him knew with what superb liberality his nephew had been clothed and fed from the Oliverian pocket.

But it is doubtful whether John Maxwell would ever have become the Yale College graduate we now find him had not that scapegoat father somehow man-

aged to leave his son the slight wreck of a patrimony barely sufficient to pay the expenses of his education, and materially increased by John's literary ventures during his college course. On leaving Yale, John had come to New York with grand expectations of success regarding a certain blotted manuscript in his valise, and no very definite ideas about the wherewithal for his immediate support. The blotted manuscript was presented rather loftily to the first publisher John visited, but to the sixth it was tendered with a much more humble spirit. The sixth agreed to publish it, however; and did so with what, considering John's obscure name, was an almost curious lack of delay. Being a novel, John Maxwell's book met with some slight pecuniary success. Being by no means a good novel, its reception by the class of readers for which he aspired to write was an exceedingly bitter disappointment to the author. But, like all clever young men whom Nature has endowed with real enthusiasm for their art, and easy digestions as well, failure spurred him into steadier and stronger effort. He had begun the writing of a second novel, and was now working with a pen that had in many respects learned the evil of its ways. He was also doing something quite often for the journals and magazines. We believe it has been already stated that he was dolefully poor.

Having lived in the closest retirement during a space of three months; occupying his room in the up-town boarding-house throughout the greater portion of each day, and taking his open-air exercise generally at night; meeting among his fellow-lodgers only such people as in no manner interested him; absorbed in his new work, and trying to absorb himself still more deeply,—John Maxwell was surprised, pleased and somewhat fluttered when, one evening, a servant brought to his door the card of a college friend, Edward Bartlett.

In his class at Yale, John Maxwell had been what is called popular, though he assuredly had never courted popularity, and had cultivated few positive

friendships. Edward Bartlett was a man whom, for certain pleasing traits of character, he had always admired, but with whom he had felt no decided wish to be intimate, nor, during their four years of college-life had anything like intimacy sprung up between the two men. They were frequently thrown in each other's society, and terms which may be defined as cordially civil had always existed on both sides, but by no means such terms as could warrant John in even remotely suspecting that Edward Bartlett would have sought him out here in his obscure retreat. For this reason the visit surprised and pleased him: why it fluttered him is explainable by the "den"-like appearance of his single apartment, its radical dinginess, its aerial situation and its indubitable odor of tobacco.

In a voice of mild desperation, John ordered the servant to show his friend up, and was presently shaking hands with a somewhat handsome and an altogether gentlemanly-looking person, who appeared decidedly pleased with the meeting.

"Old fellow, I am glad to have found you," said Edward Bartlett, beginning the conversation. "Of course you are curious to learn how I discovered your address."

"A little," said John, smiling.

"Through your novel—your very excellent novel, by the way," responded his friend. This morsel of praise was sincerely given, as John well knew. He was also aware that Bartlett would honestly have considered his book a very excellent production had it contained fewer merits by a great many than it actually did contain. "I went to your publisher's and learned where you were living," John's visitor proceeded. "And so you have taken to literature, Maxwell?"

"Yes," said John: his monosyllable was succeeded by a slight pause, and then he went on, as if desirous of changing the subject: "How have you been occupying yourself since graduation?"

"In making up my mind about going to Europe," answered Bartlett, with a

laugh. "But somehow I have had great difficulty in the matter of a prompt decision—yes or no. You see, this has been my first season 'out,' as the *belles* say, and New York was never gayer than just now."

He had a pleasant, deep voice, this Edward Bartlett, and a refined composure about his way of speaking; and John saw that he was dressed fashionably, yet with no fault of showiness in his costume. John remembered him at Yale as a man of less outward polish, less easy confidence of manner, than the few words he had spoken now made evident. They talked together for a half hour longer, and John was uncomfortably conscious of his own shabby appearance and the shabbiness of the surrounding room, and had more than once entertained profound longings with regard to a certain box of indifferent cigars in his closet. He would have liked, just then, to use a little transformational magic on those cigars. There was a black broadcloth coat, too, in the same closet, with nothing abnormal about the length of its sleeves and the conventional allowance of buttons—attributes unpossessed by the motley garment in which John was then attired. He would not seriously have objected to the immediate services of that coat. On the whole, he felt decidedly ill at ease in the presence of his visitor, and was moreover deeply annoyed by what he considered the folly of so feeling.

There seemed nothing in Edward Bartlett's behavior to encourage these disagreeable sensations on the part of his host; yet they had been roused, perhaps, through this very cause. The least flavor of patronage in his friend's conversation, the least symptom of surprise at having tracked him to so uninviting a lair, would have freed John from all his present discomfort: mortification would have yielded to a certain angry pride; and attacked, so to speak, in his own castle, he would have made staunch and honorable resistance. As it was, Edward Bartlett gave him not the slightest reason to suspect that any-

thing in the surroundings of his former classmate had received more than passing notice; and far from flavoring his conversation with patronage, he filled it with reminiscences of college life, interspersed it with tidings from collegemen, and threw around it an atmosphere of college pleasures, annoyances and misdemeanors which John would have found, under different circumstances, very agreeable to look back upon. Now and then, however, he could not help wondering whether this rigid adherence to topics of the past did not conceal a sort of delicate compassion on the part of Bartlett, and a desire to avoid all discussion of what might too painfully concern the present. "He sees that I am abominably poor," meditated John, "and so talks of what is not likely to remind me of the fact. How miserably shabby I feel in his society! How gentlemanly he looks and behaves! How little we seem to have in common!"

Before Edward Bartlett left John's boarding-house that evening he had asked him to dinner on the following day. He worded the invitation somewhat after this style:

"By the way, Maxwell, if you don't happen to be engaged to-morrow evening after six o'clock, would you care about dining at my house? A family dinner, you know, with my aunt, my sister and myself. And, now that I think of it," he added, "sister Gertrude has an engagement elsewhere. Aunt, being quite deaf, rarely makes herself audible, so that you and I will virtually dine *en tête-à-tête*." Then Edward Bartlett gave the number of his residence in Madison avenue, and, shaking John's hand warmly as he left the room, continued, "You'll come, Maxwell, won't you?"

John answered, "With a great deal of pleasure—thanks!" but regretted his acceptance of the invitation three minutes after Bartlett's departure. His position, he told himself gloomily, was not one which allowed of his receiving such hospitalities. He was a poor author, writing hard for bread, and just able to maintain himself with decent comfort. Edward Bartlett stood high in the social

world, and, as John recollected hearing at college, had inherited a large fortune from his deceased parents. Everything would of course be on a grand scale at his Madison avenue residence. "I shall perhaps feel myself silently snubbed by the butler," thought John, "for not appearing in a dress-coat. I haven't a dress-coat to my name, however, and certainly can't afford to buy one. My going there is an absurd incongruity. I've half a mind to disappoint Bartlett, or else write him a note of refusal."

But he did neither. Promptly at six o'clock on the following evening he was shown into his friend's richly-furnished drawing-room by a butler who was far from manifesting the least indignation at his lack of the conventional costume; and after receiving a pleasant welcome from Bartlett, partook of an admirable dinner, cooked faultlessly and served with much elegance. There was but one person at table besides John and his host—an elderly maiden aunt, Miss Katharine Bartlett, who wore gray curls, had an air of high breeding and was most unconversationally deaf. She retired at the close of dessert, leaving the gentlemen to their cigars, their coffee and their liqueurs, and to a political discussion moreover, of which it is fair to add that John sustained his part something more than creditably. If the excellent wines of which he and Bartlett had drunk rather freely that evening produced in John a talkativeness by no means usual with him, they also added to the fluency of his ideas, and lit them with an occasional sparkle which highly entertained his host. Edward Bartlett was a man in whom keen appreciation of talents in others was joined with few talents of his own. He was for this reason a capital listener, and as a companion John found him decidedly agreeable. However well he may have concealed it, Bartlett's motive in asking his old classmate to dinner had been purely one of compassion. During his visit of the previous evening he had made closer observations of John himself than of the apartment in which he lodged or the clothes he wore. These observa-

tions had convinced Bartlett that the man was rapidly becoming moody and dismal under the influence of his solitary, hard-working, monotonous life. To some friends, meeting them under like circumstances, Bartlett would have offered encouraging words; to others, a loan of money; and to others, perhaps, he would have administered a good-humored scolding for self-imposed monasticism, dealing with each as the known character of that or this friend might determine. Toward John Maxwell he had used, as it were, a more delicate diplomacy of compassion: he had asked him to dinner.

"Nine o'clock!" exclaimed John's host, looking at his watch during a pause in their conversation. "How the time has slipped away, Maxwell! What do you say to a stroll down to the Opera? Kellogg sings to-night in *Faust*, and our box is empty."

John looked well pleased with his friend's proposition, being a decided lover of music, and feeling his present mood particularly favorable to the combined attractions of Kellogg and Gounod. That he was not in correct costume for the Opera did not suggest itself to his mind just then, nor is it probable that he would at any time have paused to consider this grave subject, lacking the necessary experience concerning it. He had twice attended the Opera since the beginning of his residence in New York, but on such occasions had not visited those loftier regions wherein musical worship is conducted by its legitimate priesthood of talkative and *décolletées* ladies, white-travatted and superbly-bosomed gentlemen.

To-night, however, on reaching the Academy of Music, John became an occupant of Edward Bartlett's box, and found himself seated among these more brilliant members of its audience. The *prima donna* was singing her exquisitely-rendered "Jewel Song" as they entered, and only when she had ceased did John bestow the slightest attention upon his surroundings.

"I'm a little out of place here," he said presently, addressing his companion.

"Do you mean—this?" asked Bartlett, touching the sleeve of his fashionably-cut dress-coat. "It's perfectly proper, my dear fellow," he went on cordially, "to wear anything you please." Then Edward Bartlett glanced about him as if searching for some one similarly attired to John, found no one, and continued: "It's an absurd custom—don't you think so?—this going to the Opera as we go to a ball."

Edward Bartlett was far from thinking it an absurd custom, in spite of his having said so. The words, designed as consolatory, may or may not have accomplished their amiable purpose.

While John was examining a play-bill during the *entr'acte* which followed, he heard an exclamation of surprise from Bartlett, and looking round perceived that his friend was leaning forward, with an expression of smiling welcome on his face, earnestly shaking hands with a gentleman at the door of the box. It would have been almost impossible for him to overhear their conversation, even had he chosen to listen, so general a colloquial clamor prevailed among the neighboring multitude. Occasionally, however, he caught a sentence or two of Bartlett's, such as: "You have been in town all day, Stuyve, and have not called upon me?" or, "You leave for Albany to-morrow morning? Why so soon?" or again: "Go back with you and pay a visit, my dear fellow? I should like it amazingly, but—" or yet again: "Won't you come and be presented to my sister Gertrude? She's there in that proscenium box with Mrs. L—."

These last words of invitation, as they fell upon John Maxwell's ear, affected him by no means pleasantly. We do not wish to convey the slightest hint that he on his part desired an introduction to Miss Gertrude Bartlett. He was far from any such desire just then; but that painfully sensitive pride of his drew its own dismal deductions from the few words which Bartlett had spoken. He, John Maxwell, had dined at Edward Bartlett's house that very evening, and had not met there the sister to whom

this stranger would shortly, perhaps, be presented. Why had he not met her? Doubtless for reasons of her own: it might be for reasons of her brother's. She was probably some haughty, exclusive creature, who would shudder at the idea of being civil to anybody outside the sacred limits of her own "set." John had heard and read of social female ostracists: he could not help wondering whether this Gertrude Bartlett was a woman who merited the title. If so, he would like to prove to her that, poor scribbler though he was—

Edward Bartlett's touch upon his shoulder terminated these thoroughly foolish reflections: "We are going over to my sister's box for a few moments, Maxwell. Will you join us?"

The words, as Bartlett spoke them, were a mere formal piece of politeness. It may safely be stated that he had not even a dim suspicion concerning his friend's acceptance of them as seriously intended. The acquaintance to whom Bartlett had just spoken was an old and valued intimate, whose place of residence was Albany, and whom he had not seen for several months. This gentleman sustained a high position in what is termed our leading American society. He was a person whom Bartlett had more than once mentioned to his sister as being desirous of meeting her, but it had so happened that whenever their meeting was on the verge of occurrence some obstacle had prevented its taking place. Now, Bartlett, often careless about his own associates, was rigidly particular as to whom his sister should include upon her list of male acquaintances. Her senior by several years, and feeling that since her *début* in New York society he stood toward her in the relations of both their dead parents, this guardianship would have been highly commendable had he not carried it to an altogether absurd extreme. In truth, he carried it to the extreme of foolish snobbery. As an instance of such weakness, we may mention the fact of his having advised Miss Bartlett to remain away from dinner on the evening of John Maxwell's

visit. "The man is a decidedly nice fellow," he explained, "but then, Gertrude, you and he would have nothing in common." As we have seen, Miss Bartlett was not present that evening at her brother's table, and John's foolish reflections were, in spite of their folly, very near the actual truth.

On hearing what might almost be called Edward Bartlett's apology for leaving him alone throughout the remainder of the *entr'acte*, John rose from his seat, and, to the other's amazement, quietly said:

"I shall be very happy to join you."

Bartlett bowed slightly, forcing his face into a pleased expression. Then he turned toward the door of the box, John following.

As the three gentlemen passed through the outer lobby leading toward the box in which Miss Bartlett was to be found, we regret to state that Edward committed the rudeness of not introducing his two friends. His perplexed and annoyed frame of mind may be offered as a reason for this neglect of common courtesy. "Gertrude," he was telling himself, with a glance at John's unoperatic appearance, "will never be civil to this man. I gave John Maxwell credit for a better understanding of his position."

It must be confessed that John, for his part, began to regret the impulse of wounded pride which had moved him to accept Bartlett's proposal, and that the nearer he approached an introduction to Miss Bartlett the more his courage forsook him. They stood, presently, at the door of the proscenium box, having reached it amid perfect silence on the part of each gentleman. Bartlett, under the influence of his perplexity, had addressed no remark to either of his friends, and there is little doubt that both of them had felt keenly the awkwardness of the situation. It is equally probable that John, quick to guess the cause of this silence, was on the point of an indignant withdrawal when the door in front of them was opened by a gentleman just then quitting the box; and as Edward Bartlett and his Albany acquaintance passed within, unto him

remaining there was left but one of two courses—an entrance or a flight, the latter wholly ridiculous.

John accordingly chose the most sensible course and entered the box. His nervousness at this moment may be described as painfully intense. He stood amid a little throng of gentlemen and ladies, hearing on every side the din of merry conversation, and feeling as if he had committed some hideous blunder, for which the wrath of every person present was on the point of visiting him. Agitated, excited, he looked round despairingly for Bartlett. That gentleman he finally discovered close at his elbow. "Does he intend to leave me standing here like a fool?" thought John with a shiver. Then came a decided pressure of Bartlett's arm against his own as two or three inmates made their way out of the overcrowded box, and happening to look directly beneath him, John saw that he was in very close proximity to a young and beautiful lady.

The young and beautiful lady had one of those clear-chiseled, aquiline faces that made John think of the line from *Maud*—"faultily faultless, icily regular, splendidly null." She fixed upon him a pair of cold gray eyes, and looked at him with what seemed to poor John a glance of superb interrogative disdain. In his nervous condition he could almost hear the scornful question which he believed that she was mentally asking, "Who are you?"

To which, like a response, came Edward Bartlett's voice, a moment afterward: "Mr. Maxwell, Gertrude, of whom you have heard me speak so often."

John recollects bowing very low indeed, while the young lady's haughty face lighted up with a brilliant smile. He also recollects how pleasantly her voice affected him as she opened conversation with a few courteous words about "being gratified to meet so valued a friend of Edward's." In truth, there were powers of low melody in that voice of Gertrude Bartlett's, which had been veritable siren music to other men beside poor John Maxwell. Perhaps some of these were among the many who now

surrounded her; but it is a fact that she chose to ignore them all just at present, and pointing toward a seat at her side which had been lately vacated, appeared anxious for John's society alone.

Of course he was not slow in satisfying this evident preference. And then for the space of a full hour he enjoyed a thoroughly delightful conversation with by far the most fascinating woman he had ever met.

Miss Bartlett belonged to an intellectual type of New York young ladyhood, of which there are few representatives. She was soundly and comprehensively educated. Her attainments were limited by broader limits than a voluble command of French idiom, a knack at the German composers and a dainty enthusiasm for Tennyson. She was capable of discussing other topics than the newest engagement in her special circle of intimates or the important events of last evening's cotillon. She had read, thought and studied in what, considering her sex and her "social position," may be turned a relatively liberal degree. We cast upon her no vague suspicion of being able to construe Sophocles or to repeat the Hebrew alphabet. It is most probable that she was very far from either accomplishment. But having made herself conversant with many subjects which are of interest to cultivated minds, possessing a retentive memory and a fluent mode of expression, and combining with these a certain charm of utterance, look or gesture—wherein the charm actually lay it was rather puzzling to decide, sometimes—she was undoubtedly a *rara avis* among her female associates. During the two years of her participation in the pomps and vanities of fashionable New York society, however, one of its most grievous follies had touched with blighting effect her generous, noble-minded character; evidence of which unfortunate truth we shall have occasion to present hereafter.

Thus far, Miss Bartlett's social successes had made her prominently and indisputably a *belle*. Beauty and clev-

erness were perhaps the main causes of her envied popularity, but behind them lay the strong reserve-power of an excellent name and large personal wealth. The number of her admirers would almost justify recourse to those well-used "leaves of Vallambrosa" as a metaphor of multitude; yet it was a widely-credited fact that the most favored of these admirers had slight cause for esteeming himself specially preferred.

John Maxwell awoke, as it were, from his agreeable *lête-à-lête* that evening to find the box occupied by comparatively few people, and glancing toward the stage to discover Marguerite in the process of her heavenly ascension, he turned to find that Miss Bartlett's brother was no longer present, nor yet the friend from Albany.

When John, a few moments later, hurried to the box in which he had sat during the first portion of the performance, he found it vacant and the audience about deserting their seats. Bartlett was nowhere to be seen, and he accordingly left the building alone.

He walked home in a frame of mind that was altogether new to him. It would almost be admissible hyperbole to state that the pavements were elastic beneath his tread and that the street lamps burned in *couleur de rose*.

He was to call upon Miss Bartlett at eleven o'clock on the following morning. The thought of this visit, combined with recollections of his late conversation, were sufficient to keep him rather excitedly sleepless for a much longer period after retiring to bed than he was himself aware of. When slumber at last came, with it came a dream that may be described as the pleasant antipodes of nightmare.

Next morning he paid the visit of which we have spoken. Miss Bartlett received him with smiling surprise.

"And so you did not accompany Edward?" she asked while her hand (John's first experience of its gloveless contiguity, by the way) rested for a moment in his.

Of course he was curious to learn her meaning. Miss Bartlett explained it:

"On waking this morning, my maid brought me the odd tidings that Edward had left the house quite early with a gentleman who called for him in a hack. My informer further enlightened me to the effect that he had taken with him a well-sized trunk, and that he had spoken about being absent from town for possibly the next fortnight. Not a word, however, as to where he was going. Edward was always an erratic sort of person in his modes of departure and return, but his present conduct surpasses, I think, all previous performances of the kind." She spoke with a smile, but her voice had a decided ring of annoyance.

"I did not see him after leaving your box last evening," John said; and then their talk glided into other subjects.

There is no doubt that these subjects were distinctly unlike any which Miss Bartlett was in the habit of discussing with her numerous male friends. It is quite probable that they taxed a little severely her by no means perfect knowledge of books, art, music and the "polite" *et ceteras*. We are inclined to think that they now and then bordered rather closely upon that species of clever social philosophy of which we find so many pages in Owen Meredith's verse. John Maxwell's solitary life during the past few months, antagonistic to his profession of novelist, as the reader may already have decided, had not been preceded by extraordinary opportunities for the acquirement of what is called worldly wisdom. His, indeed, had been a life thus far strangely free from sentiment or passion, save so much of either as belonged to his dreams and meditations. On the other hand, Gertrude Bartlett's experience of men and women—confined, it is true, to a certain class, whose real feelings are generally hidden like some guilty secret—had been slight, but at the same time fruitful of certain highly practical opinions. John spoke brilliantly and often eloquently regarding his own private theories. Miss Bartlett opposed against these the results of her limited though keen observation; and in this manner their

tête-à-têtes—for John's visits were almost daily throughout the next fortnight—not seldom assumed the form of eager and animated argument.

On one occasion it chanced that the question of unjust and tyrannical social rules was rather severely handled by John.

"I despise," he said, "the arrogant idea on which this whole matter is based. From all I have heard of that which is denominated the upper circle of New York society, the qualifications necessary to ensure an entrance there are money and an ability for what Thackeray terms 'steady pushing.' After having once succeeded in crossing beyond the sacred limit, the aspirant himself becomes sacred. He is henceforth fully justified in treating his best friends *de haut en bas* for deficiencies in their visiting lists. It is a decided honor for the lovely Miss A—or the witty Miss B—to appear throned on the front seat of some 'four-in-hand' extravagance in which he drives to the Park. *What* he is, morally or intellectually, everybody has grown polite enough to ignore; and *who* he is becomes a matter quite as much beyond criticism as the pattern of his necktie or the grooming of his horses."

"You are altogether too scornful," Gertrude Bartlett exclaimed, flushing as she spoke. "Society here in New York is by no means as corrupt as you paint it. We"—the pronoun jarred disagreeably upon John's ears—"are not ready to recognize the claim of every adventurer who attempts to place himself in our midst. What you say," she went on a trifle more warmly, "seems like the discontented bitterness of some defeated struggler for position."

"The personality is felt, but not guiltily so," John answered, at the same time coloring to the roots of his hair.

"Personality, Mr. Maxwell!" in surprised tones. "I assuredly meant none. *Your* position is of course beyond all shadow of dispute."

The words were pronounced as we pronounce a compliment that is sincerely intended. But John felt himself

stabbed by an arrow of the keenest sarcasm. After a few more words on a wholly different topic he rose and took his departure.

As John Maxwell passed from Miss Bartlett's presence that morning he resolved never, if possible, to enter it again. She had cruelly made him understand, as he more than once told himself, the wide difference between their respective stations. Her hand had struck him a merciless blow, meaning that he should profit by the pain it had inflicted. Perhaps because she knew him to be esteemed by her brother, perhaps because his conversation had amused or interested her, she had thus far permitted his visits. Up to the present time nothing of a truly personal nature had marked their intercourse. He had abstained from all mention of himself, and had chosen in no manner to speak of his literary labors or of the strong ambitions that were a part of his life. She, on her side, had preserved a like reticence concerning matters connected with daily occurrences and occupations—really, let us add, because an allusion to these had appeared of trifling moment to her beside the dissimilar subjects that engaged their hours of meeting. There had been no mutual confidence, no reality of intimacy between them, John's gloomy thoughts continued. And yet there had seemed, in a certain way, to be much of both. There had seemed—

But it *was* all a shallow seeming, and he would visit Gertrude Bartlett no more. Such was his firm resolution until about eleven o'clock on the following day. By twelve o'clock he was seated as usual in the small, cozily-furnished apartment where she usually received him, waiting for her to appear and give him welcome.

When, however, she entered the room, this welcome was in no manner apparent. Indeed, there was imprinted upon her face its cold, supercilious opposite. She paused quite near the threshold of the door-way through which she had passed, and looked at John with a glance that made him dizzy

for a moment: it was a glance of such unspeakable contempt.

He rose from his seat as if stung, and then they stood facing each other, while Miss Bartlett said;

"Your deception has been ingenious, sir, but it terminates with this morning. Should you need an explanation of how I discovered the truth, this letter will doubtless inform you."

Without approaching a step nearer she put forward a folded paper. John advanced and took it—for the reason, perhaps, that he had no words, just then, to express either his amazement or his curiosity.

He unfolded the paper, presently, in a mechanical way, keeping his eyes fixed upon her contemptuously immobile face, with that line about "faultily faultless, icily regular," making an odd *staccato* of repetition through his brain. Then he dropped his eyes and read:

"ALBANY, March —, 186—.

"DEAR GERTRUDE:

"I left you in a rage, but, having considerably cooled, am now in a condition to forgive. Your stupidity that night at the Opera, however, deserves a severe scolding. How you could possibly have mistaken the Mr. Stuyvesant Maxwell on my right for the Mr. John Maxwell on my left, and have bowed to one while I introduced you to the other, is a question that would, I think, puzzle an oculist. Stuyve has endeavored to laugh me out of my bewilderment on this point, and says that your mistake is naturally accounted for by the crowded condition of the box. You of course discovered it soon after my disgusted departure with the *real* Mr. Maxwell. I should like to have seen your surprise when the discovery was made, and almost regret—"

John read no farther, but flung the letter on the floor, having first indignantly crumpled it in his grasp.

"Do you accuse me," he said, huskily and with a white, stern face, "of having known what your brother mentions?"

"Having known it?" she repeated. "Surely you entered the box in his

society and in that of Mr. Stuyvesant Maxwell. You *must* have known—" Here she hesitated, for John's eyes were fixed upon her with a severity of reproach in which there was much of passionate sadness.

"Miss Bartlett"—his voice was now thoroughly composed—"your purpose is either to hear my statements before condemning me, or to condemn me without hearing them: which is it?"

"What statements," she began hotly, "can be made in justification—" and again paused: his eyes had somehow silenced her.

"Only these," John Maxwell said: "that I was asked by your brother, on the evening of our introduction, to visit your box; that the name of the gentleman who accompanied us was unknown to me; that until now the least suspicion of your mistake has not occurred to me. Am I believed?"

Her face had softened: her eyes were averted from his. She did not speak, however, and John continued:

"Perhaps your annoyance is natural under circumstances like the present. It does not seem to me an excuse, however, for the reckless insult your words have conveyed."

"Mr. Maxwell, I believe you thoroughly, and apologize for that insult."

She had approached very near him, and her hand was extended, waiting for him to take it. Glowingly, earnestly, with not a shadow of its former scorn, her face was uplifted to his own.

By his nearness to that beauty of generous penitence which now seemed to inform her with all loveliest womanly graces, or by the light, instantaneous touch of her hand as palm met palm, John Maxwell was made an unnerved, excited—shall we add, a foolish?—man.

Our meaning is, that he told Gertrude Bartlett something which in calmer moments he decidedly would not have told—something which he would perhaps rather have undergone great physical suffering than even have hinted at. He said that he loved her. And he so framed his avowal—so filled it with

strong, eloquent candor—so colored it with the vivid hues of his passion—so breathed about it the solemnity of an utter despair—that the woman who heard him was trembling and pale when silence once again fell between them.

Her answer, which came promptly enough, was brokenly and agitatedly given.

"All this bewilders me," she said, in a flurried, abashed way. "I never guessed or fancied it till now. Of course you can have had no real hope. I mean that your—that our—stations are so very different. Before this mistake occurred I now recollect that my brother had spoken of you, and I learned from him that—that—"

"That I was not Mr. Stuyvesant Maxwell," he broke in, with a low, bitter laugh. "Only John Maxwell, a poor fellow who writes for his bread, and isn't altogether respectable. I think I have been making a fool of myself, Miss Bartlett. Good-morning."

He was in the street presently, walking with a rapid step—he had not the vaguest idea whither.

How the homely vulgarity of his parting phrase echoed itself through all that he did or thought for weeks afterward! And what weeks of miserable, despondent gloom they were! John remembers them now and then shudderingly; for, to speak truth, his life had become pitifully valueless to him. It was a life that, mentally at least, "crept along on a broken wing." We think that in saying he more than once prayed for death we have told the full extent of his suffering and his folly.

But there came a time of wholesome reaction, when the sharp goad of self-contempt pricked him out of this lethargy. He forced himself to cultivate an interest in the few daily matters which concerned him. The effort was at first wearisome and painful, but it finally succeeded. That morbid, evil wish passed away, and the man's manhood was somehow dominant over his weakness once again. The time of this awakening being early June, and the

heat of the city something more severe than those invisible oracles, "the oldest inhabitants," had ever experienced—when, by the way, was there a particularly heated term, or a particularly cold one, that some such sweeping comment was not made upon it?—John changed his then lodgings for a room in what proved an excellently-kept though moderate-priced boarding-place in the least populous portion of Astoria. Few spots could have been selected more favorable to that which we are perhaps justified in terming his mental convalescence. Though he worked vigorously with his pen throughout the greater portion of each day, during such work he could view from his window the glittering of broad waters directly opposite, and could feel their fresh, cool breath on his face. And when the summer afternoons were drawing to a close he could walk out by lovely paths amid stirless greenery and pastoral calm. Or, if it chanced that his mood preferred something over which prevailed an atmosphere of human associations, within easy distance lay the main road leading from Astoria to Hell Gate, skirted, on its landward side, by lawn after lawn, residence after residence.

Not seldom his afternoon walks led in this latter direction. And once, while he walked musingly, with bent head and eyes fixed upon the path beneath him, he heard an approaching step suddenly pause, and, raising his eyes, discovered a woman's figure, clad in deepest black.

Then, as it were, the woman's face flashed upon his consciousness, and he recognized it as Gertrude Bartlett's. Hers beyond a doubt, but thinned and saddened, and woefully *en rapport* with the sombre dress in which she was attired.

Two yards of path lay between them. She, standing quite still, appeared to wait his approach. John, his face white as ashes, his lips firmly closed, his heart fluttering as even the manliest heart sometimes will flutter, drew nearer, but certainly with no intention of stopping. He had lifted his hat and was passing

on, when her hand softly touched his shoulder.

Softly but effectually. "You were going to pass me, Mr. Maxwell," she said as he paused at her side. The tone in which she addressed him was one of quiet sadness, and reminded John of no tone he had ever heard in that voice until now. Then, his gaze resting for the first time full upon her countenance, he read there some great sorrow, and was burning with sympathy—passionate sympathy all after this one moment of observation.

"Something has happened," he murmured—"some grief or trouble?"

"Yes," she answered, tremulously; and then there were two great tears glistening on her face. "Have you not heard?"

"Heard—of what?"

"Edward's death. He died in Albany, of a sudden illness, only a few days after our—our last meeting."

"Indeed I had not heard," John said in the voice of one who is deeply shocked.

"They sent for me, but I reached him too late," she went on. "It has been a terrible blow, Mr. Maxwell. You see how it has changed me;" and a mournful smile just edged her pale lips for a moment.

He had almost forgotten the cause of her grief now, such pity thrilled him with the pathos of that smile.

"You are living here this summer?" he questioned when more words had passed between them concerning her brother's death, and while they slowly moved along the shaded pathway.

"Yes—Aunt Katharine and I. We have been staying here at the homestead since the early part of May."

"Your life has been greatly altered," he said; and then ceased abruptly, regretting the words as *mal à propos* and lame.

"Greatly. I seem to have begun a new life since poor Edward died. That old one of gayety and flippancy seems removed from me as if by years and years, when I think of it."

"But you will some day return to that

life," he quickly responded, a sort of inquisitive eagerness in his voice.

"Never;" spoken with firm, low, deliberating energy.

"Will you think me cruel," he asked, "if I tell you at a time like this that I do not trust your resolve?"

"It is not a resolve. It is a radical contempt. I despise those days of thoughtless, valueless folly. And that which we once despise, Mr. Maxwell, we cannot again bring ourselves to respect."

"Assuredly not—unless we discover our contempt to have been wholly undeserved."

"You do not cavil at mine, I trust?" a faint smile accompanying her sentence.

"In this instance—no. You are aware, perhaps, how I could not but approve the change of which you speak."

"Then there is some other meaning that your words half hide from me. For what, for whom, have I felt contempt and afterward reversed it? Or am I wrong in assuming that you implied this?" She stopped her walking, and turned upon him a calmly penetrating look.

John Maxwell answered, meeting the look: "If not contempt for me, Gertrude Bartlett, for the accidents that have made me who I am."

Her eyes were downcast now. "You are right," she murmured. "Be it said to my shame. I see my weakness and bigotry—yes, that is the word

for it—now that I am free of that other vain, false, pretentious world. I repent, and am very, very willing to be pardoned."

He had somehow taken her hand after that.

"By me?" he whispered.

"Yes."

"And what if I should affix to my pardon a great price?"

"Perhaps I should pay it more richly than you dream of," she said; and then their hands clung warmly each to each, and the third smile that had lighted her face since their meeting now made upon it a beautiful, soft glory.

It is safe to assert that the "pillars of Society" received a severe shock at the news of Miss Gertrude Bartlett's engagement to a Mr. John Maxwell, "emerged from utter obscurity to claim this immense matrimonial prize." We have terminated our sentence with a *bona fide* quotation, by the way. Many more might be given, but the general verdict reduces itself quite simply to the universal opinion that Miss Bartlett, in thus (with her superior marriage prospects) throwing herself away upon an utter nobody, was one girl in a thousand.

Let us dare to dispute Society's august dictum, however, and strike a zero from this angry calculation. Verily, to protect ourselves against out-and-out misogyny, let us call Gertrude Bartlett only—One in a Hundred.

EDGAR FAWCETT.

A FEUDAL PICTURE:* DRAMATIC SKETCH.

SCENE—*Corridor of a Palace.* PERSONS—*Young Knight and his Mentor.*

MENTOR. With what a grace she passed us by just now,
 Her delicate chin half raised, her cordial brow
 A cloudless heaven of bland benignities!
 What tempered lustre, too, in her dove's eyes,
 Just touched to archness by the eyebrows' curve,
 And those quick dimples which the mouth's reserve
 Stir and break up, as sunlit ripples break
 The cool, calm clearness of a mountain lake!
 A woman in whom majesty and sweetness
 Blend to such issues of serene completeness
 That to gaze on her were a prince's boon!
 The calm of evening, the large pomp of noon
 Are hers. Soft May morns, melting into June,
 Hold not such tender languishments as those
 Which steep her in that dew-light of repose
 That floats a dreamy balm around the full-blown rose.
 And yet 'tis not her beauty, though so bright—
 Clear moon-fire mixed with sun-flame—nor the light
 Transparent charm all feel so exquisite,
 Whereby she's compassed as a wizard-star
 By its own life-air!—'tis not one nor all
 Of these, whereby we're mastered, sir, and fall
 Slave-like before her. Doubtless such things *are*
 Potent as spells; still, there's a something fine,
 Subtler than hoar-rime in the faint moonshine
 More potent yet—an undefined art
 'Twere vain to question: your whole being—heart,
 Brain, blood—seems lapsing from you, fired and fused
 In hers. A terrible power, and if abused—
 But, by St. Peter! 'tis not safe to talk
 Of yon weird woman! Turn now, watch her walk
 'Twixt the tall tiger-lilies! There's a free,
 Brave grace in every step; but still, to me,
 It hath—I know not what—of covertness,
 Cunning and cruel purpose. Can you guess
 The picture it brings up? A lonely rock,
 Whereby a young Bedouin guards his flock
 In the swart desert: lo! a tawny land,
 A curved and tangled pathway of loose sand,
 Winding above him!—the tranced airs make dim
 His slumberous senses—his great brown eyes swim
 I' th' mist of dreams, when, gliding with mute tread
 Forth from the thorn trees, o'er his nodding head
 Moves a lithe-bodied panther. (God! how fair
 The beast is, with his moony-spotted hair,

* Suggested by a noble French engraving.

And his deft desert paces!) One breath more,
 And you'll behold the spouting of fresh gore,
 Heart-blood that's human: can aught save him now?
 Hist! the sharp crackle of a blasted bough,
 Whence flies a huge hill-eagle, rustling
 O'er the boy's forehead his vast breadths of wing,
 And sweeping as a half-seen shade, 'twould seem,
 Betwixt his startled spirit and its dream.
 He's roused, espies his danger—at a bound
 Leaps into safety where the low-set ground
 Is buttressed 'neath two giant rocks thereby.—
 Now, hark ye! 'tis no pictured phantasy,
 This scene, my Anselm! but all's true and clear
 Before me, though full many a weary year
 Hath waxed and waned since then. . . .
 My meaning, pr'ythee? Foolish youth, beware!
 There's treachery lurking in the gay parterre,
 As in the hoary desert's silentness;
 And dreams with danger, death perchance, behind,
 May lull young sleepers in the perfumed wind,
 Which hardly lifts the tiniest truant tress
 It toys with, coyly, of a woman's hair.
 Our sternest fates have risen in forms as fair
 As—let us say for lack of similes—
 As hers who bends now with such gracious ease
 O'er her rich tulip-beds!

Were I the bird—
 Wert thou the shepherd, Anselm—of my tale
 (And that thou hast not hearkened, boy, unstirred,
 Is clear, albeit thou needst not wax so pale),
 What would true Wisdom whisper, now 'tis done,
 My warning and thy day-dream in the sun?
 What? Why, her mandate's plain: I hear her say,
 "Young knight, to horse! leave the queen's court to-day."

PAUL H. HAYNE.

BOOK MAKERS AS BOOK LOVERS.

"A MAN," said Sydney Smith, "should no more keep all the books which have made him wise, than keep all the dinners which have made him fat." This thoroughly English dictum is characteristic of the habits of English men of letters. As a rule, they have no books, and in this respect differ from the literary men of France or Germany. De Quincey tells us how Wordsworth once cut the leaves of a new volume

with a knife from the breakfast-table covered with butter, at which De Quincey was greatly disgusted; and not without a certain excuse, since the volume was his own, and he seems to have been somewhat fastidious concerning his books.

As a broad classification it may be said that the English writers know little or nothing of bibliography, and care less about it; nor are they collectors or

fanciers of books. The Germans are, however, *par excellence*, the bibliographers of the world, but book-fancying is an art yet unknown among them. The text is all they want: the paper, the type and the binding are mere matters of supererogation. The judicious and investigating book-buyers of this country have become in a measure aware of this peculiarity, and have turned it to their own advantage, finding that in the catalogues of the second-hand booksellers of Germany nothing extra is asked for a volume though it has been clothed in fine morocco by a Capé or a Hayday, or whether the copy is "uncut" or "large paper," or bears an imprint which makes a collector's mouth water. Some of the booksellers in Germany are beginning to find out that these points can be made a pretext for an enhancement of the price, but even yet it is only those in the large cities who have become aware of the book-fancying mania, or perhaps caught the infection themselves by personal visits to other countries, or from having, by means of their catalogues, extended the circle of their customers outside of Germany. Perhaps the severe science of bibliography is too exacting to allow time or opportunity for the frivolities of book-fancying. At least it would seem to be so in Germany. We could as soon imagine a German professor seated in a study furnished like a lady's boudoir in blue and gilt, with his linen all ruffles, a diamond solitaire in his shirt front and his dressing-gown of richly-figured silk heavily embroidered in a showy pattern, as to suppose him fastidiously nice concerning the extra fraction of an inch upon the margins of his Elzevirs, the perfectly original condition of his Alduses, the freshness of his Groliers, or any other of the peculiarities which make his copies dear to the simple book-fancier. But instead of these he has the laborious, painstaking accuracy and persistence of research which every bibliographer must have, united with the spirit of personal verification and distrust of second-hand authority which has made the literary

productions of his country proverbial, which is to-day influencing the best literature of England, and which we, in this country, would do well to imitate more than we have as yet.

In France the men of letters are generally aware of the importance of bibliography as an aid in their own studies, and are also themselves book-fanciers, and, to a certain extent, book-collectors. We may count almost with certainty that among the effects of a literary man in France, if he leaves any effects, will be found a collection of books, and among these there will be choice copies—copies which show that their late owner was nice in the matter of editions, knew the "points" of a book, and showed the respect in which he held his profession by honoring the productions of its master workmen.

From the fact that we were once English colonies, and that we speak the English language, we have unconsciously inherited from the English many absurd prejudices; and among these none is more absurd and hurtful than their insular and ignorant contempt for all other nationalities than their own. That the French are a light and frivolous people, with profoundly corrupt morals, while the Germans are heavy, dull and stupidly respectable, is the general opinion of the average Englishman. But in reality the accuracy and nicety of the French—which, displayed in their language, make it the fittest for the exact sciences, and which, displayed in all their handiwork, make them the best printers and binders of books in the world—are also displayed in their extensive bibliographical literature. A German literary man could find in his own language works which could enable him to prosecute his studies without the aid of Brunet's *Manuel*; but an Englishman, if he desires to become acquainted with the literature upon any subject in which he may be engaged, could not find any work in his own vernacular to take its place. The consequence is, that he would have to do without; and as in fact he generally does, it is this which makes English

literature so inferior to that of either France or Germany in thoroughness and completeness. Take the department of History, for example: With the exception of Gibbon and Grote, who were both bibliographical students, there are no English historians who have kept or will keep a reputation. Buckle, Lewes, Leckey and a few others are not counted in this enumeration, since they belong to a new school, obtained their inspiration from Germany, and followed the Continental method in becoming students before they became writers. Buckle used to say that with his own collection and the British Museum he could obtain all the materials he wanted for study. His collection was sold after his death, and the catalogue, though simply an auction one, shows that he knew what books a student needs, while many of the volumes themselves, by the references written on the fly-leaves, show that he knew also how to use books.

It is an unquestionable fact that in France and in Germany literary men, as a class, have much more influence both in politics and in directing public opinion than the same class of persons has either in England or in this country. The simplest and most satisfactory explanation of this is, that the literary men of France and Germany are more competent and better fitted for obtaining and using such influence than those of England or this country; nor is it too much to add that they are made so by the greater attention they give to bibliography. They are workmen acquainted with their tools. Literature to-day is not simply a luxury: it has become a part of the civilized world's every-day life, and its professors should study it as thoroughly as the experts in any other pursuit study that which they profess. In France and in Germany, therefore, literature is a profession, and is so recognized by the government as well as by the public, and this recognition has been obtained for it by the fact that its professors have extorted it by making themselves perfect workmen in their chosen pursuit. Though it may

be mortifying to acknowledge, yet the converse of these propositions, as applied to this country and to England, is equally true. Literature here cannot be called a recognized profession, for which men and women prepare themselves by study as they would to become lawyers or doctors. It is as school-teaching is in country districts—a pursuit taken up by those who have nothing better to do. Of course there are exceptions to this statement, but its general truth cannot be denied. To be called a writer is not yet as certainly and definitely respectable as to be called a lawyer, a doctor or a minister. For much of this our writers are themselves to blame. They partake, with the rest of the world, of the evils of the present transitional condition of society—of the want of organization which gives us politicians instead of statesmen, has made finance the slave of the stock-brokers, has made all commerce mere speculation, has made skilled mechanical labor scarce, and, descending still farther, makes the incompetence of servants the great trouble of respectable life. In so far as writers unconsciously partake of this spirit of the age they are not to blame, but in so far as they neglect the means at hand for qualifying themselves for their profession they are to blame.

It is in books principally that the record of human life is found, and this storehouse of the recorded experience, observation and thought of the past generations of men is so vast that it is of course impossible for any one in the course of a lifetime to examine it all thoroughly. Bibliography is the only guide for any one who would attempt it, and the value and importance of this study is manifest to every one who knows the value and importance of method and classification in any pursuit. Especially is this so in these modern times. There was a period when the recorded experience of mankind was comprised in a few volumes, and could easily be mastered, but that period is passed. Besides, too, the spirit of this nineteenth century—which may be called the sci-

entific era, and which has infused a new life into society, has shaken men's old beliefs, uprooted the most venerable prejudices, has led men to question all received opinions, and made the necessity for accurate knowledge so plain that even the most careless are aware of it—has also influenced the study of bibliography as it has that of every other science. As Alchemy has been replaced by Chemistry, and Astrology by the science of Astronomy, so the bibliographer of the present who would march abreast with the times must possess the scientific method, must be able to master his material and use the results gained by his labor, not as an indigested mass, but give them by organization the intellectual life which alone can make them of value in the present condition of the world's culture. It is by this process that we have come to see how all our history will have to be rewritten, and that Greece and Rome have been made living realities by some of our modern students, while by the application of a similar method by the philologists their "dead languages" have been raised from their graves and made instinct with life for us now and here.

Though our own literature is not as yet entirely permeated with this spirit, yet there are some indications which show the spirit is here, and that in time it will display its influence. At present, however, there is not, among all our colleges and institutions for giving a liberal education to our youth, a single professorship of bibliography, nor any means used for directing those who spend years in acquiring an education how best to use the materials for study; yet the interest and liberality which is displayed in gathering libraries for our colleges and for public use are an evidence that the time will come when the art of using a large collection of books to the best advantage will become a general subject of study, and, taking its proper position in the public estimation, will have its special professors and its students. We may with safety predicate the advent of this time from the

constant correlation between supply and demand.

When a writer is at the same time a student, and has perchance, despite Sydney Smith's dictum, preserved the books which have helped to make him wise, such a collection becomes peculiarly interesting; and if its owner should have been one of those whose life and labors serve to mark an era in the history of the world's progress, such a collection becomes of great value, as showing the influences which moulded his mind. The few cases in which such collections have been preserved make our regret greater that the custom of preserving those made by writers is not more general. How interesting and valuable would be a collection of Shakespeare's books, or a diary of his reading had he kept such a one as Gibbon has given us in his *Autobiography*! The British Museum possesses a copy of Florio's translation of Montaigne's *Essays*, with Shakespeare's unreadable signature upon one of the fly-leaves; but this is probably the only book of his which is known to be in existence. Had we his collection complete, how readily we could settle the disputed questions as to whether he knew "small Latin and less Greek," was learned in the law, was a student of languages, was a man of varied culture, or whether by innate force of genius he "evolved from the depths of his own consciousness" those evidences of study which other writers arrive at only through hard and patient labor!

In the London auction sales volumes often appear which have the name of Shakespeare's friend and companion, Ben Jonson, written upon them. These are almost always copies of the classics, and show frequently, by their manuscript notes, that their owner read them understandingly. Many such volumes are preserved in the libraries of the London collectors. From the fact that many copies of the same author are in existence thus enriched with "Rare Ben Jonson's" autograph, and that they are never in very choice condition, though always of good editions,

it may be reasonably surmised that the *res angusta domi* (which may here be freely translated the "narrow credit of the public-house") obliged their owner to be thus constantly a distributor as well as a collector.

In the Bodleian Library at Oxford are two collections, the intrinsic value of which is greatly increased by their being kept together, and having belonged to two such representative men as Selden and Pepys, the scholar and the man of the world, and which together form an epitome of the contradictions of their times—the brilliant, vicious, pious, studious, gay and serious times of the two Charleses, in which the basis of our modern society was laid.

There have been several opportunities for preserving in this country collections which would have been as intrinsically and as specially valuable as those above noticed, but the occasions have been lost, and at present we have nothing in any way comparable to them. Some thirty or forty years ago the opportunity was offered to Harvard College to become possessed of what still remained of the libraries of Increase and Cotton Mather, and which then was in possession of an old lady, one of the collateral descendants of the family, and to whom it had descended by inheritance. The management of the library, considering the price asked for the collection too high, let the opportunity pass, and the books were bought by the Historical Society of Worcester, Massachusetts. It was this collection of books which afforded the material to Colonel Higginson, a few years ago, for a series of charming studies in the *Atlantic* of the life of a New England parson two centuries ago. In the entire course of our history there are hardly two persons whose characters would be more fully and completely represented in their libraries than Increase and Cotton Mather. Being the last and best representatives of the self-righteous and theological bigotry of Puritanism, it seems strange that any price should be considered too high for their collection of books. But our public libraries, with

a few exceptions, are not as yet managed with greater wisdom or wiser economy than many other branches of the public administration.

Another instance, drawn from the same source, may not be amiss here. Among the numerous benefactors of Harvard, Thomas Hollis holds a high place. One of the red brick, barrack-looking buildings which occupy the college grounds was built at his expense, and is still called Hollis Hall. It is used by the students for their rooms. Every student of the history of England, who has been interested in the development of popular freedom, and studied the slow but steady growth of democracy in that little island, must have admired and respected Thomas Hollis. Being only a merchant, he was of course considered by the aristocracy as nobody. But the generous use he made of his wealth, and the aid he in every way afforded the cause of republicanism, will be more fully recognized when with advancing civilization the English people shall find out that aristocracy and monarchy are essentially characteristics of barbarism, and act accordingly. As one way of aiding the cause of freedom of thought, Hollis was in the habit of giving away books in quantities, and among other institutions Harvard College was always remembered by him. He had a fancy also for frequently having the backs of volumes he thus gave away stamped with various devices emblematical of his opinion of the volume's contents. An owl was typical of what passes for wisdom, and the same symbol reversed for foolishness. Many of these books are in the library of Harvard College, but they are lost in that vast collection, and no pains are taken to call attention to them by placing them together.

In the early part of this century, Congress made an appropriation for buying Thomas Jefferson's library, which its owner was forced by his pecuniary losses to sell. To Jefferson's personal influence, more than to that of any of the leading men of the period, we are indebted for the inestimable benefit of

the total non-interference by the government with the subject of religion. For this we can never be too grateful to the founder of the Democratic party. Jefferson's books, together and in comparison with those of the Mathers, would afford materials for a most interesting study upon the influences and the spirit which moulded and still mould the antagonistic political parties of this country, and of which two more thoroughly representative men than Thomas Jefferson and Cotton Mather could not be selected.

In answer to a letter inquiring concerning the fate of this collection of Jefferson's books, Mr. Spofford, the competent librarian of Congress, writes: "The books of Mr. Jefferson's library were nearly all saved from the fire of 1851, and now constitute a part of this library. They have always been distributed with the rest of the books on related topics in the library. Each volume has Mr. Jefferson's private mark, by which it can be identified, and moreover the 'Catalogue of the Library of the United States,' a small quarto volume printed in 1815, and now rare, contains a complete though very rough and imperfect list of them." It would be an interesting statistical inquiry how many of the legislators who are theoretically supposed to look after and promote, during their occasional gatherings at Washington, the best interests of the country, are aware that the "Library of the United States" contains the collection of books formed by Thomas Jefferson. Perhaps if the majority of them should spend some of the time they now spend at the expense of the people in "log-rolling," in searching this collection for the materials from which its former owner obtained his ardent love of popular civil and religious liberty, their constituents would be better served.

But this may be impertinent. Legislators have too much genius to be forced to depend for originality upon such "base mechanic" arts as reading and study; and then where would their occupation be should things be once settled rightly? Haydon in his *Autobiography* tells us that Sir Robert Peel once

said to him that he had never read *The Wealth of Nations*. If a man can become premier of a great commercial and manufacturing nation like England without having informed himself of a work like this, published in his day, shall a simple Senator or a mere Representative busy himself with a lot of musty books, the ideas of which are probably as dead as their authors? No. Log-rolling is a much nobler, or at least a much more profitable, occupation.

Perhaps the author who is most thoroughly connected with his own collection of books is Montaigne. Hardly a page of his writings but shows that his life was passed in his library, and that his well-loved volumes were his real companions. His description of the room he used as his library, and his incidental mention of the volumes he loved best, show that this was so. M. Payen, a French admirer of Montaigne, for years devoted his attention to recovering the volumes which had belonged to him. With the instinct and perseverance which belong to the true collector, he discovered the traces of a dozen or more of them, and succeeded in adding them to his own collection. M. Payen has given in several pamphlets, which were printed in very small number and are quite rare, the results of his researches after these volumes, and concerning Montaigne himself, which are extremely interesting, and full of suggestions to enthusiastic collectors who are engaged in similar enterprises. Montaigne's library was in a tower, and upon the rafters of the ceiling, which were left bare and exposed, he had his favorite mottoes burnt into the wood with red-hot irons. M. Payen visited the château, and has given us these mottoes, which still remained at the time of his visit. The books had been dispersed, but in the *bric-à-brac* shops of the neighborhood he found one or two of them. Others at various intervals have turned up as miraculously as such books do to him who has a lucky hand for finding such treasures, together with the patience for waiting; until now his Montaignes form quite a

little collection. In his pamphlets, M. Payen has also given us letters by Montaigne which are extremely rare, but of which he has also become the fortunate possessor, and also the notes written by Montaigne in the volumes he has found.

Among modern English writers, Southey and Lamb are the most distinguished as living with and loving their collections of books. Southey's library was quite large, and filled his entire house, the entries and stairways being lined with shelves. Not being rich, Southey was forced to buy his books when he could get them cheap, and as he bought them generally from the old book-shops of London, he was obliged to take such as were in poor condition. His wife and daughters used to bind the raggedest of these over in the remains of their old dresses. His books also have his signature written in an exquisitely neat and somewhat small hand. His library was sold after his death, and many of the volumes found their way to this country. Those that are bound in "calico" are the most prized by collectors. Lamb's collection was also in a very ragged condition. He had bought it, volume by volume, as his savings permitted him, from the book-stalls in the streets of London. It was sold after his death, and more than half the books were bought for exportation to this country, where they were resold at auction, and brought three times the prices they sold for in London; and are now held as the choicest treasures in various American collections.

Thackeray's books were also sold after his death, as were all his household furniture and personal effects, even to gifts which had been presented to him. His books were of a motley kind, such as might any hour be gathered for fifty pounds from the old book-shops of London. In fact, so little distinctive was the collection, and so thorough was the sale of his personal effects, that it was supposed some one interested had gathered a lot of second-hand books, and taken advantage of his name to sell them at good prices. A copy of the *Christmas Carol*, presented him by

Dickens with a note, sold for twenty-five pounds. A fair proportion of his books, and also of Buckle's collection, was imported to this country for resale.

Volumes from Rogers' library were quite frequently met with in the second-hand book-shops of New York a few years ago. They are generally well bound, and have his book-plate in them. The collection was rather one which would do credit to a banker than a poet.

Gibbon's library was dispersed after his death, and volumes from it are occasionally met with, having his name, Edward Gibbon, neatly printed on a square slip of paper and pasted on the inside of one of the covers. The volumes so decorated belong generally to the class of works called "learned."

Horace Walpole's books occur now and then. His copy of the *General Dictionary, Historical and Critical*, ten vols. folio, London, 1734-'41, and which includes the best English translation of Bayle's *Dictionary*, is now owned in New York. Each volume has his book-plate, with a note of the cost of the volume, the dates when he commenced and when he finished reading it, together with his manuscript annotations. These notes were printed in *The Philobiblion* for 1862, and show that Walpole was a methodical reader, as well as a man of the world.

Coleridge had the habit of writing extensively upon the volumes he read, but these were in almost all cases volumes he borrowed, since he had no collection of his own.

Landor never kept any books, though he bought many, it being his constant practice to give them away.

Two or three years ago a portion of Macaulay's library was advertised for sale. The books were, however, the mere refuse of his collection. The sale was stopped by the family, such books as had been sold being repurchased by them.

So much for the collections of English authors. On some other occasion the collections of the Continental authors may occupy us.

EDWARD HOWLAND.

OUR MONTHLY GOSSIP.

THE time has been when, in her day of trouble, England always found sympathy among a large and respectable portion of the American people. So lately as the period of the Crimean war our countrymen were not very unequally divided between the well-wishers of Great Britain on the one hand, and those of Russia on the other. But the unlooked-for satisfaction at the prospect of the disruption of the United States displayed (as a rule) by all save the lowest classes of the English during our civil war, has changed all that; and now Americans regard the embarrassments of the British administration in dealing with the Fenians and the rebels of Red River very much as the old woman viewed the contest between her husband and the bear. Nor is this indifference confined to Americans. The arrogance of the typical Englishman abroad long ago alienated the good-will of the Continental peoples, while the foreign policy of the British Crown continues to justify in their eyes the epithet which England gained when she refused to give up Malta according to treaty, and when she bombarded Copenhagen without a previous declaration of war—the epithet of *la perfide Albion*. By her vacillating course in the quarrel between Denmark and Prussia, Great Britain has managed to gain the ill-will of both powers, and Russia has recently snubbed her in return for the tender of good advice respecting Poland. Napoleon III. has always been careful to keep up a good understanding with his neighbor across the Channel, but there have been times when it was as much as even he could do to restrain the eagerness of the French army to strike a blow at the victor of Waterloo. The Irish are at least as inimical to the Saxon as they have been for the last five hundred years, and the throwing overboard of the Established Church, while it only

gives the Fenian wolf such a taste of blood as makes him howl for more, has alienated the once loyal Orangeman. New Zealand and Canada resent not alone the withdrawal of the imperial troops, but the way in which it is done; while Nova Scotia clamors for divorce from the Dominion and for complete independence from the Crown. A new nation—albeit a small one—has come into being in the North-west Territory, which, while professing, like our ancestors before the battle of Lexington, unbounded loyalty to the Crown, prepares to resist the delegated authority of Canada. In a word, England may be said at this moment to be without a friend on earth, save Portugal.

To most Americans this state of things is not unsatisfactory; and it can hardly be doubted that two weeks after a declaration by the United States of war with England, three hundred thousand men would be enrolled for the invasion of Canada. The British expedition now on foot against the Red River insurgents, and the assistance which the latter are sure to get from Fenians and others, are liable, in the present temper of the public, to lead to that third war with England which it has been the endeavor of the statesmen of both countries for the last fifty years to avert. Such a result would be an unspeakable calamity to both nations and to the world; but the way to avoid it is not to ignore the danger, but to look it steadily in the face. Let the Administration maintain its traditional policy of neutrality, forbidding the passage of British troops over American soil or through American waters, but preventing also the invasion of British territory by organized bodies of armed men from this side of the line; and let every American citizen feel it his duty to discourage the use of the territory of the United States as the basis of operations against a friend-

ly power. This country cannot stoop to make a little war, and there is nothing to justify a great one.

The article in the present Number on "Our Judiciary" contains some thoughts well worthy of public attention. Offices of hard work, poor pay and little patronage are rarely sought after by the usual political mendicants who live upon the public spoil. Any one of these attributes, in fact, generally divests an office of its attractions, and consequently those of that character are frequently filled by men of capacity and integrity. It is within the memory of most people that positions which in our earlier and simpler days were obliged to be pressed upon the acceptance of citizens, are now sought with the greatest avidity. Sums are spent to obtain them exceeding the whole salary of the office, and crowds of anxious and expectant men press forward their favorites with a zeal and an energy which it is difficult to believe are inspired only by their desire to see the best man win. Very few offices, very few departments of government, melancholy as is the reflection, now command the confidence of the public. The judiciary has heretofore held its own, and, strange to say, the great danger it now runs is from its own high character. In despair of finding any intelligent and incorruptible depository of power, the tendency of modern legislation is to bestow upon our judges functions entirely unconnected with the judicial office. This, unfortunately for them, has worked well, and the public are more than satisfied with the change. In our own city, the Board of Health, Inspectors of Prisons, Guardians of the Poor, Commissioners of the Park, Board of Public Trusts and Controllers of Public Schools, are now appointed by the judges, and every new scheme is recommended to public confidence by throwing the patronage in their hands. This is utterly wrong in principle, and at some future day, when the present eminent incumbents shall have retired, will be found fatal in practice. Important as it is to have small local offices

well administered, it would be purchased at too high a cost if at the expense of the integrity of our judges.

It is wrong to throw extra-judicial duties upon the judges, because, in the first place, they are all over-worked already. Add to their present duties the province of hearing suitors for office, and their public functions would hardly compare with the burdens of their private ones. We have already made our judges elective, we have increased their salaries, and we now propose to, and actually do from day to day, extend their patronage. Can any one doubt what the result of this will be? The question will be, not how a man will administer justice, but how he will dispense patronage. The judges will not nominate, but will be nominated by, applicants for office. This is no idle fear. In Congress there was a proposition made in all seriousness to invest the Chief Justice with the patronage connected with the internal revenue. Its political effect was discussed, but its fatal effect upon the judge as a minister of the law was scarcely, if at all, thought of.

A judge should be above suspicion. Let him administer any patronage with all the purity of an angel, and his motives and conduct will be impugned. This is the first step in sapping public confidence, and before long the judiciary will be spoken of with the same lightness as other branches of the government.

The following communication, presenting facts respecting the late Legal-Tender decision not before given to the public, comes to us from a respectable and well-informed source:

Three years have elapsed since the Legal-Tender question was first brought before the Supreme Court. During this time the question has been skillfully, elaborately and exhaustively argued by able and learned counsel; it has been examined in all its various phases; it has been repeatedly considered in conference, and finally decided in seven out of the nine cases which involved the construction or constitutionality of the Legal-Tender clauses in the Currency Acts of 1862

and 1863. The last of these interesting cases—that of *Stephen v. Griswold*—was decided by five judges against three. The elaborate opinion of the Chief-Justice was read on the 8th of last February. It declared that all contracts made before the passage of the first Legal-Tender Act (February 25, 1862) stipulating for payment in dollars, but not specifying coin, must be satisfied in gold dollars, or their equivalent in currency.

It was not supposed that an attempt would be made to reopen the question, until after the appointment of Messrs. Strong and Bradley changed the personal constitution of the court. Mr. Justice Strong took his seat on the Supreme Bench on the 14th of March: Mr. Justice Bradley, on the 23d of the same month. Within two days after these changes had been effected, the Attorney-General moved that the Legal-Tender question might be re-argued and reconsidered in the two cases out of the nine already mentioned. These were the cases of *Lathams v. The United States* and *Deming v. The United States*. They had been called at the previous term (1867-'68), and continued under a verbal order of the court, announced by the Chief-Justice, that the question of Legal-Tender, so far as it might arise in them, would be argued in other cases, but would not be heard in these. This order was agreed to by the counsel for the government as well as the counsel for the defendants. Both they and the majority of the court understood the effect of this order to be that both the then cases, so far as they involved the Legal-Tender question, were to abide the decision of the court in the cases in which it was, about the same time, directed to be argued. In order that ample opportunity might be afforded for a full discussion of the Legal-Tender question, leave was given to the Attorney-General to appear in behalf of the government: leave was also given to the counsel in the Legal-Tender cases to argue any question relating to them. When it is remembered that William M. Evarts was then the Attorney-General of the United States, it is hardly necessary to say that his argument was full, able and thorough. The question of Legal Tender was decided in all those cases; and, according to the order of the court, understood and acquiesced in by counsel on both sides, it was as absolutely decided in the cases of *Lathams* and *Deming* as if the decisions of the court had been pro-

nounced in them, and not in other cases. But the Supreme Court being reconstructed by the addition of Justices Strong and Bradley, the former minority, thus reinforced, appear to have determined to have their opinion recognized as the opinion of the court. Accordingly, Attorney-General Hoar made the motion, already stated, that the cases of *Lathams* and *Deming* be set down for argument, and that the Legal-Tender question be reconsidered in them, insisting that it had not been argued in these particular cases. This motion was allowed, by the now ruling majority, only by virtually reversing a rule of the Supreme Court, first announced by Chief-Justice Taney in 1852, and not long since reiterated: "That no re-argument will be granted in any case unless a member of the court who concurred in the judgment desires it." This rule, of course, applied to the re-argument of the Legal-Tender question in the cases of *Lathams* and *Deming*, and the order reopening that question was made contrary to the established practice of the Supreme Court, contrary to the previously-declared action of the court, contrary to the understanding of the counsel for the government and for the defendants, and against the remonstrance of every judge on the bench who concurred in the decision. It was made by a vote of five judges against four, two of the majority having been recently added to the Bench. Thus, in spite of the rule of the court; in spite of the declaration of counsel on both sides; in spite of the former order of the court, directing that the cases of *Lathams* and *Deming* should abide the decisions in the other Legal-Tender cases,—it appears that the present majority might have persisted in reopening this momentous question *had not the appellants in the above cases withdrawn them from the court*; though possibly, at the last moment, some considerations of delicacy growing out of private relations influenced some of the judges.

So ends the question for the present. It will be about two years before it can come up again before the final tribunal; and for this and other reasons the decision already made may with reasonable probability be considered final. If so, the ends of justice between man and man will be promoted, the national credit abroad improved, and the consistency of the Supreme Court vindicated.

According to a writer in the May number of the *Western Monthly*, a remarkable discovery has been made in California, proving that the Indians, of the Pacific coast at least, came directly from Asia: "The Chinese and the Indians of the mountain tribes are able to understand one another, so many of their important words are alike or nearly alike." Should this statement be confirmed, its importance in an archaeological point of view can hardly be overestimated.

... The Origin of Species is emphatically the question of the day in science, and the enunciation of Darwin's theory the most important intellectual event of the century. Accordingly, we have pleasure in announcing the publication in the next Number of this Magazine of an Essay on Evolution by Professor Edward D. Cope of this city—a gentleman who stands in the front rank of American scientific men in all that relates to Paleontology, or the science of ancient living organisms.

... Mr. Pollard's papers, entitled "The Virginia Tourist," of which the second and last appears in the present Number, will form part of a Guide-book to the springs and mountain resorts of Virginia, to be issued in a few weeks by the publishers of this Magazine.

Many admirers of Longfellow's pathetic poem, *Evangeline*, may not be aware that Philadelphia yet contains an interesting monument of the story of the wandering Acadian lovers.

Evangeline, as the poem relates, was long a resident of the city

"Where all the air is balm, and the peach is the emblem of beauty,
And the streets still re-echo the names of the trees of the forest,
As if they fain would appease the Dryads whose haunts they molested.
There her ear was pleased with the Thee and the Thou of the Quakers."

At length came a year of pestilence. Evangeline, a ministering Sister of Mercy, daily attended at the old almshouse, where the friendless poor crept to die. There, at last, she met Gabriel, a dying old man. All will remember

the pathos of the meeting, as told by the poet. Now

"Side by side, in their nameless graves, the lovers are sleeping:
Under the humble walls of the little Catholic churchyard,
In the heart of the city, they lie unknown and unnoticed."

This churchyard may be a myth, as it is doubtful if there were any Catholics in our city at that period. In fact, the real existence of the two lovers may be as mythical, but the old almshouse has still left a portion of its walls, and is well worth a visit from the antiquarian.

"Then in the suburbs it stood, in the midst of meadows and woodlands."

But this suburb of the seventeenth century is now the bustling neighborhood of Third and Walnut streets. But two rooms remain, presenting in their peculiar brickwork a striking contrast to the modern brick building. These rooms are occupied by an old lady, a pensioner on the Friends' Society, kept by a charitable fund which is to continue as long as any portion of the old almshouse stands.

This place is reached from Walnut street by a gate that seems a private entrance, and is marked Walnut alley. The visitor who leaves the turmoil of Third and Walnut streets, finds himself in a moment, as by magic, in a scene of strange peace and beauty. It is a small enclosure, hemmed in by the lofty walls of St. Joseph's Church and of the Walnut street houses. In its centre stands the old building, still seeming to keep round it the spirit of the meadows and woodlands. No murmur from the city reaches this still retreat: its grassy carpet is luxuriantly adorned with flowers;

"Distant and soft on the ear fall the chimes from the belfry of Christ Church;"

and the ancient dame, in the evening of her life, awaits the end in perfect restfulness and peace, while within a stone's throw throbs the tumultuous heart of the city.

Dave C—— is one of that inimitably cool, audacious class of men who will, without the least hesitation in the world,

go anywhere and do anything of which they are capable, without regard to "time, place, degree or manner." Happening in a Western capital during the session of the Legislature, he heard some of his acquaintances complaining at the breakfast-table of the unnecessary severity with which the sergeant-at-arms enforced the rule excluding all others than members from the floor. It seemed that the rule was one of long standing, but that until the session then in progress the indulgence of the officers had allowed it to be evaded in some cases. Now, however, it was being rigidly enforced; and the remarks that Dave heard about the arrogance and insolence of this new incumbent, dressed in "a little brief authority," were strong and bitter. "I think he'll admit *me*," Dave observed. "I think he won't," was the positive rejoinder. "I saw him turn away a United States Senator and an ex-governor yesterday, to say nothing of the best people of the city." "Bet you ten dollars that I go in," said Dave; and the money was immediately put up. After breakfast, Dave strolled over to the State-house, with the others following, curious to see the result of his attempt. Assuming an important and knowing look, our adventurer presented himself at the door of the hall with several members who were about entering; but the lynx-eyed sergeant failed to recognize him as a member, and stopped him with the salutation, "I say, sir—who are you?" "Dave C—, sir," was the ready response. "Oh, you are, are you?" sneered the macebearer. "Have I seen you here before, I'd like to know?" "Very likely, very likely," replied Dave, in his brisk, easy way. "I think you have; but I've met so many small men about here that I can't say for certain." The official stood aghast at the nonchalant impudence of the reply, and Dave elbowed his way in, and won his bet.

. . . A reputation for possessing some of the virtues is not always desirable. A few years ago one of the Philadelphia morning papers informed the public that Mr. G— was distinguished for

his benevolence. Mr. G—, on arriving at his office that day, found every chair occupied by a woman. Some had come to beg for themselves—others for various benevolent societies with which they were connected. Mr. G— dismissed them without any outlay of money, and went home. The next morning a like crowd awaited his arrival. Mr. G— dismissed them in like manner, and went home; and he did not venture back to his office for a week, in which time he trusted that his reputation for benevolence would have come to an end.

. . . The latest conundrum from Paris is the following: *Quelle est la différence entre les coutouriers et les Anglais?* *Answer.* Les coutouriers se piquent les doigts; les Anglais shpeak—English!

. . . The following advertisement appeared lately in a Philadelphia paper:

DIED—At Snohomish, W. T., D— E—, of Philadelphia, in January last, of consumption, in the 48th year of his age.

God takes the good—too good on earth to stay—
And leaves the bad—too bad to take away.

HIS ONLY BROTHER.

It is to be hoped that the self-depreciation of the only brother is as excessive as is the eulogy of the deceased.

. . . Single ladies, in general, do not approve of the remarriage of widows. A young lady in Pittsburg, who was approaching "the middle ages," was in the habit of saying, whenever she heard of a widow's marriage, "There now! That woman has got one of my husbands!"

. . . The late Edward D. Ingraham, Esq., of the Philadelphia Bar, one of the wittiest men whom this country has produced, was distantly related to Captain Marryatt. When the intended visit of this author to America was announced, Mr. Ingraham and his sister, who was as witty as himself, concocted a number of stories to tell to the captain as genuine American anecdotes. Several of them appear in his account of his travels in the United States; among others, the story of the woman who refused to make long tails to her husband's shirts, upon the ground that it was "a great waste of capital."

LITERATURE OF THE DAY.

The Battle of the Books, Recorded by an Unknown Writer for the Use of Authors and Publishers. Edited and Published by Gail Hamilton. For Sale by Hurd & Houghton, New York. 12mo. pp. 288.

Miss Abigail Dodge, who writes under the name of "Gail Hamilton," is entitled to the credit of having produced a work almost unprecedented in literature. Under the thin guise of fictitious names, her *Battle of the Books* narrates her quarrel with her publishers—Messrs. Fields, Osgood & Co.—about copyright money. It appears that they had agreed to pay her ten per cent. on the retail price of her first book, which, selling at a dollar and a half, yielded her fifteen cents a copy. Afterward, owing to the increased cost of manufacture, the price of this book was raised to two dollars; and in 1864, several other works of Gail Hamilton having been published in the mean time, Messrs. Ticknor & Fields wrote to the author that in future they would reckon her percentage "at fifteen cents per volume on all her works." Considering the existing contract in reference to her first book, this seems to us rather a loose way of doing business, but Miss Dodge acknowledges that she assented to the arrangement, and that she has been regularly paid at the rate of fifteen cents a volume on seven out of nine of her books, receiving on the other two ten cents a volume. The deduction on the latter, we may remark, was contrary to the letter, though not perhaps to the spirit, of the agreement; and in regard to those two books it appears to us, as it afterward did to the referees, that the publishers were in the wrong. However that may be, our author says she woke up in the winter of 1867-'68 to the fact that ten per cent. was the ordinary rate of payment to authors, and that she had been receiving for several years only six and two-thirds and seven and a half per cent. Not content to abide by her written agreement, she asked her publisher why such an agreement had been made. His explanation not being satisfactory, the tone of the lady's correspondence with the firm underwent a striking change. In the good old times it had been, "Can't you read figures, dear?" and, "You darling Traddles,

why do I call you Traddles? Because you are 'the dearest fellow.' . . . You cannot tell how a book will look till it is born, can you?" and such-like blandishments. Afterward it was, "Will you or will you not refer the matter?" etc., etc. The quarrel went on from bad to worse, until, after tedious discussion of preliminaries, the disputed account was left, by written agreement, to friendly referees, both parties pledging themselves "to accept the award of said referees as binding and conclusive." To make a long story short, the referees awarded Gail Hamilton twelve hundred and fifty dollars for the past, and decided that thereafter she should receive ten per cent. on the retail price of all her books, except three embraced in a certain written contract.

Here, one would think, the case might have been considered settled. But our heroine was not content. She took her money, but the opportunity to write a sensational volume was too good to be lost, and the *Battle of the Books* is the result. That portion of the public which delights in personalities is now gratified by the perusal of private letters, better calculated, it must be acknowledged, to win applause for the writer's smartness than to awaken admiration for her taste. However proper it may be for a young lady to address her legal adviser in private as "My love," and to say, "If you want to eat me while I am sweet, now is your time," it would have been perhaps more discreet to blot such lines before sending them to the printer. But our author, while condescending, after the amiable weakness of her sex, to "gush" on suitable occasions, rises superior to ordinary prejudices when it comes to bringing her effusions into court. Nor is she stopped by any womanly reverence for sacred things from having her little joke. For instance, *à propos* of her publishers' claim that the success of her books was mainly due to their efforts in bringing them before the public, she suggests that there should be added to our literature an *Author's Catechism*: *Question*. Can you tell me, child, who made you? *Answer*. The great House of Hunt, Parry & Co. [Fields, Osgood & Co.], which made heaven and earth." It seems to her,

moreover, that we commonly attribute to the four Gospels a divine origin on less evidence than we may attribute a common origin (in their own counting-room) to the eulogies paid by the press to the house in question. "An ill-timed modesty," she adds, "on the part of the firm of Hunt, Parry & Co. has apparently prevented the publication of the fact, but it is well known in Athenian circles that the eclipse which made the last summer famous, and which elicited so much interest throughout the scientific world, was not owing to the interposition of the moon between our planet and the sun, but was chiefly due to the temporary disappearance from this continent of the senior partner of the house of Hunt, Parry & Co." After these delicate compliments we incline to think that the house in question will feel a good deal like the man who was asked why he allowed his wife to beat him. "It pleases her," was the reply, "and it don't hurt me in the least."

To sum the matter up: The difficulty plainly arose out of a misunderstanding, such as is not unfrequent in business: having been settled, as is usual, by arbitration, it ought to have stayed settled. The book is as uncalled-for as it is unrefined.

Life of Mary Russell Mitford: Told by Herself in Letters to her Friends. Edited by the Rev. A. G. K. L'Estrange. New York: Harper & Brothers. 2 vols., pp. 378, 365.

Dr. Mitford, a poverty-stricken society-man, acting on the Frenchman's motto, "Never marry for money, and never without it," succeeded in winning the hand of Mary Russell, a woman ten years his senior, rich and not beautiful. Mary Russell Mitford, their only child, was born December 16, 1787. With a mother simply clever, and a handsome, good-natured spendthrift for a father, her earlier years were passed in both physical and social fatness. She was precocious after the manner of great characters, reciting poetry and reading the newspapers when three years of age, and not hesitating to tell her father that his sister had the most hypocritical drawl she ever heard. Her mother's fortune soon melted away, and in spite of a lucky prize in a lottery which kept the family for several years, the gambling habits of Dr. Mitford compelled them to retire to the Bertrem House, a comfortable residence in the country. There is some-

thing remarkable in the ease with which this man ran through three fortunes; or, if there be not, there certainly is in his utter indifference to the interests of his wife and daughter.

They struggled along for a few years, and finally took a small cottage near Reading, which remained the home of the Mitfords so long as the parents lived.

At school, Miss Mitford was good at everything but music and dancing. The latter accomplishment, especially waltzing, she detested, and when, some time after, she visited her father's fine relatives in Northumberland, not even the charms of nobility could induce her "to cast off with the grace of a frisky Yorkshire cow." Her literary taste was early developed, but she did not publish until 1820, when a volume of poems, previously examined by Coleridge, appeared. Extremely ambitious of distinction in the field she had chosen, she feared "those canting Scotchmen;" yet owing to her native talent, and some judicious wirepulling by the father among his London friends, the book was well received.

Our little woman was now an author, and her letters assume that literary character which gives them their value. The health of her pets, the condition of her flowers, her haymaking, and "doddering along hedge-rows" book in hand, and similar scraps of home-news, form a picturesque setting to her perpetual gossip about authors and their productions. Womanlike, she has something to say about everything and everybody, and if her judgments are not always correct, they are always original, and mostly full of generosity. She fights against all her friends in favor of Napoleon: she believes in the whole family, for when the hero of St. Helena fades away, she in due time declares Louis Napoleon to be the only great man since his uncle. It was hard work for her to admire Wordsworth's poetry: "I do not mean by admire merely to like, but to admire *en masse*—every page, every line, every word, every comma. One's conscience may be pretty well absolved for not admiring the man: he admires himself enough for all the world put together." Twenty years after she writes: "Wordsworth was there, and I had the pleasure of finding my idolatry of the poet turned into a warm affection for the kind, simple, gracious man." She loves the prose of France, but detests its poetry; dislikes *Childe Harold* and its author's libertin-

ism, vanity and utter want of taste; prefers the variety of Dryden to the uniform sweetness of Pope; calls Burns the sweetest, sublimest, the most tricky poet since Shakespeare; loves Cowper, and places his letters above comparison; Moore is "the man-milliner" of a poet; Hannah More, "the pious maiden;" sets Scott and Miss Austin above Thackeray and Dickens; and, notwithstanding her numerous acquaintance among actors and poets, she thinks Edward Irving the vainest man alive.

With more than British sweetness she sings the praise of all Americans except Mrs. Stowe and her works.

Miss Mitford was independent and self-confident by nature, and a spoiled child by education; but with all the compliments lavished upon her, and all her success, that head was never turned, nor did she ever forget her womanhood. Her marked traits were common sense, cheerfulness, simplicity and devotion. She grieved over the defects of female education, the want of the habit and power of thinking, the looking to matrimony as a means and as an end, the dressing to marry—then marrying to dress. Yet she says: "I would not turn women into statesmen and philosophers. It is the privilege of man to govern, of woman to obey." Literary ladies she generally avoided on account of their sentimentalism, but Mrs. Browning was one of the dearest friends of her later years. Miss Mitford gave her young friend some good advice on the necessity of clearness of style, and encouraged her to write ballads or tragedy: indeed our author always leaned toward dramatic literature in her own writings. While perhaps these brought more bread to the hungry mouths, at home, it is not on her four tragedies, nor yet on her poems, that Miss Mitford's popularity rests. It is rather to be found in the sketches of *Our Village* and *Belford Regis*, suggestive of green lanes and fragrant with the smell of violets and new-mown hay.

Those who have followed this record must feel some regret at their inability to know more of the hidden springs of life, to sound some of the depths of the woman through the froth of every-day correspondence. In her many trials—one parent's death, another's wearying selfishness in the midst of biting poverty—her religion rarely finds expression, but in charity, forbearance and faithful per-

formance of duty she wellnigh fulfilled the Law.

The American Printer: A Manual of Typography. By Thomas Mackellar. Fifth Edition. Philadelphia: Mackellar, Smiths & Jordan. 12mo. pp. 336.

As a manual of the Typographic Art, this volume presents in a compact and concise form all that is important in the voluminous and almost obsolete works of Ames and Dibdin, Thomas, Timperley, Savage, Beadnell and others, which are many of them inaccessible to the craftsman, and quite unknown to our modern authors. Here the printer will find everything that is likely to be useful to him in the pursuit of his art, and the large and growing class of writers for the press will be able to cull many a hint that will prove of great value in transactions with publishers and master printers. To this class we would particularly commend the chapter on "Proof-reading," which, though addressed for the most part to the practical printer, contains many items of instruction to authors as to the preparation of their "copy," the reading of their proofs, etc. There are also given a well-prepared plate showing "printers' marks," and a full explanation of these marks; so that the most inexperienced will be enabled to make their corrections in a manner not to be misunderstood by any one.

The writer, however, does not confine himself to mere *hints* to authors, but addresses them directly in the following apposite and forcible language; which, if laid to heart, will save them many an inverted blessing in the printing-office, and many a dispute with their publishers when "settling-day" arrives:

"Before a manuscript is brought to the printer, it ought to be as perfect as the author can make it. The compositor is bound to 'follow the copy,' in word and sentiment, unless, indeed, he meets with instances of wrong punctuation or false grammar (and such instances are not rare), which his intelligence enables him to amend.

"Sentiments in print look marvelously different from the same ideas in manuscript; and we are not surprised that writers should wish to polish a little; nor do we object to their natural desire of amending or beautifying their mental products; but we know of a volume on which the alterations alone have

consumed time equal to one man's work for nearly two and a half years."

The chapters on the Discovery of Printing, Type-founding, Stereotyping, Electrotyping, Lithography and Wood Engraving contain much useful and curious information; while that describing a tour through the establishment of the publishers—an establishment without a peer in this country, consisting as it does of a type foundry, composing-rooms, press-rooms, stereotype foundry, electrotyping-rooms and sales-rooms—will be found highly interesting.

In conclusion, we can truly say, that while invaluable to the professional printer and useful to authors, the work will prove no less a friend to publishers, typographic amateurs—the number of these latter is greater than most people imagine—and all who feel an interest in the progress of an art that has proved itself the preserver of all other arts.

Books Received.

Discourse on the Life and Character of George Peabody, Delivered in the Hall of the Peabody Institute, Baltimore, February 18, 1870; and Repeated, February 25, before the Senate and House of Delegates of Maryland, on their Invitation. By Severn Teackle Wallis. Third Edition. Baltimore: Murphy & Co. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 60.

History of the American Civil War. By John William Draper, M. D., LL.D., Professor of Chemistry and Physiology in the University of New York. In three volumes. Vol. III., Containing the Events from the Proclamation of the Emancipation of the Slaves to the End of the War. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 701.

Appeal to Christian Young Women: More Particularly Addressed to the Society of "Christian Mothers" and to the Congregation of "Children of Mary." Translated from the French of Madame de Gentelles, by Miss Sue Blakely. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 32mo. pp. 80.

Handbook of the Sulphur-Cure, as Applicable to the Vine Disease in America, and Diseases of Apple and other Fruit Trees. By William J. Flagg, author of "Three Seasons in European Vineyards." New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo., paper, pp. 99.

The Bazar Book of Decorum. New York: Harper & Brothers. 16mo. pp. 278.

Harris on the Pig: Breeding, Rearing, Management and Improvement. By Joseph Harris, Moreton Farm, Rochester, New York. Illustrated. New York: Orange-Judd & Co. 12mo. pp. 250.

Self-Help, with Illustrations of Character, Conduct and Perseverance. By Samuel Smiles. The Author's Revised and Enlarged Edition. New York: Harper & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 447.

Tom Brown's School Days. By an Old Boy. New Edition. With Illustrations by Arthur Hughes and Sidney Prior Hall. New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 135.

The Hohensteins: A Novel. By Friedrich Spielhagen. From the German, by Professor Schele de Vere. Author's Edition. New York: Leypoldt & Holt. 12mo. pp. 584.

Studious Woman. From the French of Monseigneur Dupanloup, Bishop of Orleans. Translated by R. M. Phillimore. Boston: Patrick Donahoe. 16mo. pp. 105.

The Planter's Northern Bride; or, Scenes in Mrs. Hentz's Childhood. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 579.

Courtship and Marriage; or, The Joys and Sorrows of American Life. By Mrs. Caroline Lee Hentz. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers. 12mo. pp. 522.

The Bible in the Public Schools: Opinions of Individuals and of the Press, and Judicial Decisions. New York: J. W. Schermerhorn & Co. 32mo. pp. 214.

A Collection of the Proverbs of all Nations, Compared, Explained and Illustrated, by Walter K. Kelly. Andover: Warren F. Draper. 16mo. pp. viii., 232.

So Runs the World Away: A Novel. By Mrs. A. C. Steele, author of "Garden-hurst." New York: Harper & Brothers. Pamphlet, 8vo. pp. 145.

A Brave Lady. By the author of "John Halifax, Gentleman." With Illustrations. New York: Harper & Brothers. 8vo. pp. 176.

The Monks Before Christ: Their Spirit and their History. By John Edgar Johnson. Boston: A. Williams & Co. 16mo. pp. xv., 144.

Barns, Outbuildings and Fences. By Geo. E. Harney, Architect. With Illustrations. New York: George E. Woodward. 4to.

Haydn, and Other Poems. By the author of "Life Below." New York: Hurd & Houghton. 16mo. pp. 161.

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